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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

VOL. VII.

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY:

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

WITH THE LAST CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH

THE POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

G. OSBORN, D.D.

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HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

FAMILIES,

AND ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

By CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,
Late Student of CHRIST-CHURCH.

BRISTOL:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM PINE.
MDCCLXVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In these "Hymns for the Use of Families," as in two former publications,* there is a reference at the commencement to Mr. Lampe's volume of tunes, the first twenty-four hymns being adapted to the several tunes contained in that volume, and following each other in nearly the same order. In the former publications the reference was avowed; but not in this; the reason possibly being that after the lapse of twenty years the tunes were sufficiently known in Methodist circles.

The Editor cannot deny himself the pleasure of inserting here a just and beautiful criticism on this work of his author, from the pen of a venerable friend whose name will be had in honour as long as the memory of his sound theology, cultivated taste, profound wisdom, and brilliant wit are perpetuated.

"Numberless examples might be given," says the Rev. Henry Moore, "of the genius and taste of the Rev. Charles Wesley. But, however unfashionable it may appear, I cannot but give the palm to his 'Family Hymn Book.' Such accumulated strength and beauty of expression, in presenting the daily wants, pains,

* Compare Vol. III., p. 356, and Vol. IV., p. 207. For some account of the Tune Book see the "Outlines of Wesleyan Bibliography," p. 21.

trials, and embarrassments of a family, to the God of the families of the whole earth, surely never before was presented to the suffering children of men. It seems as if he had, after he became a domestic man, noted every want that flesh is heir to within that circle, and that his one desire was to elevate and direct the subjects of the curse to that only remedy which turns all into blessing. We expect a man of real genius to be great where the subject is inspiring; but to be great in the privacies of common life, to be a true poet (while the man of God equally appears) in those littlenesses, so called, of daily occurrence, shows an elevation and spirituality of mind that has been rarely, if ever, equalled. A shrewd judge of human nature has said that no man ever appeared great in the eyes of his valet. Charles Wesley was as great in the eyes of the retired partners of his domestic joys and sorrows, as in the schools of philosophy and the arts, or the dangers and toils of the field in which he entreated sinners to be reconciled unto God." ("Life of Wesley," vol. ii., p. 371.)

HYMNS

FOR A FAMILY.

I.

FOR THE MASTER.—1 *Chron. xvi.* 45.

To—"*Father, our hearts we lift.*"

1 THE power to bless my house
Belongs to God alone:
Yet rendering Him my constant vows,
I bring His blessing down:
When two or three are met
In Jesus' name to pray,
He doth our cancell'd sins forget,
And turns His wrath away.

2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon His word;
To ask with faith and hope
The grace His Spirit supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?

3 Merciful God, on me
The resolute mind bestow,
On all my favour'd family,
In *David's* steps to go:
Let each his sin eschew
Through Thy restraining grace,
Our father *Abraham's* steps pursue,
And walk in all Thy ways.

4 Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which Thou hast made,
Which Thou hast bought with blood Divine,
To ask Thy promised aid:
Me, and my house receive,
Thy family to' increase,
And let us in Thy favour live,
And let us die in peace.

II.

FOR THE FAMILY.

To—"*Angels speak, let men give ear.*"

1 YOUNG, and old, and men, and maidens,
Let us sing
Christ our King,
Who His mourners gladdens;
Joyful now in expectation,
We, even we,
Soon shall see
Jesus our salvation.

2 Truth Himself the word hath spoken:
In His word
Christ the Lord
Gives us now a token;

Bids us steadfastly believe Him,
Till in love
From above
All who ask receive Him.

3 We through sin no longer drooping
Lift our eyes
To the skies,
For the promise hoping:
Jesus comes with all His merit;
Comes to me,
One in Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit.

4 Conscious of His pardoning power,
We His name
Shall proclaim,
Teach the world to' adore;
Tell what God hath done to bless us,
Us, and all
Them that call
On our loving Jesus.

5 We who have in Christ found favour,
Christ confess,
Publish peace
Through the common Saviour:
Yes, the Father justifieth
Every one
On His Son
Who, like us, relieth.

6 He who cancell'd our offences,
Man and God,
By His blood
All believers cleanses:

While the Spirit of consolation
Witness bears
In the heirs
Chosen to salvation.

III.

To—"*Away with our fears.*"

1 O FATHER of all,
Attend to our call
Who in Jesus's name
The promise of peace and of purity claim;
Who long to believe,
And with rapture receive,
Through faith in His blood,
The unspeakable gift of an indwelling God.

2 For the sake of Thy Son
Thy family own,
While we jointly agree
In the name of our Lord to petition for Thee:
Thee alone we require,
Thee in Jesus desire,
In the Spirit of love,
As our Joy upon earth, and our Portion above.

3 Come, Father and Son,
With the Comforter down,
In the fulness of peace,
The ecstatical earnest of heavenly bliss:
One ineffable Three
To my household and me
The whole Godhead impart,
And eternally dwell in the sanctified heart.

IV.

To—"*All ye that pass by.*"

1 O SAVIOUR of all,
Attend to our call,
And awaken our souls, and redeem from their fall:
Our apostasy known
In part we bemoan,
And for pardon, oppress'd, and for liberty groan.

2 Love moved Thee to die;
And on this we rely,
Thou art able, O God, Thy own blood to apply;
Thou canst, if Thou wilt:
And it surely was spilt
To redeem us from sin, both the power and the guilt.

3 Ever able to cleanse,
And remove it from hence,
Our original guilt, with our actual offence;
Ever willing Thou art
Thy peace to impart,
And make Thy abode in a penitent heart.

4 Come then from above
In the Spirit of love,
And the mountain of sin by Thy coming remove:
Thee present below
By faith when we know,
The mountain of sin in a moment shall flow!

5 We wait the glad hour,
Convinced of Thy power
To forgive us our sins, and our souls to restore:

We have faith to be heal'd;
And when Thou art reveal'd,
Our salvation is sure, and our pardon is seal'd.

V.

To—"*Lamb of God, whose bleeding love.*"

1 HAVE not we redemption found
And righteousness through grace?
Let our houses then resound
With our Redeemer's praise;
Let our souls to Him aspire,
Who died that we might live forgiven,
Emulate the' angelic choir,
And taste the joys of heaven.

2 Jesus' praises we proclaim,
And daily pay our vows:
Consecrated through His name,
A church is in our house:
Melody to Christ our King
We make with joyful hearts sincere:
Angels listen while we sing,
And God vouchsafes to hear.

3 God doth to our King attend,
Who shouts amidst His own;
Praises now through Christ ascend
To that eternal throne:
When we there triumphant stand,
And all our elder brethren meet,
Hymning with that harping band,
The concert is complete.

VI.

FOR THE EVENING.

To—"*Hearts of stone, relent, relent.*"

1 GIVER of the nightly songs,
Fain we would Thy glory raise,
Pay Thee what to Thee belongs,
All our life and all our praise;
But till Thou Thy blood apply,
Thee we cannot glorify.

2 Thou hast bought us with Thy blood,
Yet we still in *Egypt* dwell,
Strangers to a dying God,
Till Thou dost Thyself reveal:
Hear us for redemption groan,
Claim the prisoners for Thine own.

3 Mightier than the mighty, seize
Whom Thou hast redeem'd of old,
Us the slaves of man release,
Us to sin and Satan sold,
Bid Thy ransom'd creatures rise,
Bear away the lawful prize.

4 Set our hearts at liberty,
Through the power of pardoning grace,
Then we shall give thanks to Thee,
Publish our Redeemer's praise,
Chant the Lamb like those above,
Only live to sing and love.

VII.

To—"*With pity, Lord, a sinner see.*"

1 Come, Son of *Abraham* and of God,
Saviour on the world bestow'd,
To ransom and to bless;
And let our souls, possess'd of Thee,
The true complete felicity,
The sovereign Good, possess.

2 Thy faithful word and oath we plead:
Show Thyself the promised Seed,
The all-redeeming Lord;
And let us in Thy favour find
And in Thy purity of mind
Our paradise restored.

3 In this thrice acceptable hour
Exercise Thy pardoning power,
Our curse and sin remove;
Admit us to the gospel feast,
And give our new-born souls to taste
The blessedness of love.

4 In peace incomprehensible
Pardon on our conscience seal,
In joy and love unknown:
O'erwhelm us with the blissful sight
Which sinks the first-born sons of light
In silence round Thy throne.

VIII.

FOR SUNDAY.

To—"*Rejoice, the Lord is King.*"

1 The Lord is risen indeed,
And bids His members rise!
Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
Pursue Him to the skies:
This is the day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice, and be for ever glad!

2 On this triumphant day,
Peculiarly His own,
He calls His church to pray,
And sing around His throne:
This is the day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice, and be for ever glad!

3 Jesus, to us impart
Thy resurrection's power,
And teach our quicken'd heart
Its living Lord to' adore,
To vie with the redeem'd above
Rejoicing in Thy pardoning love.

4 Us by Thy peace assure
Thou dost our sins forgive,
And then our spirits pure
Unto Thyself receive,
To keep the day of rest above
Rejoicing in Thy heavenly love.

IX.

To—"*Jesus, show us Thy salvation.*"

1 Giver of unfeign'd repentance,
Unto us Thy blessing give,
That we may the mortal sentence
In our guilty selves receive;
Sensible of our demerit,
May from every sin depart,
Offering up a troubled spirit,
Rendering Thee a broken heart.

2 From the evils which surround us
That we may this moment fly,
By a stroke of mercy wound us,
By Thy kind upbraiding eye:
Out of Thine obdurate creature
Thou the stony heart remove;
Cast the look that vanquish'd *Peter*,
Melt us down by dying love.

3 Let Thy dying love constrain us
Our ingratitude to mourn,
Let Thine unknown anguish pain us,
Till the wanderers return;
Fill our souls with sacred trouble,
Give us bitterly to weep,
All our burdens, Lord, redouble,
Sink us in the lowest deep.

4 From the pit of condemnation
When to Thee for help we cry,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Show the open fountain nigh;

Show Thyself our bleeding Jesus,
All our sufferings to remove,
With Thy pardoning mercy bless us,
Bless us with Thy perfect love.

X.

To—"*Happy Magdalene.*"

1 HAPPY soul whom Jesus loves,
Freely loves and justifies!
Jesus all his griefs removes,
Jesus all his wants supplies,
With celestial manna feeds,
(Manna to the world unknown,)
By the silent waters leads
Up to an eternal throne.

2 Saviour, speak the blessing ours;
(Peace Thy gracious word imparts;)
Bid us taste the heavenly powers,
Stamp the pardon on our hearts;
Wait our longing hearts on Thee,
Till Thou shed Thy love abroad,
Give the glorious liberty,
Wash us in Thy hallowing blood.

3 Well Thou know'st we cannot rest
Unrenew'd and unforgiven;
Troubled is the faithless breast,
Unassured of peace with heaven:
Sick through hope so long delay'd
Still we for redemption groan,
Of an angry God afraid,
Flying from a God unknown.

4 Sent Thy Father to proclaim,
Wilt Thou not the veil withdraw;
Turn, by telling us His name,
Servile fear to filial awe?
Now the evangelic grace
Let us with Thyself receive,
See in Thine the Father's face,
Bless'd in God for ever live.

XI.

To—"*Hail the day that sees Him rise.*"

1 MEET and right it is to praise
God the Giver of all grace,
God whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good:
He prevents the creature's call,
Kind and merciful to all,
Makes His sun on sinners rise,
Showers His blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all Thy mercies we
Daily Thy salvation see,
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led,
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through a thousand, thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we can know and live.

3 By our bosom-foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey
Oft within the toils we lay:

Sleeping on the brink of sin
Tophet gaped to take us in;
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lions' den,
Undevour'd we still remain,
Pass secure the watery flood
Hanging on the arm of God:
Here we lift our voices higher,
Shout in the Refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesus' name.

5 Jesus' name in Satan's hour
Stands our adamantine tower:
Jesus doth His own defend,
Love, and save us to the end:
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear,
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with His heavenly love.

XII.

To—"*Hail, Jesus, hail, our great High-Priest.*"

1 How good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same,
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame!

2 The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless,
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of His blessings pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, Thou precious Corner-stone,
Preserve inseparably one
Whom Thou dost by Thy Spirit join:
Still let us in Thy Spirit live,
And to Thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity Divine:

4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from Thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace,
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

XIII.

To—"*Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made.*"

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace,
We *seem* agreed to seek Thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in Thy sight appear:
Thou know'st who *only* bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches Thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead:
He now doth into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that even now His powerful call
Might quicken and convert us all!

3 The sinners suddenly convince
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by Thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in Thy Spirit plead;
Let all in Thee redemption find,
And not a hoof be left behind.

XIV.

To—"*Jesus, we hang upon the word.*"

1 Jesus, display Thy presence here,
Celestial Architect Divine,
To raise our fallen souls, appear,
To consecrate Thy human shrine,
A temple for the Deity,
A mansion not unworthy Thee.

2 Thy hands must the foundation lay,
Thy hands the fabric must complete:
O come, and take our sins away,
Forgive us trembling at Thy feet,
Assure our hearts of sin forgiven,
And build Thy temples up to heaven.

3 Who seek redemption in Thy blood,
O let us there our pardon find,
With all the character of God,
With all Thy meek and lowly mind,
(To fit us for our place above,)
With all Thy purity of love.

4 Accomplish Thy redeeming plan,
By Thine almighty Spirit's power
Conduct us to a perfect man,
And at our last triumphant hour
Remove into Thy blissful sight,
And fill our souls with glorious light.

XV.

To—"*Jesus, dear departed Lord.*"

1 JESUS, full of pity, see
Souls so dearly bought by Thee;
Souls so dearly bought in vain,
If we still in sin remain;
If we unconverted die,
Though Thou didst our pardon buy,
Wasted is the blood it cost,
Every precious drop is lost.

2 Wilt Thou not our guilt remove,
Show us Thy redeeming love,
Of Thy pardoning grace assure,
Make our sprinkled conscience pure?
Yes; Thy cross hath promised all;
Thou shalt raise us from our fall,
Every purchased good impart,
Purify and fill our heart.

3 In our desolate estate
We for full redemption wait,
Wait the leisure of our Lord,
Sure to be at last restored:
We for whom our God hath died,
We shall feel Thy blood applied,
Perfect peace in Jesus given,
Finish'd holiness, and heaven.

XVI.

To—"*Spirit of truth, descend.*"

1 SPIRIT of love, return
To every troubled breast,
And comfort us who mourn
For permanence of rest:
Thou dost Thy mourners' steps attend,
Our undiscover'd Guide;
But come our grief and sin to end,
And in our hearts abide.

2 *With* us residing here,
We know Thee now in part;
The Author of our fear
And all our hope Thou art:

Thou often visitest Thine own;
But in an hour, or day,
Our transitory Guest is gone,
Our joy is fled away.

3 How short, alas, our taste
Of those celestial powers,
When a few moments bless'd,
We know that Christ is ours,
That Christ hath quench'd the wrath of God,
His Father's grace reveal'd,
And bought our pardon with His blood,
And on our conscience seal'd.

4 O might we always know
The Father reconciled:
Set up Thy throne below
In each adopted child;
Restore the kingdom of Thy grace,
And fill us from above
With purest joy, and perfect peace,
And everlasting love.

XVII.

FOR THE EVENING.

To—"*Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord.*"

1 FATHER, by saints on earth adored,
By saints beyond the skies,
Accept through Jesus Christ our Lord
Our evening sacrifice:

If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify Thy grace;
Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And Thine be all the praise.

2 We found the presence of our God,
The power of Jesus' name,
While passing through the parted flood,
And through the harmless flame:
Enticed by sin, we did not yield,
Or place to Satan give:
And still by mercy's arm withheld,
We to Thy glory live.

3 We live to testify the grace
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink to-night in Thy embrace,
And rest beneath Thy wings:
But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of love Divine,
We trust Thy providence to keep
Our souls for ever Thine.

XVIII.

To—"*Sinners, obey the gospel-word.*"

1 Jesus, the virtue of Thy name,
To-day as yesterday the same,
Our guilt removes, our fear dispels,
And every soul-distemper heals.

2 On us the precious faith bestow
Through which Thy name we truly know,
Experience all its saving powers,
And feel whate'er Thou hast is ours.

3 Thou giv'st us now our want to feel,
Thou dost our unbelief reveal,
And, wrought to this by previous grace,
We ask Thy love, and seek Thy face.

4 Thy all-restoring love impart,
Display Thy presence in our heart,
And perfectly made whole we rise,
And go in peace to paradise.

XIX.

To—"*O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!*"

1 O THOU that hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee, and mourn,
On Thee whom we have slain,
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd Thy mortal pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfix'd on *Calvary*,
To know Thee who Thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 My heart all other means defies,
It dares against Thy threatenings rise,
Thy righteous laws disdains;
More harden'd than the fiends below,
With unconcern to hell I go,
And laugh at hellish pains.

4 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity Divine
That suffer'd in my stead,
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.

5 The unbelieving veil remove,
And by Thy manifested love,
And by Thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get Thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

6 Now by Thy dying love constrain
My heart to love its God again,
Its God to glorify;
And lo, I come Thy cross to share,
Echo Thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die.

XX.

To—"*Head of Thy church triumphant.*"

1 FOUNTAIN of endless mercies,
Giver of all in Jesus,
Who from Thy throne
Hast sent Thy Son
To ransom and to bless us:
Respect our humble mansion
With grateful joy resounding,
With hymns of praise
For pardoning grace
Above our sins abounding.

2 Acknowledging the Author
And God of our salvation,
Our hearts we lift,
And own the gift
Too mighty for expression:
We would be truly thankful
Whom Jesus doth deliver
From all our foes,
And peace bestows,
And life that lasts for ever.

3 At morning, noon, and evening
Our sacrifices bringing,
We instantly
Give praise to Thee,
The song triumphant singing;
With all Thy ransom'd people
Through Jesus' blood forgiven,
From earth we fly,
And scale the sky,
And join the choir of heaven.

XXI.

To—"*Ye servants of God.*"

1 The wonders of grace Redeem'd we proclaim,
The virtues confess Of Jesus's name;
Our whole conversation To Jesus doth tend,
To final salvation, And joy without end.

2 We rise with the sun, To commune of Him;
And when we lie down, He still is our theme:
Recording His praises, We sink on His breast,
And in His embraces With confidence rest.

3 Of Jesus our Friend We talk by the way,
His goodness commend, His Spirit obey;
By short aspirations His succour implore,
And kept in temptations Rejoice evermore.

4 O Saviour, appear, To finish our sin,
In love without fear Thy nature bring in:
We then in the Spirit Of purity rise,
Thy joy to inherit, Thy throne in the skies.

XXII.

To—"*Ah, lovely appearance of death!*"

1 ALMIGHTY Redeemer of all,
To trouble and misery nigh,
Convinced, but unsaved from our fall,
On Thee we desire to rely;
Thou Lover and Friend of mankind,
With joy we have heard of Thy fame,
Thy mercy expecting to find
For ever and ever the same.

2 Thou didst the lost sinners receive,
The weary, o'erwhelm'd, and oppress'd,
Thou didst the afflicted relieve,
And give them assurance and rest:
With sins or infirmities pain'd,
Thy succour who humbly implored,
As many as sought it obtain'd,
As many as touch'd were restored.

3 Invited and urged to draw nigh,
We trust in a merciful God,
To Thee, the Physician, apply,
And wait for a drop of Thy blood:

Thy blood can all sicknesses heal;
Its virtue, O Jesus, impart,
Our pardon infallibly seal,
And heaven implant in our heart.

XXIII.

To—"*'T is finish'd, 't is done.*"

1 Come, Jesus, and build Thy temples below,
In mercy reveal'd Thy Deity show;
Lay deep the foundation Of faith in Thy blood,
Which brought us salvation, Which brings us to God.

2 Implant by Thy grace A church in this house,
Then, then we shall praise, And pay Thee our vows;
Beholding Thy glory, Our souls shall arise,
And gladly adore Thee, Like those in the skies.

3 A power to believe We humbly request,
And long to receive The promise of rest:
From sorrow and sinning This moment to cease,
Our service beginning With pardon and peace.

4 The praise of our Lord Impatient to spread,
We wait for a word That quickens the dead:
Thy mercy forgiving The moment we see,
The living, the living Shall triumph in Thee.

5 The blessings of grace If others conceal,
Our lips shall confess The comforts we feel;
Redeem'd by Thy passion, We all the day long
Will publish salvation, And sing the new song.

6 O wouldst Thou inspire Our hearts with Thy love,
And add to the choir Of harpers above:
Then, Saviour, receive us, When perfect in one,
And graciously give us A share of Thy throne.

XXIV.

To—"*Thanks be to God alone.*"

1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Part of Thy family:
Saviour of our sinful race,
Claim the purchase of Thy blood,
Seize the prisoners of Thy grace,
Bring us to a pardoning God.

2 Disconsolate, distress'd,
We sigh to Thee for rest,
Of our heavy load complain,
Sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
Till the Comforter we gain,
Till the bloody cross appears.

3 But when that Spirit pours
Thy blood on us and ours,
Conscience is no more defiled,
Sighing, sin, and fear are gone,
God in Thee is reconciled,
God in Thee is all our own.

4 Come, Father, in the Son,
And in the Spirit down,

Purify our inward parts
By Thy love ineffable,
Take possession of our hearts,
God in us for ever dwell.

XXV.

1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept our evening sacrifice,
Which now to Thee we give :
We bow before Thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere ;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

2 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
Nor feels his want of Thee,
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain,
And fill his careless heart with grief,
And penitential pain.

3 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies ;
Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

4 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake;
I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee,
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

XXVI.

1 O God, in Christ the Saviour
To sinners reconciled,
With manifested favour
Receive Thy suppliant child:
On us who bow before Thee
Lift up Thy smiling face,
And bid our souls adore Thee
The God of pardoning grace.

2 Father, till Thou revealest
Truth in our inward parts,
And sure forgiveness sealest
On all our waiting hearts,
Us by Thy fear o'erawing
From evil far remove,
And let us feel Thee drawing
Our hearts with cords of love.

3 In soft compassion mind us,
If e'er we go astray,
And speak the word behind us,
"Return, this is the way!"

Restrain our will consenting
To sin and misery,
And through Thy grace preventing,
Allure us back to Thee.

4 By mercy's sweet attraction
We after Thee shall run,
And win the satisfaction
For us already won,
Regain our long-lost *Eden*,
In Jesus' peaceful mind,
And by Thy Spirit's leading
Our heavenly country find.

XXVII.

1 REST of every weary spirit,
Peace of every troubled heart,
Jesus, full of righteous merit,
Righteousness to us impart;
All our sins in love pass over,
(All our sins were counted Thine,)
Spread Thy skirt our shame to cover,
Screen us from the wrath Divine.

2 To the hope display'd before us
While we would for refuge fly,
To Thy Father's smile restore us,
Now the' ungodly justify;
While we pant beneath the mountain,
O remove our guilty load,
Draw us to the open fountain,
Plunge the sinners in Thy blood.

3 Peace be to our habitation,
Peace to all that here reside!
Stir them up to seek salvation
Who secure in death abide:
By themselves no longer harden'd
Comfort may they never know,
Never rest till freely pardon'd
After Thee with joy they go.

4 In a state of nature sleeping,
Still our little ones defend,
Have the innocents in keeping
Whom we to Thy care commend;
Gently from their slumber wake them;
Shortening then the legal strife,
Thine adopted children make them
Heirs of everlasting life.

5 Every present soul receiving
In Thy mercy's arms embrace,
Write our names among the living,
Number with the faithful race:
Hallow'd vessels of election
For those purer mansions meet,
Children of the resurrection
Take us to Thy glorious seat.

XXVIII.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with Thine own abide;
Holy God, to make Thee room,
Our hearts we open wide,

Thee, and only Thee request,
To every asking sinner given :
Come, our Life, and Peace, and Rest,
Our All in earth and heaven.

2 Born again that Thee we may
In spirit and truth adore,
Come, and in Thy temples stay,
And never leave us more :
Thee our faithful souls desire ;
Because we know Thee now in part,
Nothing less can we require,
Than all Thou hast, and art.

3 With resign'd simplicity
And patient earnestness,
Thee we seek ; not Thine, but Thee
We languish to possess :
Come, and bring Thy nature in,
And let Thy love unrivall'd reign ;
Grace we then, and glory win,
And all in Jesus gain.

XXIX.

1 SPIRIT of supplication,
Through Jesus Christ bestow'd,
Visit this habitation,
And make us Thine abode ;
To pour a mournful prayer
Help our infirmity,
And all our souls prepare,
Great God, to compass Thee.

2 Spirit of faith, discover
To us the Crucified,
The sinners' Friend, and Lover
Who for His haters died:
Set forth the Lamb atoning,
As slaughter'd in our stead,
And let us hear Him groaning,
And see Him bow His head.

3 Help us to look upon Him
By us transfix'd and torn,
The Lord of all to own Him,
And o'er our Saviour mourn;
With tears of true contrition
Bewail a tortured God,
And find Him a Physician
Who heals us by His blood.

4 O might we now relenting
Confess the Deicide,
And while we lie lamenting
Perceive His blood applied!
No longer let us grieve Him
Who joy to us imparts,
But lovingly receive Him
Into our broken hearts!

XXX.

FOR THE EVENING.

1 ANOTHER day preserved by grace,
We end it with our Saviour's praise,

Symphonious to the choir above,
And triumph in His guardian love!
Angels, with your wings outspread
Take your stand around our bed.

2 We soon shall wake, with you to sing
In presence of our heavenly King,
With you unutterably bless'd
Shall always praise, and never rest:
Smooth, as the melodious lay,
Endless ages roll away.

3 O that the joyful day were come,
Which calls our happy spirits home,
O could we join our friends in light,
And reach our Father's house to-night,
Sweetly close our willing eyes,
Open them in paradise!

XXXI.

1 How happy are they
Who for happiness stay,
And attend on their Lord
Ever faithful and true to accomplish His word:
Who calmly look up,
As prisoners of hope,
For liberty sigh,
And gladly believe their Redeemer is nigh.

2 This blessing is ours,
Whom Jesus o'erpowers,
And keeps by His grace,
Till on Him we lay hold, and His promise embrace;

Till in Him we confide,
Whose blood is applied,
And of pardon possess'd
In the *Eden* of love beatifical rest.

3 O would He appear
Our Deliverer here,
And His prisoners release
By a sight of His love, and a taste of His peace!
Himself if He show,
With singing we go,
And in triumph remove
To partake of His joy in the country above.

4 Come, heavenly Lord,
The present reward,
The full happiness be
Of us, and of all who are waiting for Thee:
Thy favour and mind
With Thee let us find,
And fulness of grace,
And glory obtain in a glimpse of Thy face.

XXXII.

1 Ah, what shall we do, Our pardon to gain,
And holiness true With Jesus obtain;
Our utmost endeavour Too weak to procure
His forfeited favour, Or make our hearts pure!

2 For mercy and grace We only can cry,
And wait in His ways, Till Jesus pass by,
To our supplication Humanely attend,
And bring us salvation Which never shall end.

3 The cry of our heart Thou waitest to hear,
And ready Thou art Our Lord to appear,
To give us Thy Spirit; And then we are free,
And then we inherit All fulness in Thee.

XXXIII.

1 PRINCE of everlasting peace,
Us Thy meanest servants bless,
Source of unanimity,
Make us one through faith in Thee.

2 By the virtue of Thy blood
Men are reconciled to God:
Reconciled through Thee alone
Men are with each other one.

3 Pardon then to us impart,
Sprinkle every waiting heart,
To the head and members join
Cemented by blood Divine:

4 Added to Thy lambs and sheep
Us within Thy bosom keep,
In the purity of peace,
In the bond of perfectness.

5 By the Spirit of Thy love
Re-begotten from above,
Heavenward let our souls ascend,
Seek the joys that never end.

6 Be Thyself our whole desire,
Till we reach the raptured choir,
There, with all Thy family,
Gaze, for ever gaze on Thee.

XXXIV.

FOR THE MASTER.

1 LORD, I the messengers receive,
And firmly their report believe,
Who by Thy order testify
Of judgment and salvation nigh:
Hunted by all the faithless race,
They here shall find a hiding-place,
And till the storm is turn'd aside,
Secure beneath my roof abide.

2 My love they amply will repay,
If I their warning voice obey,
Hang out the covenanted sign,
The sacred red, the blood Divine;
Then, though Thy plagues our land o'erflow,
And lay our lofty cities low,
No evil shall I feel, or dread,
Protected by the scarlet thread.

XXXV.

1 JESUS, by our prayers invited,
Condescend to be our Guest,
With the sons of men delighted
In Thy ransom'd creature rest;
Claim us, for Thy purchased home;
Come, Thou Friend of sinners, come.

2 In an earthly habitation
Still if Thou art pleased to dwell,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
God of love, Thyself reveal;
Take possession of Thine own,
Finish what Thy grace begun.

3 Lord, Thou hitherto hast brought us
By Thy sweet alluring grace,
Surely Thou to this hast wrought us
That we would our Friend embrace:
Come, the loving Spirit cries;
Come, the longing bride replies.

4 Power Divine hath made us willing
All Thy fulness to receive:
Now Thine own desires fulfilling,
Come, and in Thy temples live;
Thou in us, and we in Thee
Dwell to all eternity.

XXXVI.

1 My burden unable to bear,
With sin above measure oppress'd,
I pour out a sorrowful prayer,
I groan for redemption and rest;
In hope of approaching relief,
I call on His wonderful name,
Whose pity attends to my grief,
For ever and ever the same.

2 He came a lost world to redeem,
He waits a lost world to forgive:
The sinner is welcome to Him,
The dead by His dying may live:
In mercy alone He delights,
Unspeakably loving and kind,
The weary and burden'd invites
Repose in His bosom to find.

3 My only resource in despair,
To Jesus I faithfully flee,
And cast a whole mountain of care
On Him, that hath answer'd for me:
His body the balsam supplied,
My burden of guilt it endured;
And lo, in His death I confide,
And lo, by His wounds I am cured.

4 His free inexhaustible love,
(A sea without bottom or shore,)
Doth all my affliction remove,
And sorrow and sin are no more:
His mercy the pardon bestows
With blissful assurance and rest;
And lull'd to eternal repose,
I sink on Immanuel's breast!

XXXVII.

1 Happy day of His returning,
Day with no succeeding night,
Period of our pain and mourning,
Blaze of uncreated Light,
When shall we Thy glories see,
Live the life of heaven in Thee!

2 Pains and griefs—we soon shall lose 'em
In the presence of our Lord,
Sink on the Redeemer's bosom,
Find in Him our full reward,
Mightily, supremely bless'd,
Lull'd to everlasting rest.

3 Joyous hope our sorrows cheering,
Exiles sad while here we stay!
Jesus by His last appearing
Comes to wipe our tears away,
Comes to claim His ready bride,
Comes to seat us at His side.

4 Haste, Thou God of our salvation,
Whom by faith in part we know,
Show Thyself the consummation
Of our bliss begun below,
All our happiness above,
Swallow up our souls in love.

XXXVIII.

FOR A FAMILY OF BELIEVERS.

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
Our best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought:
But if our works in God are wrought,
They shall be bless'd indeed.

2 Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire
Our hearts with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,
Thy glory if we now intend;
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet!
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways,

One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now Jesus, now, Thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for Thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up our rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound,
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine,
That all, but us, our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,
The heavenly Light Divine.

XXXIX.

1 Come Wisdom, Power, and Grace Divine,
Come Jesus, in Thy name to join
An happy chosen band,
Who fain would prove Thine utmost will,
And all Thy righteous laws fulfil
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love Thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self inspire,
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our Centre tend,
To spread Thy praise our common end,
To help each other on,
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare,
Infuse the softest, social care,
The warmest charity,
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of Thy wondrous name,
The heart which was in Thee.

5 Supply what every member wants,
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all Thy love receive,
Together to Thy glory live,
And to Thy glory die.

XL.

1 O Saviour, cast a gracious smile,
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy mistrust remove,

The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to Thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs Thy work of grace
For ever drive it hence:
Exert Thine all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To childlike innocence.

3 Soon as in Thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears by grace forgiven,
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in Thine,
And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel
To do on earth Thy blessed will
As angels do above!
In Thee the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love!

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast,
Bless with Divine conformity,
And give us now to find in Thee
Our everlasting Rest.

XLI.

1 How happy we whom grace unites
In Jesus' precious name,
Whom mercy's secret call invites
To banquet with the Lamb!

2 We see our kind Supporter's hand,
And joyfully adore,
And hastening to the heavenly land,
We send our hearts before.

3 Jesus shall there our hearts secure
And keep our life above,
As sure as Christ is God, as sure
As Christ our God is love.

4 And when He has prepared our place,
Our Lord again shall come—
Come, Lord, and show Thy glorious face,
And *look* Thy pilgrims home!

XLII.

1 Holy Lamb, who Thee confess,
Followers of Thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask,—What shall we do?

2 Govern'd by Thine only will,
All Thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all Thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.

3 While Thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to Thy servants here,
Mindful of Thy place above,
All Thy life was prayer and love.

4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity,
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

5 Early in the temple met
Let us still our Maker greet,
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there:

6 There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again,
Power His image to retrieve,
Power like Thee our Lord to live.

7 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good:

8 Glad to pray, and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we on the sacred tree
Bow the head, and die like Thee.

XLIII.

1 Come, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart,
Bought for us by Jesus' merit
Now Thy blissful Self impart:

Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in the' atoning blood,
Make our souls a water'd garden,
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If Thou gav'st the' enlarged desire
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting hearts inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal:
Claim us for Thine habitation,
Dwell within our hallow'd breast,
Seal us heirs of full salvation
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry
Till for all Thy glory meet,
Waiting like attentive *Mary*,
Happy at our Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for Thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
All Thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art.

XLIV.

1 HEAD of the Church, appear, appear,
Assembled with Thy members here,
Who in Thy name and Spirit meet,
And tremble at Thy wounded feet.

2 O'ercome, o'erwhelm'd with mercy's power,
We meekly wonder and adore,
With silent awe Thy goodness prove,
Or triumph in Thy dying love.

3 Whene'er Thou dost Thy love reveal,
Unutterable bliss we feel,
We feel the virtue of Thy name
In holy fear, and humble shame.

4 Constrain'd by pure delight we own
The everlasting life begun,
Glory anticipate in grace,
And heaven in Thy smiling face.

Occasional Hymns.

XLV.

FOR A WOMAN NEAR THE TIME OF HER TRAVAIL.

1 RIGHTEOUS, O Lord, Thy judgments are!
Ordain'd by Thy decree
In sorrow to conceive and bear,
I bow my soul to Thee:
Daughter of *Eve*, Thy voice I hear
Appointing my distress,
And prostrate in the dust revere
Thy awful righteousness.

2 The misery of my fall I feel,
And patiently sustain:
But save me from the' extremest ill,
The more than mortal pain:
The utmost penalty decreed,
The utmost wrath, forbear,
And spare me, O Thou woman's Seed,
Thou Son of *Mary*, spare.

3 If once to swell the virgin's womb,
Great God, Thou didst not scorn,
But man Thyself for me become,
Of Thy own creature born,
Partaker of our flesh and blood,
Our sorrows still partake,
And screen me from the curse of God
For Thy own nature's sake.

4 O Son of man, assuage my woes,
My rising fears control,
And sanctify the mother's throes,
And save the mother's soul:
Thy blessed, sanctifying will
I know concerning me,
By faith assured I ne'er shall feel
That endless misery.

5 My Saviour from the wrath to come,
From present evil save,
And farther mitigate my doom,
Nor let me see the grave:
Still hold my soul in life, I pray,
A dying worm reprieve,
And let me all my lengthen'd day
Unto Thy glory live.

6 Now, Lord, I have to Thee made known
My troubled soul's request,
And sink in calm dependence down
Within Thy arms to rest:
Secure in danger's blackest hour
Thy faithfulness to prove,
Protected by almighty power,
And everlasting love.

XLVI.

1 Save, Jesus, save! my hour is near
Of sorrow and distress,
And lo, I faint, oppress'd with fear
Of my own helplessness:
My littleness of faith I feel,
And sink o'erwhelm'd again,
Awed by the salutary ill,
The pain-preventing pain.

2 But ah, Thou know'st a heavier care
Hath all my soul o'erspread,
And pain and death are light to bear
Compared with what I dread:
My life I freely would resign,
And lay this moment down,
Rather than see a child of mine
Eternally undone.

3 But wilt Thou suffer me to bear
A sad reverse of Thee,
A graceless, miserable heir
Of endless misery;

Expose it to the world's black wild,
And sin's malignant power?
And must I, Lord, bring forth a child
For Satan to devour?

4 Rather resume the blessings lent,
And stop Thy creature's breath,
And by a temporal prevent
An everlasting death:
Before it draws this tainted air,
My harmless infant slay,
Or let the sad *Benoni* tear
My bleeding life away.

5 The keys of death and hell are held
In Thine almighty hand,
And all the powers of nature yield
To Thy supreme command:
Destroy the candidate for light,
Or slay me in its stead,
Childless among the living write,
Or free among the dead.

6 Or let the sleeping babe remain
In its maternal tomb,
And safe from sin, and safe from pain,
For ever swell the womb;
Till waken'd by the trumpet's sound
We both triumphant rise,
And see our Life with glory crown'd,
And grasp Him in the skies.

XLVII.

1 But if Thou otherwise ordain,
All-gracious as Thou art,
And bring me through the perilous pain
To act a mother's part,
My infant yet unborn receive,
An offering to the sky,
And let it for Thy glory live,
And for Thy glory die.

2 To Thee, great God, in Jesus' name
Devoted from the womb,
For Thine alone my offspring claim,
And when Thou wilt resume:
My child, like *Jephtha's* daughter, seize,
A sacrifice Divine:
Or if a son his parents bless,
The *Nazarite* is Thine.

3 Or in the morning of his day,
Or call him back at noon,
I will not murmur for his stay,
Or cry, He died too soon!
I freely render Thee Thy right,
And in Thy pleasure rest,
For love and wisdom infinite
Must always choose the best.

4 My every creature-good remove:
But let Thy handmaid gain
The witness of Thy pardoning love,
And still the grace retain;

Retain, by mercy reconciled,
The sense of sin forgiven,
And meet at last my happy child
With all my friends in heaven.

XLVIII.

1 To whom should I for succour fly,
While danger, pain, and death are nigh,
And nature's fears return?
Jesus, my only sure relief,
I tell to Thee my secret grief,
And in Thy bosom mourn.

2 I fear, lest in my trying hour
The strength of pain should quite o'erpower
My soul's infirmity,
Lest, when my sorrows most prevail,
My patience and my faith should fail,
And leave me void of Thee.

3 Even now I faint o'erwhelm'd with dread,
I tremble at my greatest need
Lest Thou shouldst hide Thy face,
Afflict me more than I can bear,
And then withhold the aid of prayer,
The power to sue for grace.

4 Yet though I am sometimes afraid,
On Thee my feeble mind is stay'd,
My trust is in the Lord,
I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
And borne above myself I stand,
Supported by Thy word.

5 In God my Saviour I confide,
Whose truth and love are on my side;
If now for help I pray,
Thou in the depth of my distress
Wilt send a word of heavenly grace,
And save me through that day.

6 Thou wilt, I humbly trust, impart
The sense of pardon to my heart,
The witness of Thy love:
Thy love shall all my griefs control,
Thy love shall calm my fluttering soul,
And hide my life above.

7 Arm'd with Thy love and patient mind,
I come, to Thy bless'd will resign'd,
For all events prepared,
Soon as I know my pardon seal'd,
Assured that Jesus is my shield,
And infinite reward.

XLIX.

1 At this solemn turn of fate,
Looking for my painful hour,
Lord, on Thee I meekly wait,
Wait to prove Thy gracious power:
From the eye of man conceal'd,
Lo, to Thee, my God, alone
I my soul and body yield;
Let Thy will on both be done.

2 Here I give myself to prayer,
Commune with my heart and Thee,
Learn to cast on God my care,
Long Thy saving health to see:

Might I Thy salvation feel,
Might I Abba, Father, cry,
Ready then for all Thy will,
Meet I were to live, or die.

3 O for love and pity sake,
Look on Thy unconscious child,
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
Tell me Thou art reconciled,
Let me in Thy strength rejoice,
Let me feel my sins forgiven,
Answer to the Shepherd's voice,
Know my name enroll'd in heaven.

4 Now explain Thy whole design,
From my earliest infancy
Why didst Thou my will incline,
Draw my simple heart to Thee?
Wherefore did I haunt the shade,
Sad, disconsolate, alone,
Ever of Thy frown afraid,
Wretched for a God unknown?

5 Show me what I wanted then,
Give me what I still require,
Fairer than the sons of men,
Me with Thy pure love inspire;
Thou my long-sought happiness,
Sum of my desires Thou art,
Breathe the Spirit of Thy grace,
Breathe Thyself into my heart.

L.

1 Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Author, God of my salvation,
I Thy timely aid implore:
Suffering Son of man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish
In Thy days of flesh below,
When Thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe,
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By Thy *most* severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour,
By Thy last mysterious passion
Screen me from the adverse power:
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of Thy Spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me!

By Thy death I Thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend,
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

LI.

1 HELP, my loving Lord and Saviour!
Saved before, I implore
Thy continued favour.

2 Still on Thee I cast my care,
Thou art still Pleased to feel
What Thy members bear.

3 With our weakness and temptation
Touch'd Thou art; Feels Thy heart
Exquisite compassion.

4 Well Thou know'st the fear and sorrow
Which I know, Sunk in woe,
Trembling for to-morrow;

5 Trembling, lest without Thy power,
Feeble I Faint and die
In my coming hour:

6 Tried above what I can bear,
Lest I yield, Lose my shield,
Void of faith and prayer.

7 Let me now Thy help secure,
Saviour *then* Strength ordain,
Help me *then* to' endure.

8 Me baptized into Thy passion,
Made like Thee, Visit me
With Thy great salvation.

9 By the travail of Thy Spirit
Me sustain, By Thy pain,
By Thy bleeding merit.

10 In my bitterest affliction
By Thy cup Hold me up,
By Thy dereliction.

11 Now I have Thine aid bespoken,
Peace impart To my heart,
Give the loving token.

12 Love of my expiring Saviour
Be the sign I am Thine,
Thou art mine for ever!

LII.

1 JESUS, Thou Son of *Mary*,
Thou Son of the Most-High,
Lo, at Thy feet I tarry,
And on Thy truth rely;
In awful expectation
Of my distressing hour,
I look for Thy salvation,
For all Thy mercy's power.

2 On Thee my Health in sickness
My feeble soul is stay'd,
Thy strength in human weakness
Is perfectly display'd:

Thou never wilt forsake me
Who on Thy love depend,
But to Thy bosom take me
Till pain with life shall end.

LIII.

1 LORD, I magnify Thy power,
Thy love and faithfulness,
Kept to my appointed hour
In safety and in peace:
Let Thy providential care
Still my sure protection be,
Till a living child I bear,
A sacrifice to Thee.

2 Who so near the birth hast brought,
(Since I on Thee rely,)
Tell me, Saviour, wilt Thou not
Thy farther help supply?
Whisper to my listening soul,
Wilt Thou not my strength renew,
Nature's fears and pangs control,
And bring Thy handmaid through?

3 Father, in the name I pray
Of Thine incarnate Love,
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove:
When my sorrows most increase,
Let Thy strongest joys be given;
Jesus come *with* my distress,
And agony is heaven.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me,
Me whom Thou hast caused to trust
For more than life in Thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the face Divine.

LIV.

1 Cast on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall His salvation see,
According to His word:
Credence to His word I give:
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now His handmaid leave,
But bring me through the last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me Thou oft hast proved,
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged Thy beloved;
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey,
Pain before Thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on Thy word and name
I steadfastly rely:

Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have,
Saved again to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To Thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on Thee alone,
I Thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own ;
Compass'd round with songs of praise
My all to my Deliverer give,
Spread the miracle of grace,
And for Thy glory live.

LV.

1 FATHER, and Friend of human kind,
Supporter of this tottering clay,
I rest on Thee my feeble mind,
On Thee my shrinking flesh I stay,
And, call'd Thy chastisement to bear,
Pour out a calmly pensive prayer.

2 My life I know secured above,
Hid in those gracious hands Divine ;
But O, my heavier care remove,
And claim my unborn child for Thine,
The burden of my womb receive,
Thine, only Thine to die, or live.

3 If fore-ordain'd to see the light,
It bursts into a world of woe,
Seize the young sinner as Thy right,
Before it good or evil know,

And cleanse in the baptismal flood,
And wash my babe through Jesus' blood.

4 Even from the sacred laver take,
And guard its favour'd infancy,
Nor ever, Lord, Thy charge forsake,
Nor let Thy charge depart from Thee,
But walk in all Thy righteous ways,
Till meet to see Thy glorious face.

LVI.

FOR A WOMAN IN TRAVAIL.

1 Jesus, help! no longer tarry,
Hasten to redeem Thine own:
Son of God, and Son of *Mary*,
Answering to Thy creature's groan,
Now omnipotently near,
Prince of life in death appear.

2 Save her by Thy righteous merit
From the just reward of sin:
By the travail of Thy Spirit,
Bring the timely succours in;
By Thy passion on the tree
Save a soul that gasps to Thee.

3 Soften, sanctify the anguish,
Sad memorial of her fall;
Let her on Thy bosom languish,
Till Thou bring her safe through all,
Ransom'd from the' extreme distress,
Bid her live——in perfect peace.

4 God of her complete salvation,
Heal, and bid her body rise;
Let her soul with exultation
Mount to Thee beyond the skies;
Happy as Thy saints above,
Lost in her Redeemer's love.

LVII.

1 HEAR, O Thou Friend of human kind,
Thou Son of *Mary*, hear,
And let Thy suffering handmaid find
The answer of our prayer.
Thy Spirit's mix'd with nature's cries
Through Thee to heaven ascend:
O send deliverance from the skies,
A swift deliverance send.

2 Save her, Thyself of woman born,
Thyself the Son of man,
The curse into a blessing turn,
And sanctify the pain:
Be Thou a present succour found
In time of greatest need,
And while her sorrows most abound,
Her comforts shall exceed.

3 This keenest sense of deep distress
Which feeble flesh can feel,
O'erpower, and swallow up in peace
And joy unspeakable:
Thy love shall bring her safely through:
Thy love to her be given,
And change the pains of hell into
The ecstasies of heaven.

4 So shall the ransom'd sinner give
To Thee her added days,
So shall the joyful mother live
A monument of Thy praise;
She and her house shall serve the Lord,
Till all from earth remove
In sounds of glory to record
Thine everlasting love.

LVIII.

1 JESUS, we ask Thy promised aid;
Thou who for us a curse wast made,
The penalty extreme
Far from Thy chosen one remove,
And now the object of Thy love
From curse and death redeem.

2 First in the primitive offence
The curse she feels with quicker sense:
But, of a woman born,
Thou didst its utmost burden bear,
To make it fall more light on her,
And to a blessing turn.

3 With pity then the anguish see,
The fruits of sin endured by Thee,
Thou patient Man of Woe:
Thy sufferings past recall to mind,
Shorten in her Thy pangs behind,
And break the mortal blow.

4 In mercy mitigate her pain,
Her feeble fainting soul sustain
With comforts from above;

Strengthen, till all her pains are pass'd,
And let her every moment taste
The cordial of Thy love.

5 Before her weary eyes display
The bed where her Redeemer lay,
A Lamb transfix'd and torn!
The place Thou never canst forget,
Where Thou hast paid our utmost debt,
And all our sorrows borne.

6 O let Thy grief dry up her tears,
And while Thy mangled form appears,
Thy visage marr'd with blood,
Let trouble, fear, and torture cease,
And all her happy soul confess
Her Saviour and her God.

7 Victorious, with Thy cross in view,
By Thy own travail bring her through
The agonizing hour,
A living monument of praise,
A witness of redeeming grace,
And love's eternal power.

LIX.

THANKSGIVING FOR HER SAFE DELIVERY.

1 Blessing, and praise, and thanks, and love
Let God, the Saviour-God receive,
Who sent the succours from above,
And bade the dying sinner live!

The bitterness of death is past,
The mortal agony is o'er;
Brought through the fire, she lives at last
To love, and wonder, and adore.

2 Long in the toils of hell she lay,
(While torture tore her tender frame,)
And meekly sigh'd her life away,
A picture of the bleeding Lamb!
Her eyes with looking upward fail'd,
And sought the rest of endless night;
But Christ her Advocate prevail'd,
And stopp'd the spirit in its flight.

3 When nature's strength and sense were gone,
And death's cold hand had grasp'd his prey,
God held her soul in life unknown,
And re-inspired the breathless clay:
God heard His wrestling people plead
Strong in the faith Himself had given,
Mighty in prayer which wakes the dead,
In prayer which shuts and opens heaven.

4 Touch'd by the healing hand Divine,
She lives, she lives to praise her Lord:
Jesus, the work and praise be Thine,
Thy name be bless'd, revered, adored!
Thou hast Thy gracious word fulfill'd,
And saved her in her last distress;
The promise and the prayer is seal'd,
Seal'd on her heart in gospel-peace.

5 Wherefore with joyful lips and heart,
Thee, Jesus, Lord of life we own,
And sing how great and good Thou art,
How near to help and save Thine own!

To Thee our grateful all we give,
Thine, wholly Thine, resolved to be,
And only for Thy glory live,
And die a sacrifice to Thee.

LX.

HYMN FOR A NEW-BORN CHILD.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit come,
Enter now Thy human shrine,
Take my offspring from the womb;
Mine he is not, Lord, but Thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all eternity!

2 Seize, O seize his tender heart,
Beating to the vital war;
Everlasting life impart,
Sow the seed of glory there:
Grace be to my infant given,
Grace the principle of heaven.

3 Soon as reason's glimmering ray
Feebly faint begins to shine,
Let the spark of grace display
Stronger influence Divine,
All the life of sin control,
Spread throughout his new-born soul.

4 Father, draw him from his birth
With the cords of heavenly love,
From the trivial joys of earth
Raise his mind to joys above,
Gently lead Thy favourite on,
Till Thou giv'st him to Thy Son.

5 Rise the woman's conquering Seed,
In his ransom'd nature rise,
Bruiser of the serpent's head,
Give him back his paradise,
Nature into grace convert,
Grave Thine image on his heart.

6 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
The deep things of God reveal,
Seal him from his natal hour,
Him the heir of glory seal,
Strong with sevenfold energy
Stamp, and fit him for the sky.

7 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
Enter now Thy human shrine,
Take my offspring from the womb;
Mine he is not, Lord, but Thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all eternity!

LXI.

1 HELPLESS babe, who from the womb
Dost this hour thy course begin,
Hasty traveller to the tomb,
Born in misery and sin,
Born into a vale of tears,
To a world of trouble born,
Subject of our hopes and fears,
Shall thy friends rejoice, or mourn?

2 Thee a heritage from God,
Thee whom God vouchsafes to give,
Not in wrath but love bestow'd,
Thankfully we should receive;

But when all thy dangers rise,
Passions, pains, and sins, and snares,
Fear rebukes our forward joys,
Turns our praises into prayers.

3 God, whose eye doth all things see,
Hidden from short-sighted man,
All Thy works are known to Thee,
All our springs of joy and pain:
Knows Thy wise omniscient mind
What the new-born child shall prove;
Whether mine his God *will* find,
Will ensure Thy hate, or love.

4 But if now Thy prescience sees
Scenes of misery and vice,
If his future wickedness
Now offends Thy glorious eyes,
Ere the dire decree bring forth,
Ere he turn from Thee his will,
Crush the viper in the birth,
Save him from a world of ill.

5 Do not suffer him to live
A transgressor from the womb,
Thy good Spirit by sin to grieve,
Rather now prevent his doom;
Hear Thy Spirit's cry within
A poor earthly parent's breast,
Save my helpless child from sin,
Snatch him now to endless rest.

LXII.

AT THE BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

1 GOD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised grace we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve,
The child baptized into Thy name
Partaker of Thy nature make,
And give her all Thine image back.

2 Born in the dregs of sin and time,
These darkest, last, apostate days,
Burden'd with *Adam's* curse and crime,
Thou in Thy mercy's arms embrace,
And wash out all her guilty load,
And quench the brand in Jesus' blood.

3 Father, if such Thy sovereign will,
If Jesus *did* the rite enjoin,
Annex Thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Seize for Thy own our infant's heart.

4 Answer on her Thy wisdom's end
In present and eternal good;
Whate'er Thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er Thou hast on man bestow'd,
Now to this favour'd babe be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 In presence of Thy heavenly host
Thyself we faithfully require;
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,

And fill up all Thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever Thine.

LXIII.

HYMNS FOR PARENTS.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is,
Who hast entrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss,
Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guard what grace hath given,
We ask the wisdom from on high
To train our infant up for heaven.

2 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who blindly fond their children rear
In tempers far as hell from Thee:
Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
Their babes who pamper and admire,
And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer *Moloch* through the fire.

3 But let not *us* the demon please,
Our offspring to destruction doom,
Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
Or damn him from his mother's womb;
Rather this hour resume his breath,
From selfishness and pride to save,
By death prevent the second death,
And hide him in the silent grave.

4 Or if Thou grant a longer date,
With resolute wisdom *us* endue,
To point him out his lost estate,
His dire apostasy to show,
To *time* our every smile and frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill,
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his rising will.

5 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth,
As set to form his tender mind
By principles of virtuous truth,
To fit his soul for heavenly grace,
Discharge the Christian parent's part,
And keep him, till Thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

LXIV.

1 How fast the chains of nature bind
Our poor degenerate race!
What darkness clouds the parent's mind
If unrenew'd by grace!
As sworn to take the tempter's part
They fatally employ
Their utmost power and utmost art
Their offspring to destroy.

2 By Satan's subtilty beguiled,
To Satan's school they send,
And each delights the favourite child
To humour and commend:

The proud with ranker pride they fill,
Heighten their worst disease,
And fondly soothe the stubborn will
To tenfold stubbornness.

3 With lust of pleasure, wealth, and fame
Their children they inspire,
And every vain desire inflame,
And every passion fire:
They wish them good, but rather great,
Religious, but genteel;
Pious, yet fond of pomp and state;
As heaven would mix with hell.

4 Adorn'd in pearl and rich array
You see the murderer's prize!
As crown'd with flowers, the victims gay
Are led to sacrifice;
Down a broad easy way they glide
To endless misery,
And curse their doting parents' pride
To all eternity.

5 Others, a half-discerning few,
The fond excess condemn,
And rush with headlong zeal into
The merciless extreme;
They vent their passion's furious heat
In stern tyrannic sway,
Their children as their beasts they treat,
And force the slaves to' obey.

6 With notions fraught, the Stoics sour
Pursue their rigid plan,
In weakness look for perfect power,
In babes the strength of man;

The wisdom ripe of hoary hairs
From children they require,
Till time their schemes in pieces tears,
And all in smoke expire.

7 Harass'd by long domestic war
With scarce a truce between,
Their children's tender minds abhor
The' *Egyptian* discipline;
They quite throw off the yoke severe,
O'er nature's wilds to rove,
And hate the objects of their fear
Whom they could never love.

LXV.

1 God only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth Thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright;
To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand,
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

2 Made apt by Thy sufficient grace
To teach as taught by Thee,
We come to train in all Thy ways
Our rising progeny;
Their selfish will by times subdue,
And mortify their pride,
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find The Crucified.

3 We would in every step look up,
By Thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought:
We would persuade their hearts to' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed,
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

4 For this we ask in faith sincere
The wisdom from above
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love,
To watch their will to sense inclined,
Withhold the hurtful food,
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

LXVI.

1 FATHER of lights, Thy needful aid
To us who ask impart,
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart;
O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To Thee for help we call,
Where many mightier have been slain,
By Thee unsaved, we fall.

2 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see,
We see and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry;

We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our hapless infant sell,
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.

3 Ah, what avails superior light
Without superior love?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve;
We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong,
And we shall do the same.

4 We censure them, ourselves untried,
For passionate excess,
Who train their children up in pride,
And sloth, and stubbornness:
Less savage in our judgment they
Who slew their little ones,
Or left to ravenous beasts a prey,
Or dash'd against the stones.

5 Yet, spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity,
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to Thee:
We soon shall do what we condemn,
And, down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.

6 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength Thou art,
Above the world and tempter's power,
And greater than our heart.

Us from ourselves Thou canst secure
In nature's slippery ways,
And make our feeble footsteps sure
By Thy sufficient grace.

7 If on Thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt protect Thy own,
And keep us to the end;
Wilt make us tenderly discreet
To guard what Thou hast given,
And bring our child with us to meet
At Thy right hand in heaven.

LXVII.

1 O THAT my son might live
A monument of Thy grace,
To Thee his earliest childhood give,
To Thee his riper days!
My heavenly Father, hear
In me Thy Spirit's cry,
And grant the child his God to fear,
Or give him now to die.

2 Ah, do not let him stay
To grieve Thy glorious eyes,
To wander down the beaten way
Of passion, pride, and vice;
To know the misery
Which I, alas, have known,
Or saved by fire, if saved like me,
Or finally undone.

3 Rather in tender grace
Resume my infant's breath,
And snatch him from the dangerous maze,
The brink of second death;
To glorious worlds on high
His spotless soul receive,
Where all who in their childhood die
With God for ever live.

LXVIII.

1 LET *Ishmael* live Devoted to God;
O Father receive Whom Thou hast bestow'd,
Hast purposely given, That we may resign
The blessing of heaven, The present Divine.

2 Thy servants prepare With wisdom for this
To bring up an heir Of heavenly bliss:
By walking before Thee His steps let us guide,
And lead him to glory Through Jesus's side.

3 The doting excess Of nature remove,
And graciously bless Our labours of love;
Our sanctified cares With favour allow,
And answer our prayers, And answer them now.

4 The blessing we claim Now, Father, impart,
Thy nature and name Be on his young heart;
Our infant inspire With life from on high,
And kindle the fire That never shall die.

LXIX.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

1 O WHAT shall I do,
What method pursue,
In safety to bring my young innocent through?

What a wonder of grace,
If he 'scapes one whole race,
Unspoil'd by indulgence, unpoison'd by praise!

2 'Tis mercy alone
Can assist him to run
Through a desert, when thousands are daily undone;
That mercy I claim
In Jesus's name,
And believe Him a Saviour for ever the same.

3 By mercy set free,
My Redeemer I see
As willing to save my poor infant as me:
If I trust Him, He must
Be true to His trust,
For to all that believe He is gracious and just.

4 I trust Him alone
For myself and my son,
That He will not forsake whom He takes for His own:
By grace reconciled,
I give Him my child;
And if Jesus preserve, he can never be spoil'd.

LXX.

ANOTHER.

1 What follies abound
Where reason is drown'd
By an heathenish nurse in a torrent of sound!
When by Satan beguiled,
With sonnets defiled,
She angers her Maker, to quiet her child!

2 Who the Saviour and Son
Of *Mary* have known,
They delight to converse with their Jesus alone;
They at all times proclaim
His wonderful name,
And in tending their infants they sing of the Lamb.

3 The Lamb from the throne
Of His Father came down;
He was flesh of our flesh, He was bone of our bone:
The omnipotent Lord,
By all heaven adored,
The invisible Godhead appear'd in the Word.

4 With the children of men
Jehovah was seen,
Through the veil of our dignified nature between;
The Ancient of Days
Discover'd His face,
And admitted His angels with rapture to gaze.

5 Who gave all things to be,
What a wonder to see
Him born of His creature, and nursed on her knee!
The Infant Divine
(Let all creatures combine
To acknowledge the grace) was as helpless as mine!

LXXI.

FOR A SICK CHILD.

1 FATHER, God of pitying love,
Let Thy yearning bowels move,
Let Thine ear attend our cry,
Help before our infant die.

2 Hear her help-imploring groan,
Pain'd with sorrows not her own,
Bruised, alas, for our offence
Save her suffering innocence!

3 Whom but now Thy mercy gave,
Keep her from the gaping grave;
Whom Thy love persists to give,
Let her for Thy glory live.

4 But if Thou foreknow'st it best
Not to grant our blind request,
Snatch her from a length of pain,
Take her to Thine arms again.

5 Now her spotless soul remove
To the innocents above,
To her kindred in the skies,
To an early paradise.

6 Only while she hence departs,
Let her carry up our hearts,
Rend them, as she rends her clay,
Tear them far from earth away.

7 Far above the world of pain
Let our souls with hers remain,
Far above its comforts soar,
Stoop to earthly bliss no more.

LXXII.

ON HER DEATH.

1 Lovely-fair, but breathless clay,
Whither is thy tenant gone?
Would the soul no longer stay
Prisoner in a world unknown?

Surfeited with life and pain,
Is she fled to heaven again?

2 Wherefore did she visit earth,
Earth so suddenly to leave,
Gall'd and burden'd from the birth,
Only born to cry and grieve?
What was all her life below?
One sad month of fruitless woe.

3 Count we now our mournful gains,
We who call'd the child our own:
Lo, she pays her mother's pains
With her last expiring groan:
Mocking all his fond desires,
Lo, her father's hope expires!

4 Thus her parents' grief she cheers,
Transient as a short-lived flower,
Scarcely seen she disappears,
Blooms, and withers in an hour;
Thus our former loss supplies,
Thus our *promised* comfort dies!

5 But shall sinful man complain,
Stripp'd by the Divine decree?
Dares our impious grief arraign
Heaven's tremendous majesty?
Rather let us meekly own
All is right which God hath done.

6 God hath answer'd all our prayers,
Mended after His own will,
Number'd with salvation's heirs
Her whose happy change we *feel*,

Her whose bliss rebukes our sighs,
Bids us follow to the skies.

7 God, to' enhance her joy above,
Gave her a few painful days,
Object of His richest love,
Vessel of His choicest grace,
Bade her suffer with His Son,
Die to claim an earlier throne.

8 Best for her so soon to die :
Best for us how can it be?
Let our bleeding hearts reply,
Torn from all, O Lord, but Thee,
To Thy righteous will subdued,
Panting for the sovereign Good.

9 Let them pant, and never rest
Till Thy peace our sorrows heal ;
Troubled be our aching breast
Till the balm of love we feel,
Love which every want supplies,
Love of One that never dies.

10 Might we, Lord, Thy love attain!
Cure of every evil this,
This would turn our loss to gain,
Turn our misery into bliss,
Love our *Eden* here would prove,
Love would make our heaven above.

LXXIII.

FOR A CHILD IN THE SMALL-POX.

1 FATHER, by the tender name
Thou for man vouchsaf'st to bear,
We Thy needful succour claim,
We implore Thy pitying care,
For our stricken child distress'd:
Wilt Thou not our load remove,
Calm the tumult in our breast,
Manifest Thy saving love?

2 Love inflicts the plague severe,
Love the dire distemper sends:
Let Thy heavenly messenger
Answer all Thy gracious ends:
Give us power to watch and pray
Trembling at the threaten'd loss:
Tear our hearts from earth away,
Nail them to Thy bleeding cross.

3 Fain we would obedient prove,
Here on rugged *Calvary*
Render back the son we love,
Yield our only son to Thee:
While he on the altar lies,
We to Thy decree submit,
Offer up our sacrifice,
Weep in silence at Thy feet.

4 Human tears may freely flow
Authorised by tears Divine,
Till Thine awful will we know,
Comprehend Thy whole design:

Jesus wept! and so may we:
Jesus, suffering all Thy will,
Felt the soft infirmity;
Feels His creature's sorrow still.

5 Father of our patient Lord,
Strengthen us with Him to grieve,
Prostrate to receive Thy word,
All Thy counsel to receive:
Though we would the cup decline,
Govern'd by Thy will alone,
Ours we struggle to resign:
Thine, and only Thine, be done.

6 Life and death are in Thine hand:
In Thine hand our child we see
Waiting Thy benign command,
Less beloved by us than Thee:
Need we then his life request?
Jesus understands our fears,
Reads a mother's panting breast,
Knows the meaning of her tears.

7 Jesus blends them with His own,
Mindful of His suffering days:
Father, hear Thy pleading Son,
Son of Man for us He prays:
What for us He asks, bestow:
Ours He makes His own request:
Send us life or death; we know,
Life, or death from Thee is best.

LXXIV.

THANKSGIVING FOR HIS RECOVERY.

1 GLORY to our God most high
With joyful hearts we give,
Call'd like *Abraham* from the sky
Our *Isaac* to receive!
Him as from the dead restored
Thankful we again embrace,
Taste the goodness of our Lord,
And sing the Donor's praise.

2 How shall we the gift improve
A little longer lent?
Father, to receive Thy love
We now our hearts present:
Humbly on Thy mercy cast,
Farther mercy we implore,
Pay Thee back Thy favours past
By still accepting more.

3 Jesus, (for whose only sake
Thou hast restored our child,)
Thy most precious gift we take,
And own Thee reconciled;
Wait Thy peace and power to feel,
Peace unspeakable, unknown,
Power to do Thy perfect will,
And serve our God alone.

4 We, if so Thy will require,
Our sacrifice repeat,
Nature's every fond desire
To Thy decree submit;

Back to Thee Thine own we give,
Leave him in Thy sovereign hand;
Let him in Thy presence live,
Or die at Thy command.

5 Only while we offer up
Our dearest blessings here,
Bless us with our heavenly Hope,
The constant Comforter;
While our faith by works we prove,
While the furnace we abide,
Speak us perfected in love,
For ever justified.

LXXV.

ANOTHER.

1 Worship, and power, and thanks, and love
To God, the gracious God and true,
Whose faithfulness again we prove,
And mercies every moment new:
Jesus hath heard His people's prayer,
Our child revived, our son re-given;
Let all His healing name declare,
And spread His praise through earth and heaven.

2 Saviour, we at Thy hands receive
This pledge of greater good to come,
And to Thy wise disposal leave
Whom Thou hast ransom'd from the tomb:
The child, no longer ours, but Thine,
Even from his earliest infancy
To Thee we cheerfully resign,
A servant of Thy church and Thee.

3 While here our *Samuel* we present,
With favour, Lord, accept the loan,
To Thee irrevocably lent,
And bless and seal him for Thine own:
Devoted from his infant days,
O may he in Thy courts be found,
Grow up to minister Thy grace,
And spread through earth the gospel sound.

LXXVI.

FOR A CHILD CUTTING HIS TEETH.

1 Suffering for another's sin,
Why should innocence complain?
Sin by *Adam* enter'd in,
Sin engendering grief and pain;
Sin entail'd on all our race,
Forces harmless babes to cry,
Born to sorrow and distress,
Born to feel, lament, and die.

2 Tortured in his tender frame,
Struggling with convulsive throes,
Doth he not aloud proclaim
Guilt the cause of all our woes?
Guilt, whose sad effects appear,
Guilt original we own,
See it in that starting tear,
Hear it in that heaving groan!

3 Man's intemperate offence
In its punishment we read;
Speechless, by his aching sense
Guilty doth our infant plead;

Instruments of sin and pain,
Signs of guilt and misery
Eve's incontinence explain,
Point us to the tasted tree.

4 There the bitter root we find,
Fatal source of nature's ill,
Ill which all our fallen kind
With this young apostate feel:
But what we can ne'er remove
Jesus came to sanctify,
Second *Adam* from above,
Born for us to live and die.

5 Help, the woman's heavenly Seed,
Thou that didst our sorrows take,
Turn aside the death decreed,
Save him for Thy nature's sake!
Pitying Son of man and God,
Still Thy creature's pains endure;
Quench the fever with Thy blood,
Bless him with a perfect cure.

6 Thine it is to bless and heal,
Thine to rescue and repair:
On our child the answer seal,
Thou who didst suggest the prayer:
Send salvation to this house;
Then, to double health restored,
I and mine will pay our vows,
I and mine will serve the Lord.

LXXVII.

ON SENDING A CHILD TO THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

1 Not without Thy direction
From us our child we send,
And to Thy sure protection
Her innocence commend:
Jesus, Thou Friend and Lover
Of helpless infancy,
With wings of mercy cover
A soul beloved by Thee.

2 Evil communication
O let it not pervert,
Or fill with pride and passion
Her fond unwary heart;
Preserve her uninfected
(In answer to our prayers)
From dangers unsuspected,
From twice ten thousand snares.

3 Let no affections foolish
Or vain her spirit soil;
Let no instructions polish
Her nature into guile;
No low dissimulation
Place in her bosom find,
No worldly art or fashion
Corrupt her simple mind.

4 Our little one, believing,
Beneath Thy care we place,
And see Thee, Lord, receiving
Her into Thine embrace:

Thyself her inward Teacher,
Thyself her Guardian be,
And graciously enrich her
With all that is in Thee.

LXXVIII.

A MOTHER'S ACT OF RESIGNATION ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

1 PEACE, my heart, be calm, be still,
Subject to my Father's will!
God in Jesus reconciled
Calls for *His* beloved child,
Who on me Himself bestow'd
Claims the purchase of His blood.

2 Child of prayer, by grace Divine
Him I willingly resign,
Through his last convulsive throes
Born into the true repose,
Born into the world above,
Glorious world of light and love!

3 Through the purple fountain brought,
To his Saviour's bosom caught,
Him in the pure mantle clad,
In the milk-white robe array'd,
Follower of the Lamb I see;
See the joy prepared for me.

4 Lord, for this alone I stay;
Fit me for eternal day;

Then Thou wilt receive Thy bride
To the souls beatified,
Then with all Thy saints I meet,
Then my rapture is complete.

LXXIX.

THANKSGIVING AFTER RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

1 Peace, panting soul, the storm is o'er,
My mortal foe appears no more,
As brandishing his dart:
But lo, the Prince of Life is nigh,
To chase my terrors with His eye,
And still my fluttering heart.

2 The awful doubt is solved at last,
The bitterness of death is past,
And bless'd with a reprieve
My panting soul may now respire;
My body, too, hath pass'd the fire,
And doubly saved I live.

3 'Twas prayer alone that turn'd the scale,
(The prayer which doth with God prevail,)
And brought Him from the sky;
The Friend of *Lazarus* was here,
And dropp'd again the pitying tear,
And would not let me die.

4 God of my life and health restored,
I own Thee for my God and Lord,
Thy power and goodness see;

Accept the token from above,
The pledge of Thy forgiving love,
The life of heaven in Thee.

5 Thy arm omnipotent to save
Hath kindly snatch'd me from the grave,
And made my body whole:
O for Thy own compassion sake,
Cast all my sins behind Thy back,
And now restore my soul.

6 The confidence Divine impart,
The witness breathe into my heart,
And seal my sins forgiven;
Allow me then my last desire,
And send with death the car of fire
That wraps my soul to heaven.

LXXX.

ANOTHER.

1 SING to the Prince of life and peace,
Let every tongue *my* Saviour bless,
So strong to help in danger's hour,
So present in His healing power,
And from the margin of the grave
So good a dying worm to save.

2 Can I forget the solemn day
When grappling with my foe I lay?
O'er my weak flesh from foot to head
The loathsome leprosy was spread,
The foulest plague our race can feel,
The deadliest fruit of sin and hell.

3 The poison boil'd in every vein,
The fire broke out in raging pain,
I sunk oppress'd through all my powers,
With bruises, wounds, and putrid sores,
My body rack'd in every part,
And sick to death my fainting heart.

4 Jesus beheld my last distress,
And turn'd the current of disease,
He stopp'd my spirit on the wing,
And chased away the grisly king;
His wonder-working arm I own,
And give the praise to God alone.

5 He in the kind physician came,
(Bow all to Jesus' balmy name!)
Amidst my weeping friends He stood,
And mix'd the cordial with His blood,
Display'd His dead-reviving art,
And pour'd His life into my heart.

6 Brought from the gates of death, I give
My life to Him by whom I live;
Raised from a restless bed of pain,
I render Him my strength again,
And only wait to prove His grace,
And only breathe to breathe His praise.

LXXXI.

OBLATION OF A SICK FRIEND.

1 God of love, with pity see,
Succour our infirmity;
Father, let Thy will be done;
Thine we say, but mean our own.

2 Can we of ourselves resign
The most precious loan Divine?
With Thy loveliest creature part?
Lord, Thou seest our bleeding heart.

3 Whom Thyself hast planted there,
From our bleeding heart to tear,
This most sensibly we feel,
This we own impossible.

4 Dearest of Thy gifts below,
Nature cannot let her go;
Nature, till by grace subdued,
Will not give her back to God.

5 But we *would* receive the power
Every blessing to restore,
Would to Thy decision bow,
Would be meekly willing now.

6 If Thou *wilt* Thine own revoke,
Now inflict the sudden stroke,
Take our eyes' and hearts' desire,
Let her in Thine arms expire.

7 Stripp'd of all, we trust in Thee,
As our day our strength shall be;
Jesus, Lord, we come to prove
All the virtue of Thy love.

8 When the creature-streams are dry,
Thou Thyself our wants supply;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Rise eternal in our heart.

LXXXII.

ANOTHER.

1 Lover, Friend of human kind,
Call Thy days of flesh to mind,
When Thou didst our sorrows bear,
All our sinless frailties share.

2 When Thou didst converse below,
Every shape of human woe,
Every supplicant in pain
Could Thy ready help obtain.

3 Melted by Thy creature's tears,
Troubled with our griefs and fears,
Pity made Thy Spirit groan,
Made our miseries Thine own.

4 None applied in vain to Thee;
Thy Divine philanthropy
Cheer'd the faint, the hungry fed,
Heal'd the sick, and raised the dead.

5 Hear us then, Thou Man of grief,
O make haste to our relief,
After Thee for help we cry,
Come, before our sister die.

6 Jesus, evermore the same,
Manifest Thy saving name,
Good Physician from above,
Heal the object of Thy love.

7 Humbly prostrate at Thy feet,
We our will to Thine submit;
Yet, before Thy will is shown,
Trembling we present our own.

8 Till Thy love's design we *see*,
Earnest, but resign'd to Thee,
Suffer us for life to pray,
Bless us with her longer stay.

9 Let the balm be now applied,
Touch her, and the fever chide,
Now command it to depart,
Sprinkle now her peaceful heart.

10 Thou with equal ease and skill
Canst the soul and body heal:
Raise her, Lord, the vessel raise
Of Thine all-sufficient grace.

11 Let her long a witness live
That Thou canst on earth forgive,
Live, Thine utmost love to see,
Live to serve Thy church and Thee.

12 Then, when all her work is done,
Thou Thy faithful servant crown,
Take her, Jesus, to Thy breast,
Take us all to endless rest.

LXXXIII.

FOR ONE VISITED WITH SICKNESS.

1 O Thou, whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active vigour down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And prostrate at Thy gracious throne
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer *do*,
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show,
My patience may Thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

3 But since without Thy Spirit's might
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask in Jesus' right,
The strength He did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

4 This single good I humbly crave,
This single good on me bestow,
And when my one desire I have,
Let every other blessing go!
Ah, do not, Lord, my suit deny,
I only want to love——and die.

5 Or let me live, of love possess'd,
In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my labouring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain,
For Him that languish'd on the tree,
But lived, before He died, for me.

LXXXIV.

1 Welcome incurable disease,
Whate'er my gracious God decrees
My happy choice I make,

Death's sentence in myself receive,
Since God a Man of griefs did live,
And suffer for my sake.

2 The love which brought Him from the skies,
Which made His soul a sacrifice,
Visits me in this pain ;
He bids me taste His passion's cup,
And fill His mournful measure up,
That I with Him may reign.

3 Not that the sufferings I endure
His Father's favour can procure,
Or for my sins atone :
Jesus alone the wine-press trod,
Answer'd the just demands of God,
And paid my debt alone.

4 Nor can my utmost griefs or pains
Purge out the' original remains,
Or kill the root of sin :
That blood which did my pardon buy,
That only blood must sanctify,
And wash my nature clean.

5 Yes, O Thou all-redeeming Lamb,
The virtue of Thy balmy name
Restores my inward peace ;
Thy death doth all my guilt remove,
Thy life shall fill my heart with love
And perfect holiness.

6 Faith in Thy powerful love I have,
Thou wilt the helpless sinner save
Who fain to Thee would go :

Thou dost from time to time reprieve,
Till I my pardon seal'd receive,
And all Thy fulness know.

7 I own Thy kind design on me,
The meaning of Thy patience see;
Thou hast my manners borne,
That saved, before I hence depart,
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart,
I may to God return.

8 Accomplish then Thy gracious end,
And bid my happy soul ascend
In holiness complete,
The meanest of that heavenly throng
Who sing Thine own eternal song,
And triumph at Thy feet.

LXXXV.

FOR THE MORNING.

1 GIVER of every good,
To praise Thy love I wake,
Thy love the balmy sleep bestow'd
For my Redeemer's sake;
Thy love kept off the pain
That oft invades my breast,
And bids my soul aspire again
To its eternal Rest.

2 To Thee in Christ my Peace
Again I humbly turn,
My past ingratitude confess,
My life of folly mourn;

A life how dark and void!
A long-continued blot!
Talents or hid, or misemploy'd,
And benefits forgot.

3 My virtues false and vain,
My justest works unjust,
Not one but gives my conscience pain,
And lays me in the dust:
But worse than all I find
The bitter root within,
The beastly heart, the devilish mind,
The hell of inbred sin.

4 Far from myself to Thee,
Thou sinner's Friend, I fly,
Forced out by my own misery
To seek salvation nigh:
The' infallible relief
Assured at last to prove,
And lose my depths of sin and grief
In Thy abyss of love.

5 One thing I now desire,
While for Thy love I stay,
One blessing instantly require,
And will not be said nay;
To genuine holiness
Till Thou my soul restore,
Give joy or grief, give pain or ease,
But bid me sin no more.

LXXXVI.

1 And let this gross corporeal clay
Clog the pure, ethereal ray,
And weigh my spirit down,
My spirit shall superior rise,
If Jesus shows me from the skies
That everlasting crown.

2 Sick, and in pain, why should I grieve?
"Troubled heart, in Me believe,
And heaven, He saith, is thine:"
He went before, that all who mourn
Might triumph in His swift return,
And see the Face Divine.

3 Fulness of joy His presence gives,
Heaven its heavenliness receives,
When Him unveil'd we see:
Of all our bliss the fount and root,
The tree, the blossom, and the fruit
Is immortality.

4 My immortality Thou art,
Glorious earnest in my heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
Of Thee possess'd, I ask no more,
But happy in Thy love adore
The Joy of earth and heaven.

LXXXVII.

1 O Thou, whose kind compassion
Hath lengthen'd out my day,
To see Thy great salvation
Still in the flesh I stay:

Thyself the cause unfoldest
Of all Thy patient grace,
My soul in life Thou holdest,
That I may see Thy face.

2 For this, as tottering over
The grave I feebly stand,
Till Thou Thyself discover,
And bring me safe to land;
I live, though daily dying,
And languish for that peace,
And wait that blood's applying
Which signs my soul's release.

3 My God, Thou wilt not leave me,
When strength and friends depart,
But graciously forgive me,
And seal it on my heart
In joy beyond expressing,
In comforts from above,
In every gospel blessing,
In all the life of love.

4 Come then my Consolation,
My Life beyond the grave,
And show me Thy salvation,
And by Thy presence save:
In faith's most strict embraces
O might I compass Thee,
And then in heavenly places
Thy face for ever see.

LXXXVIII.

1 Of a dejected spirit
I want the sovereign cure,
The all-atoning merit
Which makes salvation sure:
In secret meditation
On an expiring God,
I wait the application
Of Jesus' balmy blood.

2 What but my faithful thinking
On Him who stain'd the tree,
Can prop my nature sinking
In its own misery?
What but the sacred Fountain
Which purged a world of sin,
Can move this guilty mountain,
And give me peace within?

3 When sick of sin I languish,
My plague incurable,
My wounded spirit's anguish
Will men or angels heal?
So desperate my condition,
I only can confide
In that Divine Physician
Who for His patients died.

4 His death the sinner raises
With His own love reveal'd,
My mouth is fill'd with praises,
My heart with joy is fill'd;

A blessed man forgiven,
A saved, regenerate soul,
I go in peace to heaven,
When faith hath made me whole.

LXXXIX.

1 No more amused by earthly things,
Or worldly vanity,
Father, my troubled spirit brings
Its last distress to Thee:
Spare me, a little longer spare,
In feeble age I cry,
Thou God, who hear'st the faintest prayer,
And all my sins pass by.

2 For this alone I wish to live,
That I Thy love may feel,
Thy power a sinner to forgive,
And all my sickness heal;
To live, till I my strength regain
Original, Divine,
Thy favour forfeited obtain,
And in Thine image shine.

3 This only blessing I implore,
The Gift unspeakable,
The Spirit of life and health and power,
The Witness, Pledge, and Seal:
Nought differing from a servant I,
Till Thou Thy Spirit impart,
And hear Him Abba Father cry
In my poor broken heart.

4 Him as a Spirit of binding fear
Thou hast on me bestow'd,
Sure token of redemption near
With Jesus' sprinkled blood:
The blessed hope lifts up my head,
While in Thy Spirit I groan,
And call out of the deep, and plead
The passion of Thy Son.

5 What Jesus' blood for me did buy
May I not humbly claim?
Thou canst not, Lord, my suit deny
Who ask in Jesus' name:
I ask what He hath made my right,
A pardon full and free:
And if Thou dost in Him delight,
Thou art well-pleased with me.

6 Me, me for His dear sake alone
Into Thine arms receive,
And let me feel the peace unknown,
And consciously believe;
By holy confidence Divine
Made ready to depart,
I then my spotless soul resign,
And see Thee as Thou art.

XC.

1 Let the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God:
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood;

Till at Thy coming from above
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

2 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Wilt Thou not to Thy servant give,
And claim me for Thy own;
My God in Jesus pacified
My God Thyself declare,
And draw me to His open side,
And plunge the sinner there?

3 Prisoner of hope I still attend
The' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and sins to end,
And speak my soul restored,
Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon bless'd,
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

4 Yet ah! my troubled spirit knows
Its own infirmities;
Till God on me His Son bestows,
I cannot die in peace:
A stranger to the' atoning God
Who did our world redeem,
Unless He wash me in His blood,
I have no part with Him.

5 But wilt Thou not the balm apply,
The purchased blessing give?
Thou didst for every sinner die,
That all mankind may live;

That I Thy pardoning love may taste,
May live on earth forgiven,
And in Thy mercy's arms embraced
Return with Thee to heaven.

XCI.

1 God of my life preserved by grace
Like *Moses'* bush amidst the fire,
Teach me to count aright my days,
With wisdom pure my heart inspire,
That busied with the one concern,
I may my remnant life employ
Thy meek humility to learn,
And enter Thy celestial joy.

2 In number as my days decrease,
In value, Lord, I know, they rise,
And every moment makes them less,
And brings me nearer to the skies;
If taught my talents to improve,
My hours I on account receive,
And live to win Thy precious love,
And only for Thy glory live.

3 Thy Spirit now if Thou infuse,
My latter end I wisely weigh,
No more the' important moments lose,
No more neglect to watch and pray:
Stirr'd up to seek the God unknown,
My soul awakes to righteousness,
And strives, and pants, and wrestles on
For power to live and die in peace.

4 This instant now I cease from sin,
This instant now I turn to Thee,
And trust Thy blood to make me clean
From all, from all impurity:
The current of Thy powerful blood
Shall all my mountain-sins remove,
Wash off, wash out my nature's load,
And waft me to the port above.

XCII.

1 Most sensibly declining,
Born to resign my breath,
Why should I live repining
At the approach of death?
In peevish lamentation
For life I cannot cry,
Appointed to salvation,
And joys that never die.

2 O were that point secured,
My sorrows all would cease,
O were my soul assured
Of everlasting peace.
Saviour, I want the witness
Of my felicity,
And languish for that meetness
To share a throne with Thee.

3 Thy Spirit's attestation,
Added, O God, to mine,
Must be the confirmation
That I am truly Thine:

With faith and love inspire
Thy Spirit into my heart,
And let the Sanctifier
Dispose me to depart.

4 Thy manifested favour
Better than life I feel,
When conscious that my Saviour
Doth in His servant dwell:
The rapturous sensation
Restores my paradise,
Prepares for my translation,
And wafts me to the skies.

5 Come then my hope of glory,
My unprecarious peace,
My joy untransitory,
My perfect righteousness,
The kingdom of Thy Spirit
Establish, Lord, in me,
And take me up to' inherit
My heaven of heavens in Thee.

XCIII.

1 Weary of this daily dying,
Crush'd with my own misery,
Lord, Thou hear'st Thy creature crying
After real life in Thee:
Friend of helpless sinners, ease me
By Thy last distressful cries,
By Thy mortal pangs release me
From the death that never dies.

2 Guilt my troubled spirit harrows,
Gives to death his dread array,
Points his sting, and wings his arrows,
Arms him with his power to slay:
Only Thy tremendous passion
Can my fears and sins control,
Save from endless condemnation,
Pacify my ransom'd soul.

3 O might that revealing Spirit
Take of Thine and show to me,
Show Thy all-redeeming merit,
Thy eternal Deity,
While beneath my burden groaning
I my unbelief confess,
Show my heart the blood atoning,
Bid me then depart in peace.

XCIV.

1 With sin and grief beginning,
Must I with sorrow end
A wretched life, and sinning
Into the grave descend?
Will mercy's arms receive me,
When all my woes are past?
Or God refuse to give me
Pardon and peace at last?

2 No longer I endeavour
Myself to justify,
Convinced my Maker's favour
I cannot, cannot buy:

No deeds or tempers virtuous
Have I wherein to trust:
If Love will lose His purchase,
I am for ever lost.

3 But is there no salvation
For sinners lost as me?
But is there no compassion
In Him who stain'd the tree?
Jesus, Thou cam'st from heaven,
And pouredst out Thy blood,
That I might die forgiven,
Might share the throne of God.

4 Soon as Thy passion tells me
Hope in my end there is,
Soon as Thy Spirit seals me
An heir of endless bliss,
The kingdom to inherit,
I would with joy resign
My disembodied spirit
Into the hands Divine.

XCV.

1 BENDING beneath the burden
Of sinful misery,
I wait to feel the pardon
Thy blood procured for me:
Giver of life unceasing,
Thine aged servant own,
And bless me with the blessing,
The heaven on earth begun.

2 Death I no more desire,
By countless woes oppress'd;
Do Thou my soul require,
Whene'er Thou know'st it best:
Sooner, O God, or later
My soul from earth remove,
But first impart Thy nature,
And change me into love.

XCVI.

1 FATHER, Thy gracious warning
I thankfully receive,
And to Thy arms returning
Prepare with Thee to live:
Thy prisoner to unshackle
Soon as the angels come,
I quit this tabernacle
For my celestial home.

2 What is that preparation
For fellowship with Thee,
For final full salvation,
But faith and purity,
The dire handwriting blotted,
The peace and life of God,
The holiness unspotted
Which comes with Jesus' blood!

3 Its virtue sanctifying
O might I throughly know,
And on His death relying
To life eternal go!

Father, send forth His Spirit
Into my hallow'd heart,
And meet Thy throne to' inherit,
Meet am I to depart.

4 My head with Jesus bending,
On His great sacrifice
I rest my soul, ascending
To joy that never dies;
With Jesus' resignation,
With Jesus' perfect love,
I finish my oblation,
And take my seat above.

XCVII.

PRAYERS FOR A SICK CHILD.

1 RIGHTEOUS, O God, are all Thy ways!
A sinful still-afflicted man
The cause I mournfully confess,
And bleeding with another's pain,
And justly punish'd in my son,
I cry—Thy awful will be done!

2 The cause in its effect I find,
My sin in its chastisement read:
Thy judgments bring my sin to mind,
And *guilty of his death* I plead,
If justice now demand its prey,
And Thou art come my son to slay.

3 Less than Thy least of mercies, I
Have mercies numberless abused,
Worthy a thousand deaths to die
Who life, eternal life refused,

Provoked by vile idolatry,
And loved Thy creature more than Thee.

4 Wherefore Thy righteousness I own,
If Thou the forfeiture require,
If now I hear his latest groan,
And while I see my child expire,
The sorrow break my aching heart,
The sight my soul and body part.

5 Yet spare him—for His only sake
Who never sinn'd against Thy love,
And from the gates of death bring back,
In honour of my Friend above
Who offers up the sinner's prayer,
Whose blood beseeches Thee to spare.

6 God of unfathomable grace,
Whom now I in the dust adore,
Omnipotent the dead to raise,
Display the wonders of Thy power,
And kindly give me back my son,
To' exalt and glorify Thine own.

XCVIII.

1 Thou God who hear'st the prayer
Of supplicants distress'd,
With pity mark the care
In a sad parent's breast:
I cannot, Lord, dissemble;
But all my weakness own:
Thou know'st for whom I tremble,—
My son, my only son!

2 Thou gav'st on this condition,
That I should ready be
To bow with meek submission,
And yield him back to Thee:
To all Thy dispensations
I would, I would submit,
And weep with humble patience,
And tremble at Thy feet.

3 I must, I do restore,
If Thou revoke Thy loan,
And silently adore,
Or sigh, Thy will be done:
To Thee his great Creator,
I with my *Isaac* part:
But O, Thou know'st my nature,
Thou read'st a father's heart.

4 My bowels of compassion
Thou dost vouchsafe to feel,
With vehement deprecation
While nature's wish I tell;
Ah, do not yet receive him
To that celestial choir,
But hasten to relieve him,
Before my son expire.

5 This sorrowful petition
Obtain'd Thy gracious ear,
When our Divine Physician
Thou didst on earth appear:
And still I sue for favour,
And still invoke Thy name,
Jesus, my present Saviour,
Eternally the same.

6 Bidden in time of trouble
For help to call on Thee,
Lord, I my suit redouble,
Till Thy design I see:
I never will give over
My passionate request,
Till Thou the child recover,
Or take him to Thy breast.

XCIX.

1 FATHER, Thy froward children spare,
Who tempt Thee by our daily prayer,
And while we say, Thy will be done,
Alas, we only mean our own.

2 Yet now permit the sad request
Of parents for their son distress'd,
Nature's infirmity forgive,
If still we ask that he may live.

3 Prostrate before Thy mercy-seat
We ask; but would our will submit,
Whene'er Thy sovereign will remove
The child, whom next to Thee we love.

4 We would our earthly bliss resign,
Bestow'd, revoked, by grace Divine,
(If call'd with more than life to part,)
And tear him from our bleeding heart.

5 But O, before the fix'd decree
Bring forth, may we not cry to Thee,
Our weakness and reluctance own,
And for the faith of *Abraham* groan?

6 We want our wishes to suspend,
On Thy decisive word to' attend,
Our wishes at Thy feet we lay,
And calmly weep, and humbly pray.

7 Yet shall we, Lord, our hearts disguise,
Or hide from Thy all-seeing eyes?
Our hearts, till we Thy counsel know,
Will deprecate the threaten'd blow.

8 Joy of our eyes, our heart's desire,
Ah, do not now our child require:
Or taking whom Thy mercy gave,
Indulge *us* with a common grave.

9 There let our mingled ashes lie,
Where no forlorn survivors sigh,
Where none their ravish'd joys deplore,
And *Rachel* weeps her loss no more.

10 There—but we know not what to say,
Father, aright we cannot pray—
But Jesus reads the troubled breast—
O let His bowels speak the rest!

C.

1 SAVIOUR, till Thou declare Thy will,
Thy providential mind reveal,
And charge us to submit,
May we not humbly persevere
In pleading for a life so dear,
In weeping at Thy feet?

2 Foolish, and blind to what is best,
We urge, yet check our fond request,
With resignation cry,
Save him—the vessel of Thy grace,
Save him—and for Thy glory raise,
While at the point to die.

3 Thou didst not blame the father's prayer,
Beseeching Thee his son to spare
Just gasping out his breath:
Thy mercy hasten'd to his aid,
Thy love the parting spirit stay'd,
And rescued him from death.

4 Another in distress and pain,
Did he apply to Thee in vain,
In vain for succour groan?
Thy pity felt Thy creature's grief,
Removed his helpless unbelief,
And gave him back his son.

5 Thou couldst not, Lord, Thy help deny,
Regardless of a mother's cry
For her own child oppress'd:
With pleasing importunity
She wrestled, and obtain'd of Thee
Her violent request.

6 Thy mercy evermore the same
For *our* afflicted child we claim
Whose dying weight we bear,
Unanswer'd still our suit repeat,
And cry for mercy at Thy feet
In agony of prayer.

7 Thou dost not yet relief afford,
Or speak one comfortable word
In our extreme distress,
As seeming to condemn our fears,
And frown in silence at our tears,
And hide Thy angry face.

8 Answer, Thou suffering Son of man,
May we not patiently complain,
And feel our threaten'd loss,
Under so huge a burden stoop,
Or deprecate the bitter cup,
Or faint beneath the cross?

9 Thy mild humanity Divine
Shall help us meekly to resign,
If Thou resume Thine own:
We trust in that tremendous hour,
To say, through love's almighty power,
Thy sovereign will be done.

10 But if our cry hath reach'd Thy heart,
If still the Man of griefs Thou art,
The Friend of misery,
Thou wilt restore our heart's desire,
With strength to give him back entire
A sacrifice to Thee.

CI.

1 Love Divine, the' afflicted see,
Moved with our infirmity,
Once Thyself a Man of grief,
Hasten, Lord, to our relief.

2 Mindful of Thy suffering days,
Now as then replete with grace,
Good Physician, bow the skies,
Come before our infant dies.

3 Present in Thy balmy power,
Thou canst suddenly restore,
By a word the dying save;
Speak, and snatch him from the grave.

4 Touching this we both agree,
If Thy blessed will it be,
Now the burning fever chide,
Turn the dart of death aside.

5 If Thou dost our sorrows share,
Children in Thy bosom bear,
Help an innocent oppress'd,
Give to Thy beloved rest.

6 While we yet invoke Thy name,
Quench the life-devouring flame;
While we a sad vigil keep,
Grant him in Thy arms to sleep.

7 Thou his feebleness sustain,
Pity, and assuage his pain,
Thou whose tender mercies are
Kinder than a father's care.

8 Listening to his plaintive moan,
Make his every grief Thine own,
Thou whose yearning bowels move
Softer than a mother's love.

9 Need we then prescribe to Thee
Clothed with our humanity,
Succour with impatience crave,
Urge Salvation's self to save?

10 No: we have our suit made known;
Now let all Thy will be done:
Do whate'er Thy Spirit requests,
Do whate'er Thy heart suggests.

CII.

THANKSGIVING FOR HIS RECOVERY.

1 Who is so great a God as ours,
So near with His redeeming powers,
So ready at His creature's cry
To send deliverance from the sky,
To turn aside the ills we dread,
And all our largest hopes exceed!

2 Thou dost, in answer to our prayer,
A death-devoted victim spare:
Thou hast not, Lord, in wrath removed
A child too tenderly beloved,
But still Thine eye with pity sees
His parents' life wrapp'd up in his.

3 Thy pity heard our softest tears,
And scatter'd all our griefs and fears,
The means Thy mercy sanctified,
The balmy help Thy love supplied,
And gives our joyful hearts to own
Thou dost the work, and Thou alone.

4 Our *Isaac* on the altar laid,
Receiving back as from the dead,
We offer up at mercy's shrine
A living sacrifice Divine:

And let him live to health restored,
The servant of his quickening Lord.

5 Saviour, inspire him with Thy grace
From now to run the Christian race,
From now to seek the things above,
And pant for his Redeemer's love,
Till Thou the heavenly bliss impart,
And spread Thy kingdom through his heart.

6 Long may he live to serve Thy will
With humble persevering zeal,
To recompense our tenderest tears,
The stay of our declining years,
And close his happy parents' eyes,
And trace us then to paradise.

CIII.

ANOTHER.

1 Jesus our Refuge in distress,
Our Helper hitherto,
We now with joyful hearts confess
That Thou art good and true :
Through importunity of prayer
We have the blessing won,
And Thee in songs of praise declare
The Healer of our son.

2 Thou didst in tender mercy look
On our fond heart's desire :
The fever, check'd by Thy rebuke,
Did at Thy touch retire :

The glory, Lord, to Thee alone,
Not to the means, we give:
Thyself the saving work hast done,
And by Thy love we live.

3 The living, they Thy love shall praise,
The living, they shall sing
The God and Giver of all grace,
Our Saviour, Friend, and King:
Our *Isaac* too, to health restored,
Shall the thanksgiving join,
And live to magnify the Lord,
His Ransomer Divine.

4 O that Thou wouldst Thy power exert,
The gracious wonder do,
Put the new song into his heart,
The song for ever new!
Now let Thy brooding Spirit move
On his awakening soul,
Infuse the principle of love,
And make the sinner whole.

5 Better than life Thy favour is:
Be it on him bestow'd:
We only ask'd his life for this,
That he may live for God,
Wholly devoted to Thy will,
May run his Christian race,
And all his work on earth fulfil,
And then behold Thy face.

CIV.

FOR A SICK CHILD RELAPSED.

1 To whom should I in grief complain,
To whom for help in trouble fly?
Nature hath took the' alarm again,
Touch'd is the apple of mine eye,
His danger with my fears return,
And stricken in the child, I mourn.

2 Thou God of unexhausted grace,
Thou Father of compassions, hear,
And while I humbly seek Thy face,
Thyself in my behalf appear,
Forgive the sin Thy pity sees,
Forgive, and bid me go in peace.

3 Why should my faltering tongue disown
The weakness of my fluttering heart?
Thou read'st it in the stifled groan,
The fond regret, the lingering smart;
My fears and flowing sorrows tell
I loved the child, alas, too well!

4 Child of my age so late bestow'd,
So lovely in a father's sight,
So kindly promising for God,
My comfort, joy, and whole delight:
For him I seem'd to live in pain,
And track'd my steps to earth again.

5 My sin reluctant I confess;
But how shall I my sin forsake,

Put off a father's tenderness,
Pluck out my eyes, and give him back?
I cannot yield my son to Thee
Till Thou bestow Thine own on me.

CV.

1 WHEREWITHAL shall I appear
Before the righteous Lord,
How appease the Judge severe
Who whets His glittering sword?
For my soul's offence to atone
Shall I my body's offspring give?
Offering up my only son
To die, that I may live?

2 Mine, alas, can never pay
The debt I owe to God,
Turn the' Almighty's wrath away
Or quench with all his blood:
But in whom Thou art well pleased,
Father, Thy Son Himself hath died;
By His death Thy wrath appeased,
Thy justice satisfied.

3 Suffering in the sinner's place,
He purchased life for me,
Pardon, plenitude of grace,
And all I ask from Thee;
All the benefits I claim
Through Him Thou promisest to give;
Lord, I ask in Jesus' name,
My dying child may live.

4 This I ask with strong desire,
Expecting to receive:
Do not now the soul require
Thou dost so oft reprieve:
Kindly lengthen out his span,
And bid him rise redeem'd, restored,
Rise a righteous, godlike man,
An image of his Lord.

CVI.

FOR SLEEP.

1 SLEEP that soothingly restores
Weary nature's wasted powers,
Gift of an indulgent God,
Be it on our child bestow'd.

2 Jesus, Lord, we cry to Thee,
Friend of helpless infancy,
Now the sufferer's grief suspend,
Now the balmy blessing send.

3 In the arms of faith and prayer
Whom to Thee we humbly bear,
Safe in Thy protection keep,
Let him on Thy bosom sleep.

4 Touch'd Thyself with human pain,
Sympathising Son of man,
Ease the anguish of his breast,
Lull him in Thy arms to rest.

5 Object of Thy dearest love,
Hide his precious life above,
Precious in the sight of God,
Dearly bought with all Thy blood.

6 Him we to Thy grace commend,
Confident Thou wilt defend,
Till the answer'd prayer is seal'd,
Till the child of faith is heal'd.

CVII.

ON HIS RECOVERY.

1 SAVIOUR, Thou hast deliverance sent,
Thou hast a little longer lent
Whom I received from Thee,
I see Thy healing work begun,
My age's prop, my only son,
Restored to life I see.

2 With thankful heart I ask for more,
Go on to manifest Thy power,
Thy mercy's full design,
Strength to the faint and feeble give,
And let him for Thy glory live,
In soul and body Thine.

3 Why would my prayer detain him here,
But that he may with lowly fear
Grow up to serve his Lord,
A witness for his Saviour rise,
Proclaim Thy kingdom from the skies,
And minister Thy word?

4 But shall my will prescribe to Thee?
Or is Thine absolute decree
Inclined by human prayer?
Thy works are all to Thee foreknown,
Thy will, Thy sovereign will alone
Elects a minister.

5 Yet as Thy own command requires,
I tell Thee all my heart's desires,
For him Thy grace implore;
Let *Ishmael* in Thy presence live,
Isaac's inheritance receive,
And *Abraham's* God adore.

6 On *Sion's* walls the watchman place,
The free dispenser of Thy grace,
The steward wise and good,
(If now Thou hear'st Thy Spirit's cry,)
Thee let him rise to testify
And pardon in Thy blood.

7 Thou know'st Thy pleading Spirit's will,
In my accomplish'd wish fulfil
Thy own supreme design;
My son into Thy service take,
Fit for his Master's use, and make
An instrument Divine.

8 When I from all my labours rest,
Be mindful, Lord, of this request,
For my surviving son:
Into Thy mercy's arms I cast,
And trust Thy love to hold him fast,
Till all his work is done.

CVIII.

1 O MIGHT he live before Thee
My well-beloved son,
With tender fear adore Thee,
His God while yet unknown!
Thine eye of mercy guide him
Into the land of rest,
And let no ill betide him
By his Creator bless'd.

2 That from his kind Creator
He never may depart,
Keep in the state of nature
His inexperienced heart;
Unconquer'd by temptation,
By Satan unbeguiled,
From each alluring passion
Preserve my giddy child.

3 The unsuspicious stranger
To our malignant race
From every hidden danger
Deliver by Thy grace,
From popular infection,
From every great offence
Thy love be the protection
Of thoughtless innocence.

4 Prevent, restrain, attend him
Through a wide world of ill,
Till Thou call forth and send him
To do Thy blessed will,

By Thy predestination
The heavenly seed to sow,
And minister salvation,
And serve Thy saints below.

CIX.

HYMN FOR A CHILD ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

1 GREAT Author of my being,
Thankful I bow before Thee,
Thine own I am
From whom I came,
And all my powers adore Thee;
I triumph in existence,
Enjoy my Maker's favour,
Created I
To glorify
And love my God for ever.

2 While all that breathe acknowledge
Their merciful Creator,
O God of grace
Accept the praise
Of universal nature:
And let us with our Father
Adore the Son and Spirit,
Through whom we rise
Beyond the skies,
And heavenly joys inherit.

CX.

A FATHER'S PRAYER FOR HIS SON.

1 God of my thoughtless infancy,
My giddy youth, and riper age,
Pierced with Thy love, I worship Thee,
My God, my Guide through every stage;
From countless sins, and griefs, and snares
Preserved, Thy guardian hand I own,
And borne and saved to hoary hairs,
Ask the same mercy for my son.

2 Not yet by the commandment slain,
O may he uncorrupted live,
His simple innocence retain
And dread an unknown God to grieve:
Restrain'd, prevented by Thy love,
Give him the evil to refuse,
And feel Thy drawings from above,
And good, and life, and virtue choose.

3 When near the slippery paths of vice
With heedless steps he runs secure,
Preserve the favourite of the skies,
And keep his life and conscience pure:
Shorten his time for childish play,
From youthful lusts and passions screen,
Nor leave him in the wilds to stray
Of pleasure, vanity, and sin.

4 Soon may the all-inspiring Dove
With brooding wings his soul o'erspread;
The hidden principle of love,
The pure, incorruptible seed,

Hasten into his heart to sow;
And when the word of power takes place,
Let every blossom knit and grow,
And ripen into perfect grace.

CXI.

ON GOING TO A NEW HABITATION.

1 Weary, why should I farther go,
Or seek a resting-place below
With vain anxiety?
Without the presence of my Lord,
This earth can no repose afford,
Or glimpse of joy for me.

2 Weeping where'er mine eye I turn,
Fresh cause to weep, lament, and mourn
Mine eye with horror sees;
Nothing but sin and pain appears
In all the dreary vale of tears,
The frightful wilderness.

3 My paradise is lost and gone,
Distress'd, disconsolate, alone,
A banish'd man I rove,
I faint beneath my nature's load,
An alien from the life of God,
A stranger to His love.

4 What then is change of place to me?
The end of sin and misery,
In every place is nigh;

No spot of earth but yields a grave :
Where'er He wills, if Jesus save,
I lay me down and die.

CXII.

1 O THAT I first of love possess'd,
With my Redeemer's presence bless'd,
Might His salvation see !
Before Thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And show Thyself to me.

2 Appear my Sanctuary from sin,
Open Thine arms to take me in,
By Thy own presence hide,
Hide in the place where *Moses* stood,
And show me now the face of God,
My Father pacified.

3 What but Thy manifested grace
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy ?
Thy mercy brings salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallow'd joy.

4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove,
Pass as a God of pardoning love
Before my ravish'd eyes :
And when I in Thy person see
Jehovah's glorious majesty,
I find my paradise.

5 Then, then my wandering toil is o'er,
Restless I sigh and pine no more
For local happiness;
Confident in Thy blood applied,
Mine inmost soul is satisfied
With everlasting peace.

6 Then, then where'er Thy will below
Assign my lot, with Thee I go
A happy man forgiven:
I know my God is reconciled,
Regain my *Eden* in the wild,
And glide from earth to heaven.

CXIII.

1 The Son of man supplies
My every outward need,
Who had not, when He left the skies,
A place to lay His head:
He will provide my place,
And in due season show
Where I shall pass my few sad days
Of pilgrimage below.

2 No matter where or how
I in this desert live,
If, when my dying head I bow,
Jesus my soul receive:
Bless'd with Thy precious love,
Saviour, 'tis all my care
To reach the purchased house above,
And find a mansion there.

3 A house with hands not made
Hast Thou not bought for me?
The full stupendous price was paid
In blood on yonder tree!
But ere Thou call me hence,
Lord, with Thyself impart
The pledge of mine inheritance,
And fill my loving heart.

4 An heir of endless bliss
Now in a tent I dwell,
Till Thou my spotless soul dismiss
To joys unspeakable,
Till Thou in that glad day
Make all Thy glories known,
And to the heavenly house convey,
And bid me share Thy throne.

CXIV.

1 Jesus, my faithful Guide,
For Thy advice I stay,
Who wilt not let me wander wide
Of Thy appointed way:
Till Thou reveal Thy will,
In calm uncertainty
I know not what to do, but still
Mine eyes are fix'd on Thee.

2 Till Thou direction send,
Delightfully resign'd
I mark the openings, and attend
The tokens of Thy mind;

What Thou wouldst have me do
By plainest signs to prove
I wait; and step by step pursue
The leadings of Thy love.

3 Saviour, I would not take
One step in life, alone,
Or dare the smallest motion make
Without Thy counsel known:
Thee I my Lord confess,
In everything I see,
And Thou by Thine unerring grace
Shalt order all for me.

4 Surely Thou wilt provide
The place Thou know'st I need,
The solitary place to hide
Thy hoary servant's head;
Where a few moments more,
Expecting my release,
I may my father's God adore,
And then depart in peace.

CXV.

1 WHAT matters it to me,
When a few days are past,
Where I shall end my misery,
Where I shall breathe my last?
The meanest house or cot
The hoary hairs may screen
Of one who would be clean forgot,
And live and die unseen.

2 Exposed I long have been
In this bleak vale of tears,
Midst scenes of vanity and sin
Consumed my threescore years:
I turn my face aside,
Sick of beholding more,
And wish the latest storm to' outride,
And reach the happy shore.

3 As dead already here,
Without desire or hope,
Till from this earth I disappear,
I give the creature up,
In temporal despair
Contentedly abide,
And in my flesh the tokens bear
Of Jesus crucified.

4 A prisoner of the Lord,
Where He appoints I wait,
In age to be renew'd, restored
To my unsinning state,
My only want I feel
Jesus my peace to know,
In Him to live, in Him to dwell,
And die to all below.

5 Jesus, my hope, my rest,
This load of sin remove,
Thy name, Thy nature manifest
In purity and love:

And when in knowing Thee
The heavenly life I live,
Set my imprison'd spirit free,
And to Thyself receive.

CXVI.

1 GIVER of every useful gift,
My thankful heart to Thee I lift,
Who hast a cottage given
To lodge a poor wayfaring man,
Till I my long-sought country gain,
And find my house in heaven.

2 Indulged with an obscure retreat,
Ah, never leave me to forget
That this is not my home;
A sojourner and stranger still,
I suffer and perform Thy will,
Till my Redeemer come.

3 I seek not my repose below,
If, long a man of strife and woe,
I to the desert fly:
If Thou a moment's respite give,
Thou know'st I come not here to live,
I only come to die.

4 Author of godly sorrow, meet,
And suffer me to kiss Thy feet,
And bathe them with my tears,
My sins, though pardon'd, to bewail,
Till Thou release me from the vale,
And life in death appears.

5 The broken, contrite spirit give,
And lo, I come to weep and grieve,
And long for my remove;
I gasp to breathe my native air,
When once enabled to declare
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

6 Ah, take me, Saviour, at my word,
Pronounce me now to peace restored,
To purity of heart,
Snatch from this soothing solitude
My soul in spotless love renew'd,
And bid me now depart.

CXVII.

FOR A WOMAN IN THE BEGINNING OF HER TRAVAIL.

1 JESUS, the woman's conquering Seed,
Who didst our world of sorrows bear,
Stand by me in my greatest need,
And now accept my plaintive prayer:
The painful curse entail'd by *Eve*
On me, on all the weaker kind,
O may I patiently receive,
And turn'd into a blessing find.

2 Thou hast redeem'd in troubles past
A soul that did on Thee rely;
And still I hold the promise fast,
And still expect salvation nigh:
I trust that as my pangs increase,
Thou wilt my fainting spirit revive,
And nearest in my last distress
Thy most abundant comforts give.

3 O'erwhelm'd at times with chilling fears,
Thou dost not leave me without hope;
Thy secret power and presence cheers
And lifts my sinking nature up:
Again Thy gracious strength I own
Display'd in man's infirmity;
And never did Thy Spirit groan
For help in one so weak as me!

CXVIII.

FOR THE SAME IN TRAVAIL.

1 JESUS, Son of *Mary*, hear
Our help-imploring cry,
Lord of life and death, appear
With Thy salvation nigh:
God of grace and boundless power,
And never-failing faithfulness,
Bring her through the torturing hour,
And bid her live in peace.

2 Caught as in the toils of hell,
Thine own with pity see:
Nature's strength and spirits fail
If unrenew'd by Thee:
Ere the grisly king devour,
Our Refuge in extreme distress,
Bring her through the torturing hour,
And bid her live in peace.

3 By the travail of Thy soul,
Thy more than mortal pain,
All her fears of death control,
Her fainting heart sustain:

Streams of consolation shower
On one Thy love delights to bless;
Bring her through the torturing hour,
And bid her live in peace.

4 Bid her live in peace Divine,
In holiness and love,
Witnessing that power of Thine
Which hides her life above:
Speak the direful conflict o'er,
Thou God whose mercies never cease,
Now conclude the torturing hour,
And bid her live in peace.

CXIX.

AFTER HER DELIVERY.

1 THEE faithful and true, O Jesus, we praise,
Omnipotent too, And plenteous in grace:
Of life the kind Giver, Thy goodness we prove,
Which loves to deliver Who hang on Thy love.

2 Brought through the dread hour And torturing fires,
The proof of Thy power And mercy respires,
The promise declaring Thy truth she receives,
And saved in childbearing Thy confessor lives.

3 She lives to extol Thy wonderful name,
And invocate all Her Lord to proclaim,
To sing of her Saviour And Lover Divine,
And rest in Thy favour Eternally Thine.

CXX.

ANOTHER.

1 THEE our strength and righteousness,
Jesus, we with joy confess:
Mighty to redeem from death,
Thou hast spread Thine arms beneath,
Kept her, till the hour was past,
Scarcely saved—yet saved at last.

2 Mighty to redeem from pain,
Turn, and visit her again:
Till Thy breath again revives,
In the shade of death she lives,
In extreme infirmity
Dying still for want of Thee.

3 Make her, Lord, Thy constant care,
In Thy loving bosom bear:
Moved by our continued cry,
Thy balsamic blood apply,
Nature's sinking powers restore,
Give her life for evermore.

4 While Thou dost her soul renew,
Quicken her frail body too,
While she hangs in even scale,
Let the prayer of faith prevail,
Present in Thy power to heal,
On her heart the answer seal.

CXXI.

ANOTHER.

1 LET the redeem'd by grace
Their kind Redeemer praise:

Ransom'd from the gaping grave,
Jesus hid my life above,
Ready was my Lord to save
The dear object of His love.

2 Pluck'd from the jaws of death,
Saviour, Thy praise I breathe,
Pledge of greater mercies still
This deliverance I receive,
Live to' experience all Thy will,
Only for Thy glory live.

3 Thy healing work begun
Wilt Thou not carry on,
Nature's wasted strength repair,
Clothe my flesh with vigour new,
That I may Thy power declare,
Testify that Thou art true?

4 But most I long to prove
The sweetness of Thy love:
Filial love for servile fear
Shed it in my heart abroad;
Now as slain for me appear,
Show Thyself the pardoning God.

5 Incapable of rest
Till of Thy love possess'd,
Comforted I cannot be,
Till Thou dost the grace bestow,
Wrestling in Thy strength with Thee,
Weakness will not let Thee go.

6 Reserved for this alone
To know as I am known,

Come with Thy salvation, Lord,
Let my sins no longer part,
Speak the reconciling word,
Speak Thyself into my heart.

CXXII.

FOR A SICK CHILD.

1 So foolish, ignorant, and blind
To that Thy wisdom hath design'd,
What shall I to my Father say,
Or how for a sick infant pray?
With pain he doth his life begin,
Who never copied *Adam's* sin,
Yet, innocent, in plaintive groans
The' original offence he owns.

2 May I not suffer his distress,
And ask my God his pain to ease?
Or, if it be Thy gracious will,
My child in season due to heal?
May I not, till Thy will appears,
Indulge these unrebellious tears,
My suit unblamable repeat,
And mourn, submissive, at Thy feet?

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
For ever streaming from above,
My nature's soft infirmity
I feel, a drop derived from Thee!
And wilt Thou not accept Thy own,
Mix'd with the sorrows of Thy Son,
Exalted by that sacred flood,
And offer'd up through Jesus' blood!

4 For Jesus' sake my son retrieve,
And bid him for Thy glory live,
Live to proclaim his Saviour's praise,
A herald of redeeming grace;
Of future good I ask a sign,
Now, Father, seal the vessel Thine,
And let him serve his Lord alone,
And live, till all Thy will is done.

CXXIII.

FOR A SICK FRIEND.

1 Jesus, omnipotent to save
Both soul and body from the grave,
Thy saving power exert,
The outcast's Hope, the sinner's Friend,
With all Thy balmy grace descend
Into a broken heart.

2 Thou must admit the sinner's plea,
And help his desperate misery
Who feels himself undone,
Who fears to lift his guilty eyes,
Or only by his silence cries
For mercy at Thy throne.

3 Thy bowels melt at his distress,
Thy heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And for his sorrows bleeds,
Thy Spirit of supplicating love
One with his Advocate above
In all the members pleads.

4 Mercy we ask in Jesus' name,
Mercy for a mere sinner claim;
Mercy and Thou art one:
Nor canst Thou, Lord, Thyself deny,
While all the church for mercy cry,
And in Thy Spirit groan.

5 Come then, his life, his strength, his peace,
The prisoner let Thy blood release,
Thy blood the patient heal,
While prostrate at Thy feet we pray,
Thy blood wash all his sins away,
And now his pardon seal.

6 This moment come, and touch his hand,
This moment, dearest Lord, command
The fever to depart,
This moment let our faithful prayer
Thy answer to his conscience bear,
And reach his happy heart.

CXXIV.

THE COLLIER'S HYMN.

1 Teacher, Friend of foolish sinners,
Take the praise Of Thy grace
From us young beginners.
Struck with loving admiration,
Hear us tell Of Thy zeal
For our soul's salvation.

2 Foes to God and unforgiven
Once we were, Distant far,
Far as hell from heaven;

But we have through Thee found favour,
Brought to God By Thy blood,
O Thou precious Saviour.

3 Thou hast in the weak and feeble
Power display'd, Call'd and made
Us Thy favourite people:
Us the vulgar and obscure
Thou dost own; Us unknown,
Ignorant and poor.

4 Simple folk and undiscerning,
Nothing we Know but Thee,
Love is all our learning:
We with loving hearts adore Thee,
This our deep Scholarship,
This is all our glory.

5 Thou, we know, hast died to save us,
We are Thine, Love Divine,
Thou who bought'st shalt have us:
Taught and led by Thy good Spirit,
We shall soon Share Thy throne,
All Thy joys inherit.

6 Here is knowledge rare, and hidden
From the wise, Who despise
All our inward *Eden;*
Thou to us the truth hast given,
We in Thee, (Happy we!)
Know the way to heaven.

CXXV.

THE YOUNG MAN'S HYMN.

1 How shall a young unstable man
To evil prone like me,
His actions and his heart maintain
From all pollution free?
Thee, Lord, that I may not forsake,
Or ever turn aside,
Thy precepts for my rule I take,
Thy Spirit for my guide.

2 Govern'd by the engrafted word,
And principled with grace,
I shall not yield to sin abhorr'd,
Or give to passion place:
From youthful lusts I still shall flee,
From all the paths of vice,
My omnipresent Saviour see,
And walk before Thine eyes.

3 Saviour, to me Thy Spirit give,
That through His power I may
Thy word effectually believe,
And faithfully obey;
From every great transgression pure,
For all Thy will prepared,
Thy servant to the end endure,
And gain the full reward.

CXXVI.

THE MAIDEN'S HYMN.

1 Holy Child of heavenly birth,
God made man, and born on earth,

Virgin's Son, impart to me
Thy unsullied purity.

2 In my pilgrimage below
Only Thee I pant to know,
Every creature I resign,
Thine, both soul and body, Thine.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Over me Thy sway maintain:
Perfect loveliness Thou art,
Take my undivided heart.

4 All my heart to Thee I give,
All Thy holiness receive,
Live to make my Saviour known,
Live to please my God alone:

5 Free from low, distracting care,
For the happy day prepare,
For the joys that never die,
For my Bridegroom in the sky.

6 Here betroth'd to Thee in love,
I shall see my Lord above,
Lean on my Redeemer's breast,
In Thy arms for ever rest.

CXXVII.

FOR AN UNCONVERTED HUSBAND.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, to Thee I fly,
In doubly deep distress apply
For help to Thee alone:
I want to feel Thy pardoning love,
I want my partner's heart to prove
That mystic peace unknown.

2 Thy goodness form'd, and turn'd his mind,
Thou mad'st him generous, just, and kind;
Yet O, incarnate God,
Through Thee escaped the gulf of vice,
In nature's deadly sleep he lies,
Nor pants to feel Thy blood.

3 Thou know'st, if not a foe profess'd,
A stranger to Thy cross, at rest
Without Thy grace he lives;
Thoughtless of death and judgment near,
His joy, his good, his portion here
Contented he receives.

4 Saviour, his slumbering spirit call,
Awake, upraise him from his fall,
And show the fountain nigh:
Ah, give him now himself to see,
To feel his need of faith and Thee,
And then his need supply.

5 Till he awakes I cannot rest,
Or bless'd myself be singly bless'd,
To him so closely join'd,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone;
Thyself of twain hast made us one
In will, and heart, and mind.

6 O might we one become in Thee,
The great mysterious unity
Of sacred wedlock prove,
To *Sion* hand in hand repair,
And fitted for Thy presence, share
The marriage-feast above.

CXXVIII.

FOR A PERSECUTING HUSBAND.

1 SAVIOUR, let Thy will be done,
Calling me Thy cross to bear:
Thee my heavenly Lord I own,
Cast on Thee my mournful care;
By my bosom-friend distress'd,
In Thy sovereign will I rest.

2 Persecution for Thy sake
Strengthen'd by Thy grace to' endure,
No complaint to man I make;
Find in God my refuge sure;
Confident, Thy pity hears,
Counts my supplicating tears.

3 Still mine eyes for him o'erflow
Whom Thyself hast join'd to me:
Partner of my weal and woe,
Can I his destruction see?
See his soul insensible
Madly rushing down to hell?

4 Summon'd to Thy judgment-seat,
(Who the dreadful thought can bear!)
Must we in Thy presence meet,
Meet to part for ever there?
Must he then receive his hire,
Cursed into eternal fire?

5 God of love, his doom prevent,
Lengthening out his gracious day:
Give the rebel to relent,
Force his stubborn heart to pray:

Pray Thyself that he may live:
Slay him first; and then forgive.

6 Let him now unclose his eyes,
Turn'd from Satan's power to Thee,
See the' atoning Sacrifice,
Hear the blood that pleads for me;
Pleads for both, that saved by grace
Both may see Thy glorious face.

CXXIX.

FOR AN UNCONVERTED WIFE.

1 Restorer of the sin-sick race,
Thy balmy power exert,
And turn by unresisted grace
My dear companion's heart:
One flesh whom Thou hast made of two,
(For Thy own nature's sake,
In proof that Thou art good and true,)
In Thee one spirit make.

2 In every hour of near access
I bear her to the throne,
And wrestle on, till Thou impress
On her Thy name unknown:
An interest if in Thee I have,
And feel Thy Spirit's life,
O let the faithful husband save
The unbelieving wife.

3 Instruct me, Saviour, when to yield
With mitigated zeal,

And when by true affection steeled
To stand invincible:
Arm'd with the meekness of my Lord,
The wisdom from above,
Give me to win without the word,
And conquer her by love.

4 Thy boundless charity Divine
Into my bosom breathe,
And gladly I my life resign,
To save her soul from death;
Give up my residue of days,
That she may live forgiven,
And run with joy the Christian race,
And follow me to heaven.

CXXX.

FOR AN UNDUTIFUL SON.

1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Who hast the prodigal forgiven,
Folded me in Thy kind embrace,
And gladden'd all Thy house in heaven;
Again Thy mercy's depths make known,
And save my poor rebellious son.

2 Far from Thy family removed,
With eyes of soft compassion see
A soul for Jesus' sake beloved,
And look the wanderer back to Thee,
Incline his stubborn heart to grieve,
And, when he turns his face, forgive.

3 I cannot, Lord, of him despair,
Hoping myself for final bliss,
Trusting in Jesus' blood and prayer,
That powerful Advocate of his,
That only sinless Son of Thine,
Who asks eternal life for mine.

4 Faith echoes to His prayer above,
And reaches now Thy pitying ear:
The rebel shall Thy mercy prove,
Adorn'd in the best robe appear,
And see his heavenly Father's face,
And feast for ever on Thy grace.

CXXXI.

FOR UNCONVERTED RELATIONS.

1 Jesus, I at Thy throne appear,
For those who have not known Thy grace,
To me, alas, by nature near,
But far from Thee and righteousness!
As dead in trespasses to-day,
As I was yesterday, they rest:
But Tho hast stirr'd me up to pray,
And wilt accept Thine own request.

2 I ask for them the life of faith,
Who never sinn'd that deadly sin:
O could I snatch from second death,
Divinely wise their souls to win;
To time my every kind advice!
Or, if my words they will not hear,
To set my life before their eyes,
And in Thy character appear!

3 Help me to put Thy bowels on,
From proud contempt and anger free,
By meekest zeal to bear them down,
By faith and fervent charity:
To serve and succour them, and tend,
For evil benefits return,
And bear their manners to the end,
As Thou hast all my manners borne.

4 I now for their awakening stay,
And hoping against hope abide,
To see them cast their sins away,
And fall before The Crucified:
I trust Thine instrument to prove
For saving souls redeem'd by Thee:
But patience first and humble love
Must have its perfect work in me.

CXXXII.

FOR A FAMILY IN WANT.

1 FATHER, who know'st the things we need,
Before Thy children cry,
Give us this day our daily bread,
As manna from the sky.

2 By providential love bestow'd
Thy blessings we receive,
And satisfied with scanty food
Miraculously live.

3 We live, but not by bread alone,
Without distracting care,
A life invisible, unknown,
A life of faith and prayer:

4 We on Thy only word depend
Who nothing here possess,
Relieved by the unfailing Friend
Of indigent distress.

5 The Portion of the poor Thou art,
Who Thy commands obey,
And trust Thou never wilt depart,
But keep us to that day;

6 When borne aloft on angels' wings,
As *Lazarus* we rest,
Enthroned with Jesus' priests and kings
At heaven's eternal feast.

CXXXIII.

BEFORE WORK.

1 Come, let us anew
Our calling pursue,
Go forth with the sun,
And rejoice as a giant our circuit to run:
Whom Jesus commands
To work with our hands,
Obeying His word,
We a service perform to our heavenly Lord.

2 While we labour for Him
And each moment redeem,
His service we own
Our freedom indeed, and our heaven begun:
If He give us a smile
We are paid for our toil;
If our work He approve,
'Tis a work of the Lord, and a labour of love.

3 Our wages are sure
Who His burden endure;
And we cannot complain
Of our daily delight as a wearisome pain;
The labour is o'er
And fatigues us no more
When a moment is past,
But the blessed effect shall eternally last.

CXXXIV.

THE MASTER'S HYMN.

1 JESUS, my Master in the sky,
Govern and guide me with Thine eye,
And teach me to fulfil
With strict fidelity and just
The charge committed to my trust,
And answer all Thy will.

2 Not harsh, imperious, or austere,
But gentle to my servants here
I would Thy word obey,
Render to each his lawful right,
And rule my house, as in Thy sight,
With mild paternal sway.

3 To persons Thou hast no respect;
And shall I scornfully reject
My meanest servant's plea?
Is he not (by my Maker made,
And in the sacred balance weigh'd,)
As dear to God as me?

4 Brethren in our Creator's eyes,
I dare not injure, or despise
The workmanship of God,
Who me their earthly lord confess,
Heirs of my Saviour's righteousness,
And bought with all His blood.

5 Then let me tenderly entreat,
And give them what is right and meet,
As Thou to me hast given;
But make their souls my chiefest care,
Their souls as in my bosom bear,
And train them up for heaven.

6 I would in *Abraham's* footsteps go,
Instruct my house their God to know,
And walk in all Thy ways,
Till each the' allotted work hath done,
And wafted to the land unknown
Appears before Thy face.

CXXXV.

1 MASTER supreme, I look to Thee
For grace and wisdom from above!
Vested with Thy authority,
Endue me with Thy patient love;
That taught, according to Thy will,
To rule my family aright,
I may the' appointed charge fulfil
With all my heart and all my might.

2 Inferiors as a sacred trust
I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just
Impartial I to each may give;
O'erlook them with a guardian's eye,
From vice and wickedness restrain,
Mistakes or lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.

3 The servant faithful and discreet
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child;
Yet let me not my place forsake,
The' occasion of his stumbling prove,
The servant to my bosom take,
And mar him by familiar love.

4 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel-sound
And trace the providential way,
As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity:
Jesus, I make Thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by Thee.

5 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to Thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls entrusted to my care,

In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom God expired to save,
And think—how soon my sway shall end,
And all be equal in the grave!

CXXXVI.

1 How shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care,
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian-angel live,
As Jesus' minister?

2 The opposite extremes I see
Remissness and severity,
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand;
While in a narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I through indolence supine
Neglect, betray my charge Divine,
My delegated power?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give
At that tremendous hour.

4 A lion in my house, shall I
My tame inferiors terrify
By fierce tyrannic sway,
Despotic as an eastern prince
By regal arguments convince,
Compel them to obey?

5 Of angry man the' impatience proud
Works not the righteousness of God,
Nor true respect begets:
Proud wrath can only wrath create,
And cringing fear and smother'd hate
In slaves and hypocrites.

6 Lord over all, and God most high,
Jesu, to Thee for help I cry,
For constancy of grace,
That taught by Thy good Spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all Thy footsteps trace.

7 O teach me my first lesson now,
And when to Thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like Thee
Is governing by love.

CXXXVII.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord,
But first, obedient to His word
I must myself appear,
By actions, words, and tempers show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set,
From those who on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;

Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if Thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for Thy use
Into Thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will, and do,
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And lo, I come to testify
The wonders of Thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner saved myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach *their* sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the ways of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

CXXXVIII.

HYMN FOR THE HEAD OF AN UNCONVERTED FAMILY.

1 FATHER of earth and heaven,
Permit me to complain
Of those Thy love to me hath given,
Who bear Thy name in vain:
As yet I cannot see
The marks of grace Divine,
Or one of all my family
Adopted into Thine.

2 Strangers or foes to God,
Dead, dead in sin they live,
And thoughtless, with the worldly crowd,
Their hearts to pleasure give:
The paths of gospel-peace,
Alas, they have not known,
But hate the power of godliness,
And love themselves alone.

3 My life of faith and prayer
As madness they condemn,
My ways so strict they cannot bear,
So contrary to them:
My counsels they despise,
When kindly I reprove,
And stop their ears, and shut their eyes,
And trample on my love.

4 Day after day I mourn,
And wait their change to see:
When wilt Thou touch their hearts, and turn
The wanderers back to Thee?

Mercy on them be show'd
In honour of Thy Son;
Nor let them perish in their blood
For whom He pour'd His own.

5 Father, for Jesus' sake,
Thy quickening Spirit breathe,
And let their precious souls awake,
Nor sleep in endless death:
My household-foes convert,
From Satan's power release,
And then permit me to depart
In everlasting peace.

CXXXIX.

THE SERVANT'S HYMN.

1 Jesus, the Lord most high,
Thy poorest servant own,
And give me strength to glorify,
And serve my God alone;
Inspired with humble fear,
And principled with grace,
My earthly master to revere,
As standing in Thy place.

2 Thine acceptable will
(If Thou the power impart)
In his I cheerfully fulfil,
And with a single heart:
Not with eye-service vain
A flatter'd worm to please,
But God, who knows what is in men,
And all our motives sees.

3 Whate'er for man I do,
I do as to the Lord,
From God the merciful and true
Expecting my reward:
And whether bond or free,
I know Thou wilt approve,
And crown our services to Thee
With Thy eternal love.

CXL.

1 O THAT I always may
My honour'd master please,
And his paternal care repay
With faithful services!
My study and delight
With warm, unwearied zeal
To do, as in Jehovah's sight,
My honour'd master's will.

2 If those who know not God
Their kind reprovers spurn,
Or stubborn, petulant, and loud
The answer prompt return;
The chidings of my lord
Let me with awe receive,
And wounded by a hasty word
In modest silence grieve.

3 Harden'd in sordid sin,
The basest of the throng,
By pilfering and purloining mean
If slaves their masters wrong;

My constant care shall be
My faithfulness to' approve,
And guard his sacred property
Whom I revere and love.

4 Jesus, with loving fear
My simple heart inspire,
So shall I serve Thy servant here
For conscience, not for hire ;
In free subjection live,
In everything obey,
And all my recompence receive
At that triumphant day !

CXLI.

1 Lord, if Thou hast on me bestow'd
A master, not humane and good,
But froward and severe,
Assist the servant of Thy will
With grace and wisdom to fulfil
The Christian character.

2 Trampled as dirt beneath his feet,
O may I quietly submit
To all his stern decrees,
Insults and wrongs in silence bear,
And serve with conscientious care
Whom I can never please.

3 Under the galling iron yoke
To Thee my only help I look,
To Thee in secret groan :

I cannot murmur or complain,
But meekly all my griefs sustain
For Thy dear sake alone.

4 The promise stands for ever sure,
The griefs I for Thy sake endure
My crown and joy shall be:
But all my strength of patient grace,
And all my glorious happiness
Is a free gift from Thee.

CXLII.

1 Why in the neighbourhood of hell,
Saviour, am I constrain'd to dwell
Who would be wholly Thine,
Subjected to a furious lord,
Who heaven provokes at every word,
And dares the wrath Divine!

2 A witness of his frantic ways,
His drunken, riotous excess,
Am I a partner too?
Jesus, mine eyes are unto Thee:
Show in this sad perplexity
What should Thy servant do?

3 Must I the' infernal language hear
Tormenting to a sober ear,
And not reprove his sin?
Words from his slaves he cannot brook,
But let him meet my mournful look,
And stand condemn'd within.

4 Him let my blameless life reprove,
My labour of unwearied love,
My active zeal to please,
To serve his will by day and night,
As one who in a world of light
A heavenly Master sees.

5 By duteous and respectful awe
O might I his attention draw
To principles unseen!
A testimony from Thy foe
Extort, that those who Jesus know
Give all their due to men.

6 Then let his waken'd soul arise,
Shake off the chains of vulgar vice,
And every sin abhorr'd,
Till pardon makes him truly free,
And turns his heart to serve with me
Our dear redeeming Lord.

CXLIII.

1 SERVANT of Christ, on Him I call,
The help and sure resource of all
His followers in distress;
Saviour, in my defence arise;
My soul as among lions lies,
And no deliverance sees.

2 Departing from their sinful way,
I make myself the sinner's prey,
Provoke the sons of night

(While good for evil I return)
To hunt me down with cruel scorn,
And rancorous despite.

3 Thy confessor I stand alone,
My heavenly Lord and Master own,
By them alas denied:
The alien host is always near,
Yet cannot I their outrage fear
With Jesus on my side.

4 I cannot haughtily contemn,
Or once prefer myself to them,
Or bitterly reprove
The slaves of open wickedness;
I differ through Thy only grace,
And freely pardoning love.

5 Thou know'st their unrelenting hate,
Who daily for my halting wait,
And wish my fall to see;
Strike their insidious malice blind,
Or let them no occasion find,
Except my zeal for Thee.

6 My zeal be warm, and wise, and meek:
Instruct me, Saviour, when to speak,
And when in silence stay,
That ready to take up my cross,
I never may disgrace Thy cause,
I never may betray.

7 The gospel-pearl, the truth Divine,
I would not, Lord, expose to swine,
The mysteries of grace

To men of life and lips impure,
Or tell *them* of my pardon sure,
And perfect holiness.

8 No: rather let my actions tell
That a poor soul redeem'd from hell
Doth his Redeemer own,
Fears a forgiving God to' offend,
Studies to please so dear a Friend,
And lives for Him alone.

9 My life, a copy fair from Thine,
Must in the eyes of sinners shine,
If Thou Thine arrows dart,
Thine old rebellious foes subdue,
Convert them into creatures new,
And reign in every heart.

10 Jesus, I will not let Thee go,
Till Thou to these Thy mercy show,
And made the sons of God
Their dear Redeemer they proclaim,
Obtain salvation in Thy name,
And pardon in Thy blood.

CXLIV.

1 WITH a believing master bless'd,
His equal in the Saviour's eyes,
His brother in the Lord confess'd,
Shall I neglect him, or despise?
Forget the difference of estate,
And scorn at his commands to bow,
As high and low, as small and great
Were all upon a level now!

2 Rather I would with warmer zeal
My just fidelity approve,
Gladly perform his utmost will,
And love whom God is pleased to love,
Worthy of double honour deem
The heir of joys that never end,
And serve and cordially esteem
Whom Jesus deigns to call His friend.

3 Giver of all good gifts, on me,
On all who bear the yoke, bestow
The wisdom, and humility,
Our station and ourselves to know,
Our masters to obey and prize;
Lest failing in allegiance here,
We force the world with taunting cries
To ask, Is this your godly fear!

4 If stubborn, insolent, and proud,
We tempt even heathens to exclaim,
And urge the sacrilegious crowd
To vilify the Christian name:
The faith which such as you profess
Must error or imposture be,
A mere pretence for idleness,
Or cover for hypocrisy.

5 But if the gospel we obey,
Our will to God and man resign,
All honour to our masters pay,
And worship only not Divine;

His uncontested witnesses
We praise the doctrine of our Lord,
Prove to their hearts the truth of grace,
And sinners save without the word.

CXLV.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

1 O NEVER let my children live
The devil's to become,
Their God by wickedness to grieve,
Their substance to consume ;
Far from Thy family to rove,
The tempter's easy prey,
And forfeit Thine eternal love,
And cast their souls away.

2 Rather permit them to expire
In life's unclouded morn,
And join them to the virgin-choir,
The church of the first-born :
Before Thy statutes they forsake,
Allow my just request,
And through the wounds of Jesus take
The infants to Thy breast.

3 My fairest prospects I forego,
So Thou with safety bless,
And ere they good or evil know,
The innocents release :
I ask as with my parting breath,
To each allotted be
A holy life, or early death :
But which I leave to Thee.

CXLVI.

TO BE SUNG AT THE TEA-TABLE.

1 How happy are we
Who in Jesus agree
To expect His return from above!
We sit under our Vine,
And delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet
(In His name when we meet)
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by Him,
We drink of the stream
Ever-flowing in bliss from the throne;
Who in Jesus believe
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace
He obtain'd for our race,
And the Spirit of faith He imparts;
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen
The Saviour of men,
As His head He on *Calvary* bow'd;
We shall see Him again,
When with all His bright train
He descends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us a place,
"I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of My face."

7 With earnest desire
After Thee we aspire,
And long Thy appearing to see;
Till our souls Thou receive
In Thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in Thee.

8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
And command us to rise
Ready made for the mansions above;
With our Head to ascend,
And eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

CXLVII.

MORNING HYMN.

1 My God, Thou art in Jesus mine,
And early will I seek Thy face,
A slave redeem'd by blood Divine,
A sinner saved by pardoning grace.

2 Preventing the first dawn of day,
I lift my joyful heart and eyes,
And call'd by love my vows to pay,
Present my morning sacrifice.

3 Thanks be to God enthroned above,
Who did to man salvation bring:
Thy riches of redeeming love
Let angels and archangels sing.

4 Worthy the Lamb extoll'd to live,
Whose life to ransom ours was given:
Jesus, the homage due receive,
The utmost praise of earth and heaven.

5 God over all for ever bless'd,
Giver of every gift and grace,
Redemption shines above the rest,
And challenges my endless praise.

6 Fountain and root of all beside,
Redemption in the dust I own,
And suffering with the Crucified
Arise the partner of Thy throne.

7 Even now I taste the raptures there,
Amidst the church of the first-born,
Redeem'd from earth, my Lord declare,
And shouting to Thine arms return.

8 I see those outstretch'd arms of love,
Those arms extended on the tree!
I see my place prepared above,
And bow my head, to reign with Thee!

CXLVIII.

FOR ONE RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY.

1 Merciful God, what hast Thou done
For a poor sojourner,
How strangely drawn and led me on
To seek salvation here?

Here in the solitary shade
I seek the things above,
In deep distress implore Thine aid,
And languish for Thy love.

2 Thou, only Thou canst soothe my grief,
And calm my troubled breast,
Afford the permanent relief,
The true internal rest;
The' irreparable loss repair,
And draw the' envenom'd dart,
And shut the world of sin and care
Out of my peaceful heart.

3 Sorrow and sin are chased away,
Whene'er Thy love appears,
The gloom it brightens into day,
And dries the mourner's tears:
It makes a wounded spirit whole,
Pours in the balm Divine,
And whispers to mine inmost soul,
"The pardoning God is thine!"

4 Come then, Thou universal Good,
And bid my heart be still,
And let me meet Thee in the wood,
Or find Thee on the hill:
My soul to nobler prospects raise,
My largest views extend
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Where pain and death shall end.

5 Lead to the streams of paradise,
My raptured spirit lead,
And bid the tree of life arise
And flourish o'er my head:

Place me by faith on *Pisgah's* top
The antepast to prove,
And then receive Thy servant up
To see Thy face above.

CXLIX.

ANOTHER.

1 Hence, lying world, with all thy care,
With all thy shows of good or fair,
Of beautiful or great!
Stand with thy slighted charms aloof,
Nor dare invade my peaceful roof,
Or trouble my retreat.

2 Far from thy mad fantastic ways,
I here have found a resting-place
Of poor wayfaring men:
Calm as the hermit in his grot,
I here enjoy my happy lot,
And solid pleasures gain.

3 Along the hill or dewy mead
In sweet forgetfulness I tread,
Or wander through the grove,
As *Adam* in his native seat,
In all His works my God I meet,
The Object of my love.

4 I see His beauty in the flower;
To shade my walks, and deck my bower,
His love and wisdom join:
Him in the feather'd choir I hear,
And own, while all my soul is ear,
The music is Divine!

5 In yon unbounded plain I see
A sketch of His immensity
Who spans these ample skies,
Whose presence makes the happy place,
And opens in the wilderness
A blooming paradise.

6 O would He now Himself impart,
And fix the *Eden* in my heart
The sense of sin forgiven,
How should I then throw off my load,
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven!

CL.

WRITTEN IN UNCERTAINTY.

1 To what am I reserved! Great God,
The counsel of Thy will display,
Nor let me underneath the load
Of anxious doubt for ever stay.

2 Thou seest I cannot journey on,
Till Thou the lingering cloud remove,
And make the destined action known,
And lead me by the fire of love.

3 My every choice, desire, design
I now implicitly submit,
My will is fix'd to follow Thine,
And lies indifferent at Thy feet.

4 Parties and sects I now forego,
From all their schemes and systems free:
After the flesh no more I know
Those dearest souls Thou gav'st to me.

5 Loosed and detach'd I cease from man,
Opinions, names are clean forgot,
This all my aim, and all my plan,
To do, and be—I know not what.

6 But wilt Thou not at last appear,
Make darkness light before my face,
And crooked straight, and doubtful clear,
And show and shine on all my ways?

7 Who on Thine only truth depend,
Who Thee mine only Master own,
To me Thou wilt Thy Spirit send,
And govern me Thyself alone:

8 Thy wisdom and Thy power shall join
To' effectuate what Thy love decrees,
My work, and place, and friends assign,
And crown the whole with full success.

CLI.

1 My God and Lord, Thy counsel show,
What wouldst Thou have Thy servant do
Before I hence depart?
How shall I serve Thy church, and where?
The thing, the time, the means declare,
And teach my listening heart.

2 Thrust out from them I served so long,
I dare not strive against the wrong,
But silently resign
The charge I never *could* forsake,
And give my dearest children back
Into the hands Divine.

3 Where first I preach'd the word of grace,
If now I have no longer place,
By my own flesh unknown,
Thy secret hand in all I see,
Thy will be done, whate'er it be,
Thy welcome will be done.

4 Free for whate'er Thy love ordains,
I offer up my life's remains
To be for Thee employ'd:
My little strength can little do,
Yet would I in Thy service true,
Devote it all to God.

5 Wilt Thou not, Lord, my offer take?
Canst Thou in helpless age forsake
The creature of Thy will?
My strength is spent in the best cause:
Thy zealous messenger I was;
I am Thy servant still.

6 Master, be Thou my might, my mouth,
And send me forth to north or south,
To farthest east or west;
Be Thou my guide to worlds unknown:
Rest to my flesh I covet none,
But give my spirit rest.

7 My rest on earth to toil for Thee,
My whole delight and business be
To minister Thy word,
For Thee immortal souls to win,
And make the wretched slaves of sin
The freemen of my Lord.

8 Witness and messenger of peace,
I only languish to decrease
In trumpeting Thy name,
I only live to preach Thy death,
And publish with my latest breath
The glories of the Lamb.

CLII.

1 O THOU, with whom unfelt, unseen,
Still in the desert I abide,
Look through the lowering cloud between,
And *show* Thyself my heavenly Guide.

2 Out of the fire of chastening love
Send forth one kind instructive ray,
And give the signal to remove,
And kindle darkness into day.

3 Till Thou Thy secret will declare,
And shine in pure, unerring light,
I groan with all Thy church to bear
The burden of incumbent night.

4 For Thee, not without hope, we mourn,
For Thee in calm dependence wait,
Assured Thou wilt at last return,
And raise us to our first estate.

5 The dark apostasy shall end,
The *Babel* of religions cease,
The church shall with her Head ascend,
And quit this howling wilderness;

6 Shall yet again Thy tokens see,
Behold Thy glorious presence shine,
And prove, from sin and doubt set free,
The good, the perfect will Divine.

7 That God-revealing Spirit of grace
Thou wilt in all His fulness give,
And never more conceal Thy face,
And never more Thy people leave.

8 But who the kingdom shall behold,
Who, when the Lord doth this, shall live?
"I will come back" (my heart He told)
"And thee unto Myself receive."

9 So be it, O my God, my Lord,
In whom I steadfastly confide,
I trust the sure inspoken word,
And patient by Thy cross abide.

10 For all who Thine appearing love,
For me Thou hast prepared a place,
And I shall meet Thee from above,
And I shall see Thy open face.

11 Whether Thy will ordain my stay
To see Thy general kingdom come,
Or snatch me from the evil day,
And take my gasping spirit home:

12 Happy, if with my Best-beloved
I live to share the gospel-feast,
But happier still, if now removed,
I find my everlasting rest.

13 Wherefore with meekest awe to Thee
My time, my life, my all I leave;
Eternal Wisdom choose for me,
And when, and as Thou wilt, receive.

14 Or come in perfect light and love,
To me, to all Thy people given,
Or come Thy servant to remove,
And take me to Thyself in heaven.

CLIII.

HYMNS FOR LOVE.

1 O MIGHT the love of Jesus
That heaven-descended Man
Incomparably precious,
My ransom'd heart constrain
From every earthly passion,
From every sin to part,
That God and His salvation
May take up all my heart.

2 O wouldst Thou, Lord, discover
Thy blessed self to me,
My soul's eternal Lover,
As bleeding on the tree;
For my offences bleeding,
Crush'd with the general load,
Yet kindly interceding
For those that shed His blood!

3 The realizing power
Of faith Divine I want,
To see Thee in that hour,
And hear Thy last complaint;
By hellish toils o'ertaken
To hear the' Immortal groan
Why hath My God forsaken
His dear, expiring Son!

4 Let Thy own bowels move Thee
The faith of God to' impart:
I cannot, cannot love Thee,
Till Thou constrain my heart,
To flesh the stony turning,
Till Thou Thy wounds display:
And then in blissful mourning
I weep my life away!

CLIV.

1 JESUS, the fame Of Thy great name
My sin-sick soul allures:
Still in every age the same,
I hear, its virtue cures.

2 With humble fear I now draw near
In my forlorn condition,
Thy balsamic words to hear,
And prove Thee my Physician.

3 In complicate Distress I wait
My plague no more concealing:
Pity my forlorn estate,
And show Thy power of healing.

4 The leprosy That cleaves to me
Thine only touch can cure;
Sin before Thy touch shall flee,
And leave my conscience pure.

5 Throughout my veins A fever reigns
Of pride and fierce desire:
Let Thy love remove my pains,
And quench this hellish fire.

6 Of creature bliss My nature is
Rapacious above measure:
Heal this dropsical disease,
This thirst of praise and pleasure.

7 Benumb'd by sin I long have been,
As past all sense of feeling:
Cure the palsy, Lord, within,
Thy hidden life revealing.

8 An issue foul Hath fill'd my soul
With pain and desperation,
But Thy word shall make me whole
With sensible salvation.

9 Now then exert Thy gracious art
To finish my distresses,
Drive the legion from my heart
Of devils and diseases.

10 O that I might Receive my sight
Through Thine almighty power!
Turn my darkness into light,
And now my faith restore.

11 Helpless and lame In soul I am,
But let Thy grace be given,
I through virtue of Thy name
Shall leap, and fly to heaven.

12 Speechless am I, Till Thy kind sigh
From this dumb fiend deliver;
Then my Lord, my God I cry,
And sing, and shout for ever!

CLV.

1 What shall I do to love Thee
Who lov'st my soul so well?
Saviour, will nothing move Thee
Thy goodness to reveal?
Without the revelation
So dearly purchased I
In final condemnation
Must sink, despair, and die.

2 Wretched, and miserable,
Naked, and poor, and blind,
Thou know'st me quite unable
Thy precious love to find,
Unless, my heavenly Lover,
The bleeding mystery
Thou in my heart discover,
And show Thyself to me.

3 The cause of my salvation
Must all in Thee be found;
Stir up Thy own compassion,
And let Thy bowels sound:
I faint, for mercy crying
As with my latest groan,
I in my blood am dying
For whom Thou pour'dst Thine own.

4 O by Thy bloody offering
By all Thy pangs redeem
A sinful soul from suffering
That punishment extreme:

Unworthy of Thy favour,
The vilest of the race,
Undone, undone for ever,
If banish'd from Thy face.

5 From Thee I must be driven
To that infernal grave,
Unless Thy love be given
The sinner here to save:
Thy love alone can part me
From every sin abhorr'd,
Into a saint convert me,
A transcript of my Lord.

6 Thy love so strong and fervent
To this poor soul is vain,
Unless Thou help Thy servant
To love my God again:
The' inestimable blessing
For Thy own sake bestow,
While peace and joy unceasing
My loving heart o'erflow.

7 The' affectionate sensation
If Thou hast bought for me,
Of Thy mysterious passion
The end accomplish'd see,
Fulfil my sole desire
Thy hidden love to taste,
And then my soul require,
And let me breathe my last.

CLVI.

1 O God of love, Come from above,
O God that hear'st the prayer,
All this mountain load remove,
All this world of care.

2 The cause express Of my distress
I own with grief and anguish:
Still for want of pardoning grace,
For want of faith I languish.

3 Thou God unknown, For whom I groan
In endless lamentation,
Wilt Thou suffer me to moan,
And die without salvation?

4 O when shall I With rapture cry
Thy servant hath found favour,
Thee my Lord I magnify,
I joy in Thee my Saviour.

5 For this I pant, Athirst and faint,
And cry in pain unceasing,
Give the only good I want,
Give the gospel-blessing.

6 Now let me know The grace below
To all believers given,
Bid me feel Thy love, and go
In perfect peace to heaven.

CLVII.

1 DELIGHT, and softest sympathy,
My faithful heart divide,
When I behold the shameful tree
Where my Beloved died!
I look on Him whose blood redeems,
And bears me up to God;
I look—and while the fountain streams,
My tears increase the flood.

2 I want to pour a sea of tears,
With blessed grief to mourn,
In view of Him, whose form appears
By my offences torn:
My sins have done the' atrocious deed,
Have caused the killing smart,
And pierced His soul, and made Him bleed
The balm that breaks my heart.

3 His precious blood both wounds and heals,
(When faith the balm applies,)
My peace restores, my pardon seals,
My nature sanctifies;
His precious blood the life inspires
Which angels live above,
And fills my infinite desires,
And turns me all to love.

CLVIII.

1 ALLOW'D to kiss my Saviour's feet,
I here rejoice and grieve:
I never can the sins forget
Which Jesus doth forgive;

Sorrow and joy unspeakable
Alternately I prove,
And now my baseness I bewail,
And now admire His love.

2 O might I thus through life remain,
Delightfully distress'd,
And still indulge the pleasing pain
Which tears my happy breast;
Till He, my heart's Desire, appears
Reveal'd in heavenly light,
And wipes away these blessed tears
By that ecstatic sight!

CLIX.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave His life that I might live
A life conceal'd in Him!
O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in His arms expire!

2 Jesus, Thou all-atoning Lamb,
How shall I plead with Thee?
If graven on Thy hands I am,
For good remember me:
If still Thou dost my tokens bear,
Thy love to me reveal,
And listening to a sinner's prayer,
My present pardon seal.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That kept by mercy's power
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve Thee more:
Now, if Thy gracious will it be,
Even now my sins remove,
And set my heart at liberty
By Thy victorious love.

4 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God descend,
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end:
Nothing I ask, or want beside,
Of all in earth and heaven,
Let me but feel Thy blood applied,
Let me but die forgiven.

CLX.

1 Ask if a mother's heart is kind
To her own sucking child;
Then ask, Is God to love inclined,
Or my Redeemer mild?

2 A mother may perhaps neglect,
And her own son forget,
But Jesus never will reject
A sinner at His feet.

3 Ask, if the sun doth once mistake
His true celestial road;
Then ask, if Jesus can forsake
The purchase of His blood?

4 The sun at last shall lose his way,
And into darkness fall;
But Jesus at that endless day
Shall be our All in all.

CLXI.

1 With glorious clouds encompass'd round
Whom angels dimly see,*
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will He forsake His throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer Thou Man of grief and love,
And speak into my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design,
What meant the suffering Son of man,
The streaming blood Divine?

4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive Thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
Those wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb,
And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,
And tell me all Thy name.

* Compare "Poems by S. Wesley, jun.," p. 365.

7 Jehovah in Thy person show,
Jehovah crucified,
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied;

8 I view the Lamb in His own light
Whom angels dimly see,
And gaze transported at the sight
Through all eternity.

CLXII.

1 FAIN would I, Lord, obtain the grace,
Before I hence remove,
To see a few unruffled days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 O might I with Thy people bless'd
Thy great salvation see,
Anticipate the glorious rest
And find it now in Thee.

3 Give me the hidden bliss to feel,
The heavenly powers to taste
Realities invisible,
And joys that ever last.

4 Eternal life begun below
I in Thy favour prove,
And all Thy gifts Thou dost bestow
By giving me Thy love.

CLXIII.

A WEDDING SONG.

1 Come, Thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling hearts adored;
Come, Thou heaven-descended Guest,
Bidden to our marriage feast;
Jesus, in the midst appear,
Present with Thy followers here,
Grant us the peculiar grace,
Show us all Thy smiling face.

2 Now the veil of sin withdraw,
Fill our souls with sacred awe,
Awe that dares not speak or move,
Deepest awe of humble love;
Love that doth its Lord descry,
Ever intimately nigh,
Sees the' Invisible in Thee,
Fulness of the Deity.

3 Let on us Thy Spirit rest,
Enter each devoted breast,
Still with Thy disciples sit,
Still Thy works of grace repeat:
Now the former wonder show,
Manifest Thy power below,
Earthly souls exalt, refine,
Turn the water into wine.

4 Stop the hurrying spirit's haste,
Change the soul's ignoble taste,
Nature into grace improve,
Earthly into heavenly love:

Raise our hearts to things on high,
To our Bridegroom in the sky,
Heaven our hope, and highest aim,
Mystic marriage of the Lamb.

5 O might each obtain a share
Of the pure enjoyments there,
Now in rapturous surprise,
Drink the wine of paradise,
Cry, amidst the rich repast,
Thou hast given the best at last,
Wine that cheers the host above,
The best wine of perfect love.

CLXIV.

ANOTHER.

1 SING to the Lord of earth and sky,
Who first ordain'd the nuptial tie,
In *Eden* yoked the new-made pair,
And bless'd them to each other there.

2 Extol the great Jehovah's name,
Whose love from age to age the same
Delights His creature's bliss to see,
And joys in our prosperity.

3 God of the patriarchal race,
He still directs us by His grace,
Who *Isaac* and *Rebecca* join'd
He gives us each our mate to find.

4 He magnified the social state,
And stamp'd our joy divinely great,
When God appear'd His creature's Guest,
And Jesus graced a wedding-feast.

5 That everlasting joy of His
Is shadow'd by the nuptial bliss:
Heaven is the marriage of the Lamb,
And God assumes a bridegroom's name.

6 Then let us glory in His grace,
And triumph in the Father's praise,
Who made a marriage for His Son,
And sent Him from His bosom down:

7 Thanks to our heavenly *Adam* give,
Who form'd His church the second *Eve*,
Produced her from His wounded side,
And still rejoices o'er His bride:

8 Praise to the blessed Spirit above,
Who fills our hearts with sacred love,
Our faithful hearts to Jesus plights,
And each to each in God unites.

Praise God from whom, &c.

CLXV.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF A FRIEND.

1 Come away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice on the day thou wast born,
On the festival day
Come exulting away,
To thy heavenly country return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;

The redeem'd of the Lord
We remember His word,
And with singing to *Sion* we go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,
Our being receive
From His bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For Thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom Divine:
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity Thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of Thy love
Which hath join'd us, in Jesus's name,
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at His feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more,
We shall sing to our lyres
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And His rapturous praises repeat;

To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again
Sing all heaven, and fall at His feet.

8 In assurance of hope
We to Jesus look up,
Till His banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out IT IS HE,
And fly up to acknowledge Him there!

CLXVI.

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

I.

GLORY to the paternal God,
To Jesus lavish of His blood,
God over all supreme in power and grace,
And God the Holy Ghost with equal ardours praise.
Sing all on earth like those on high,
Let saints and angels magnify
One undivided God in persons three,
And lengthen out the song to all eternity!

II.

THANKFUL the Father's grace we own;
Jehovah's Fellow and His Son,
With God the Holy Ghost adore,
One glorious God in persons three,
All honour we ascribe to Thee,
As always was, and is, and shall be evermore!

FINIS.

HYMNS

ON THE

TRINITY.

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MDCCLXVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE outbreak of Arianism in this country at the beginning of the last century called forth many valuable defences of fundamental doctrines. Among these was a tract entitled "The Catholic Doctrine of a Trinity proved by above a hundred short and clear arguments expressed in the terms of Holy Scripture, compared in a manner entirely new." The author, the Rev. W. Jones, M.A., appears to have prepared this work while he was Curate of Finedon, in Northamptonshire, about the year 1754, and a third English edition, with some enlargements, was published in 1767, dated from Pluckley, in Kent, of which place he was then Rector. His work is divided into four chapters: in the first of which he proves, by a comparison of texts, the Divinity of Jesus Christ; and in the second, the Deity and Personality of the Holy Ghost. In the third chapter "the objections usually brought to disguise and destroy the Scriptural evidence of this doctrine, taken from the Divine Unity, the attributes and will of God, and the ministration of the Spirit in the economy of grace, all of them falsely interpreted," are dealt with. It is showed that plural names and expressions are used with reference to the Divine Being, and that the plural and singular numbers are interchanged "in a sense which neither grammar nor reason can account for upon any principle but that of a real Divine plurality. . . . In the fourth and last chapter the passages of the Scriptures have been laid together, and made to unite their beams in one common centre, the Unity of the Trinity, which unity is not metaphorical and figurative, but strict and real."

The publication thus briefly described is the basis of those "Hymns on the Trinity" which are now before the reader. The poet has followed Mr. Jones's arrangement, and made a hymn or hymns on each text or set of texts adduced by him. In some respects he has excelled his original. He repeatedly asserts the doctrine of our Lord's Divine Sonship, by his omission of which Mr. Jones has much impaired his claim to be considered as teaching the *catholic doctrine* of the Trinity. And he has never lost sight of the experimental and practical bearings of that doctrine. Mr. Jones has an excellent paragraph at the conclusion of his argument, warning his readers that a sound belief without a holy life will not profit them. But our poet, true to the mission of Methodism, makes experience the connecting link between knowledge and practice, and devotes an entire section of his work to "Hymns and Prayers to the Trinity," in which the doctrine is presented in most intimate connection with his own spiritual interests, and those of his readers. Such a mode of treating it is the best answer to those who represent it as a mere metaphysical speculation devoid of practical interest. The force of Scriptural argument, and the depth and tenderness of religious feeling, are here exhibited in inseparable combination, and the whole forms a manual, at once doctrinal and experimental, of very great value. The "higher Christian life" is thus shown to be dependent upon the highest revealed mysteries, and these in their turn to minister illumination, help, and comfort to the humblest believer who receives the testimony of God concerning His Son.

HYMNS.

The DIVINITY of CHRIST.

I.

Isaiah viii. 13, 14. Sanctify the LORD OF HOSTS HIMSELF,* and let HIM be your fear, and let HIM be your dread: and HE shall be for a sanctuary; but for a STONE OF STUMBLING and ROCK OF OFFENCE to both houses of Israel.

1 *Peter* ii. 7, 8. The stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner: and a STONE OF STUMBLING, and ROCK OF OFFENCE.

1 THE Lord of Hosts Himself alone
Worthy to be revered we own,
By earth and heaven adored:
Let all the one true God proclaim,
Worship the dread Jehovah's name,
Bow down to Christ the Lord.

2 A sanctuary the faithful find,
A refuge from the storm and wind,
In Christ the Lord most high:
But who refuse on Him to call,
Shall on the Stone of stumbling fall,
And unconverted die.

* Those words on which the stress lies are printed in capitals. [*Author's note.*]

3 Rock of offence at first He was:
And Christians stumbling at the cross
Deny whom *Jews* denied:
They will not know that Christ is He,
Or the supreme Jehovah see
In Jesus crucified.

4 But Jesus to His church is known,
Jesus the precious Corner-stone,
By *Israel* disallow'd;
Jehovah seen, and manifest,
God over all for ever bless'd,
Thou art my Lord my God!

II.

Isaiah vi. 5. Mine eyes have SEEN the King, the LORD OF HOSTS.

John xii. 41. These things said Esaias, when he SAW HIS GLORY, and spake of HIM.

1 O WOULD my God the veil withdraw,
That whom the favour'd prophet saw,
Mine eyes of faith might see,
The Lord by His own light beheld,
The' Invisible on earth reveal'd,
In glorious majesty!

2 Then would I joyfully proclaim
The Lord of Hosts in Jesu's name,
The only God most high,
The everlasting Father bless,
Jehovah in the Prince of peace,
Whose glory fills the sky.

3 The' almighty Lord of earth and heaven,
Who to the world His Son hath given,
The mystery reveals,
Existing from Himself alone,
God in the person of His Son
With all His fulness dwells.

III.

Isaiah xliv. 6. Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel and his Redeemer the LORD OF HOSTS, I am THE FIRST, and I am THE LAST, and BESIDES ME there is NO GOD.

Revelation xxii. 13. I (Jesus) am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, THE FIRST and THE LAST.

1 THE sovereign Lord of Hosts is One,
For ever glorified,
The First and Last is God alone,
There is no God beside:
Worship Divine to Him is due,
Who doth the title claim,
The Alpha and Omega too,
The First and Last I AM.

2 The King of saints, the Lord of Hosts,
Almighty to redeem,
In Him His ransom'd people trusts
The one great God supreme:
Jesus, Thou art to us made known
Fulness of Deity:
There is no other God but one,
No other God but Thee.

IV.

Isaiah xliii. 11. I, even I am the LORD, and BESIDES ME there is NO SAVIOUR.

2 *Peter* iii. 18. OUR LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

1 JEHOVAH the Lord In Him we confide,
We find in His word No Saviour beside:
He only is given Our souls to release,
No name under heaven Can save us but His.

2 In Jesus's name Jehovah is found,
The throne of the Lamb We worship around,
Supreme adoration We pay the Most High,
Who brought us salvation Himself from the sky.

3 Jehovah receive The loftiest praise
Of sinners who live Redeem'd by Thy grace:
Come, Saviour, and fill us With fulness Divine,
Inhabit, and seal us Eternally Thine.

V.

Revelation xxii. 6. The LORD GOD of the holy prophets SENT HIS ANGEL to show unto His servants the things which must shortly be done.

Ibid., ver. 16. I JESUS HAVE SENT MINE ANGEL to testify unto you these things in the churches.

1 JEHOVAH, the true God most high,
God of the holy prophets, sent
His angel forth, to testify
His counsel's near accomplishment:
But Jesus claims the messenger
His angel, and sent forth by Him,
That all the churches may revere
In Jesus the true God supreme.

VI.

Luke i. 76. And Thou Child shalt be called the Prophet of THE HIGHEST, for Thou shalt GO BEFORE the FACE of the LORD to PREPARE HIS WAYS.

Matthew xi. 10. Behold, I send My messenger BEFORE THY FACE, to PREPARE THY WAY before Thee.

THE prophet of the Lord most high
Was sent before His face,
With tidings of Jehovah nigh,
And to prepare His ways:
And every messenger of His
Rejoices to proclaim,
Jesus the great Jehovah is!
Bow all to Jesus' name!

VII.

Luke i. 16, 17. Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the LORD THEIR GOD: and he shall go before HIM.

Matthew iii. 11. He that cometh AFTER ME is mightier than I, &c.

1 FORERUNNER of the Lord their God,
Who Jesus's forerunner came,
Did he not publish it abroad,
That Jesus is with God the same?
The God of *Israel* is but One,
The Father whole is in His Son.

2 Jesus, the true Jehovah, Lord
Of heaven and earth, I Thee adore!
From Thee the ministerial word
Receives its soul-converting power;
And all Thy people testify
Our Saviour is the Lord most high!

VIII.

Hosea i. 7. I will have mercy upon the house of Judah, and will save them by THE LORD THEIR GOD.

1 THE voice of God the Father sounds
Salvation to our sinful race:
His grace above our sin abounds,
His glory shines in Jesus' face,
And by the person of the Son
The Father makes salvation known.

2 Saved by the Son, the Lord our God
Jehovah's Fellow we proclaim,
Who washes us in His own blood,
To us declares His Father's name,
His nature pure, His love imparts,
With all His fulness to our hearts.

IX.

Matthew xi. 10. Behold I send MY messenger before THY face, to prepare THY way before THEE.

Malachi iii. 1. Behold, I send MY messenger, to prepare the way before ME.

1 A PERSONAL distinction see
Betwixt the Father and the Son!
Yet is the Filial Deity
With the Paternal Godhead one:
A different person we confess
Jesus whom all His saints admire,
Whom all His host celestial praise,
One and the same with God the Sire.

2 The persons unconfused abide,
The Godhead undivided lives:
The wisdom hid from learned pride
To babes and little ones He gives;
Jehovah who in Jesus dwells
His whole Divinity imparts,
To souls prepared His Son reveals,
And sends His Spirit into our hearts.

X.

Psalm lxxviii. 56. They TEMPTED and provoked the MOST HIGH GOD.

1 *Corinthians* x. 9. Neither let us TEMPT CHRIST, as some of them also tempted.

1 WHO tempted Christ, the faithless race
Tempted, and anger'd the Most High:
And still we in the wilderness
His Spirit grieve, His wrath defy,
Jehovah's Fellow who disown,
And would the Filial God dethrone.

2 But give us through Thy Spirit's power,
Jesus, aright to call Thee Lord,
Thee, the One sovereign God, to' adore,
Thy Father's uncreated Word,
The Second person of the three
Who was from all eternity.

XI.

John iii. 29. He that hath the bride, is THE BRIDEGROOM.

Isaiah liv. 5. Thy Maker is thine HUSBAND, the LORD OF HOSTS is His name.

1 BRIDEGROOM of His church, and Head,
And Husband is the Lord,
By the universe He made
Acknowledged and adored,

The One God for ever bless'd,
Supreme, omnipotent I AM,
God made flesh, and manifest
On earth in Jesus' name.

2 Different from the Father then
Is Christ another God?
No: Jehovah dwelt with men,
And bought us by His blood:
Christ the true Jehovah was,
And is, and shall be evermore:
God expiring on a cross
Let earth and heaven adore.

XII.

Psalm xxiii. 1. The LORD (Heb. Jehovah) is my SHEPHERD.

John x. 16. There shall be one fold, and ONE SHEPHERD.

ONE God Jehovah is the Son,
In union with His Father one,
One Shepherd He, the great, the good,
Who dearly bought us with His blood:
The sheep we of His pasture are,
His people and peculiar care;
And all the plenitude Divine
In Jesus is for ever mine.

XIII.

John xx. 28. Thomas answered and said, MY LORD and MY GOD!

1 JESUS, my Lord, my God,
The God supreme Thou art,
The Lord of Hosts, whose precious blood
Is sprinkled on my heart:

Jehovah is Thy name,
And through Thy blood applied,
Convinced, and certified I am
There is no God beside.

2 Soon as Thy Spirit shows
That precious blood of Thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows
It is the blood Divine:
But only he who feels
"My Saviour died for me,"
Is sure that all the Godhead dwells
Eternally in Thee.

XIV.

Romans ix. 5. Of whom as concerning the flesh CHRIST came, who is over all GOD BLESSED FOR EVER. Amen.

1 THE Saviour by men And angels confess'd,
Our God we maintain Eternally bless'd:
Jehovah by nature In glory supreme,
The almighty Creator We worship in Him.

2 A Fountain of bliss He freely o'erflows,
And all that He is On sinners bestows:
His Spirit's the river Of raptures unknown,
For ever and ever Derived from His throne.

XV.

2 *Peter* i. 1. Through the righteousness of OUR GOD and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

1 THROUGH the perfect righteousness
Of our God and Saviour here,
Through His merits we possess
Precious faith in hearts sincere,
Justice now is satisfied,
God's appeased, for God hath died.

2 Jesus Christ, the good, the just,
True, eternal God supreme,
We in His obedience trust,
Gain the grace obtain'd by Him ;
Peace He purchased on the tree,
Faith for all mankind, and me.

XVI.

Titus ii. 13. Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of our GREAT GOD and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

1 WE wait for the returning
Of our great God and Saviour,
Our dying God
Who by His blood
Procured His Father's favour :
Jesus, the true Jehovah,
The Man to sinners given,
Triumphant here
Shall soon appear,
And take us up to heaven.

2 With glorious pomp descending
To crown our expectation,
Him we shall see,
And shout 'Tis He,
The God of our salvation !
The God from everlasting,
Almighty to deliver,
Around His throne
Our songs shall own
The God that reigns for ever.

XVII.

2 *Corinthians* v. 19. GOD was IN CHRIST reconciling the world to HIMSELF.

1 GOD was in Christ, the' eternal Sire
Reveal'd in His eternal Son,
Jehovah did on earth expire,
For every soul of man to' atone:
The one almighty God supreme,
Jehovah lavish of His blood
Pour'd out the' inestimable stream,
And reconciled the world to God.

2 The one, true, only God most high,
Agent at once and Patient was:
As Man He did for sinners die,
As God redeem'd us by His cross:
Jesus the general debt hath paid,
God in the person of the Son
Amends to God the Father made,
For Son and Father are but one.

3 Father in Jesus reconciled,
My Father if through Him Thou art,
Acknowledge Thine unconscious child,
And hear His Spirit in my heart:
One of the dear distinguish'd race
For whom Thou cam'st in Christ from heaven,
I languish for Thy gospel-grace,
I long to know my sins forgiven.

4 Thy Godhead whole was in Thy Son,
When Jesus pray'd, and gasp'd, and died:
The precious ransom was laid down;
'Tis finish'd; I am justified!

The Spirit of faith applies the word,
And cries Thy new-born child to Thee,
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
One glorious God in persons three.

XVIII.

John x. 30. I and My Father ARE ONE.

1 A WONDERFUL plurality
In the true God by faith we see,
Who hear the record of the Son
"I and My Father are but one;"
In different persons we proclaim
One God eternally the same.

2 Father and Son in nature join,
Each person is alike Divine:
Alike by heaven and earth adored,
Thy Spirit makes the glorious Third:
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
Show Thyself One, great God, in me.

XIX.

John xiv. 11. I am in the Father, and the Father IN ME.

1 JESUS, the truth we own,
That Thou art God alone,
God incomprehensible,
Fulness of the Deity,
Thou dost in the Father dwell,
All the Father dwells in Thee.

2 The attributes Divine
Are all both His and Thine:
God in Thee Thy saints adore,
Here, while on Thy throne above,
Thou art Wisdom, Truth, and Power,
Thou art Light, and Life, and Love.

XX.

1 *Corinthians* v. 20. We are ambassadors for CHRIST, as though GOD did BESEECH you by us. We PRAY you in CHRIST'S STEAD be ye reconciled to GOD.

1 GOD, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends:
His messengers His place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends:
Us in the stead of Christ they pray,
Us in the stead of God entreat,
To cast our arms our sins away,
And find forgiveness at His feet.

2 O God in Christ, Thine embassy,
And proffer'd mercy we embrace,
And gladly reconciled to Thee,
Thy condescending goodness praise:
Poor debtors by our Lord's request
A full acquittance we receive,
And criminals with pardon bless'd,
We at our Judge's instance live.

XXI.

1 *John* v. 20. We are in Him that is true, even in His Son JESUS CHRIST: THIS IS THE TRUE GOD and eternal life.

1 THIS, this is the true God supreme,
Jesus in whom by faith we dwell;
This is eternal life; in Him
The beatific joy we feel:
With Him into our hearts is given
The' essential happiness of heaven.

2 Soon as in Christ we truly are,
We see the Father in the Son,
His pure unsinning nature share ;
And know that God and Christ are one,
Till faith's perfection we receive,
And fill'd with God for ever live.

XXII.

Colossians ii. 8, 9. Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, and not after CHRIST: for IN HIM DWELLETH ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD BODILY.

1 TRUE, absolute Divinity,
Jesus, we dare ascribe to Thee,
Which vain philosophy denies,
And baffles us with glozing lies,
Thy glorious Deity blasphemes
With *Arian* or *Socinian* dreams,
To cast the weak believers down,
And rob the children of their crown.

2 But grounded on Thy written word,
We worship our almighty Lord:
In Thee, whom Thy own Spirit reveals,
The fulness of the Godhead dwells:
Thy person really Divine,
Thy body is Jehovah's shrine,
The whole substantial Deity
Resides eternally in Thee.

XXIII.

John i. 1. THE WORD WAS GOD.

THE Word was independent God,
God uncreated and supreme:
All things from Him their Fountain flow'd,
Whate'er was made, was made by Him:
When heaven and earth began to be,
The glorious absolute I AM,
He was from all eternity
To all eternity the same.

XXIV.

Isaiah ix. 6. Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER.

1 JESUS, Thou art the mighty God,
The Child and Son on us bestow'd,
Jehovah born on earth, in Thee
The everlasting Sire we see,
And all Thy church triumphant sings
The Prince of peace, the King of kings.

2 Thou art the co-eternal Son,
In substance with Thy Father one,
In person different we proclaim,
In power and majesty the same,
For Him in Thee we magnify,
And Thee in Him, the Lord most high.

3 No vain distinction we confess
Betwixt a greater God and less;
No inequality there is,
But His are Thine, and Thine are His,

And Thee we on Thy Father's seat
One glorious God for ever greet.

XXV.

Jeremiah xxiii. 6. This is the name whereby He shall be called, JEHOVAH our Righteousness.

1 JESUS our Righteousness
Jehovah we confess:
Very man of very man,
Him who bought us with His blood,
We and all His church maintain
Very God of very God.

2 Jesus, Jehovah, hear,
And what Thou art appear!
By a faithless world denied,
Fulness of the Deity,
Is there any God beside?
Answer for Thyself in me.

XXVI.

Isaiah ii. 17, 18. The LORD ALONE shall be EXALTED in that day: and the IDOLS He shall utterly abolish.

1 To destroy idolatry,
God was manifest below;
God we in our Saviour see,
None beside Himself we know:
Christ the consubstantial Son,
Worshipp'd by His heavenly choir,
Him we magnify alone,
One with His eternal Sire.

2 No inferior God we praise,
No dependent Deity:
The whole Godhead we confess
Resident, O Christ, in Thee:

Praise Divine whoe'er allow,
Worship to a creature given,
To Thine only name we bow,
Sovereign Lord of earth and heaven.

3 Jesus, call to mind Thy word
Standing as the mountains fast,
All idolatry abhorr'd
O abolish it at last;
Root it out of every heart
All that doth our Lord disown,
Then our only Lord Thou art
High on Thine eternal throne.

XXVII.

Revelation i. 8. I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, saith the LORD, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the ALMIGHTY.

1 JESUS, the true Jehovah, hear!
Jehovah's majesty He claims,
His attributes, and character,
His incommunicable names:
"I am the First and Last, the Lord,
Past, present, and to come am I,
Through all eternity adored,
The one almighty God most high.

2 "The Source and End of all I am,
Which was, and is, and is to come!"
The trump doth His approach proclaim,
Arise, ye dead, and meet your doom!
Arians, behold His glorious face!
His face ye shall behold no more,
For ever chased to your own place,
While saints in ceaseless songs adore.

XXVIII.

Matthew xix. 17. Why callest thou ME GOOD? there is none good but ONE, that is GOD.

THERE is none good but God alone,
And Jesus is that only One,
One with His Father in the sky,
One with Jehovah the most high,
One with the Spirit of holiness;
A different person we confess,
But not a different God esteem:
Goodness itself adore in Him!

XXIX.

1 *Corinthians* xv. 24. Then cometh the END, when HE shall deliver up the KINGDOM to GOD, even the FATHER.

Luke i. 33. HE shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of HIS KINGDOM there shall be NO END.

1 THE end of sin and death is near:
The Man shall then to God resign
His kingdom and dominion here,
His exercise of grace Divine,
The kingdom which His Father gave,
The delegated power to save.

2 When all His friends are saved at last,
And all His enemies destroy'd,
The Mediator's sway is past,
His office and commission void,
The Man's authority is o'er,
And Christ for sinners pleads no more.

3 But Christ the God maintains His throne,
No period shall His kingdom see,
By nature with His Father one,
A King from all eternity,

The same Jehovah He remains,
And o'er His saints for ever reigns.

XXX.

1 *Corinthians* xv. 28. When all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the SON also HIMSELF be SUBJECT unto Him that put all things under Him, that GOD may be all in all.

1 THE kingdom He, as Man, receives,
Christ shall deliver up, as Man;
But still as God supreme He lives,
As God He cannot cease to reign,
Cannot be less than the Most High,
As God, no more than He can die.

2 His power the interceding Son
To His almighty Sire submits,
And then upon His Father's throne
Jehovah in Jehovah sits,
That the One glorious God in Three
May all in all for ever be.

XXXI.

Acts x. 42. It is HE which is ORDAINED of GOD to be the Judge of quick and dead.

1 THE nature which its power receives
Inferior is to that which gives,
The human to Divine:
The Man we in our Saviour see
Made less than the Divinity;
But both in Jesus join.

2 Jesus as God we magnify,
Jesus the same with the Most High:
For God who did ordain

The Son, His character express,
To judge the world in righteousness,
Will judge us—IN that Man!

3 Ordain'd the Godhead cannot be;
But clothed in our humanity
He shall from heaven come down,
And every prostrate soul adore
The Fulness of almighty power,
Jehovah in His Son.

4 For this alone on earth we wait,
With glorious pomp and solemn state
To see the Lord descend
Great Arbiter of all mankind,
And in the Judge our Brother find,
Our Advocate and Friend.

XXXII.

Acts x. 40. Him GOD raised up, and SHOWED HIM openly to us who did eat, &c.

John xxi. 1. After these things JESUS SHOWED HIMSELF again to His disciples.

1 OF Christ the Son of Man
The Father doth dispose,
And whom He raised to life again
He to His followers shows:
But Jesus doth the same;
And sprinkling us with blood,
To all believers in His name
He shows Himself as God.

2 In mystic unity
With His almighty Sire,
He shows Himself alive to me,
My longing heart's desire;

He manifests His grace,
He makes His mercy known;
And now I see in Jesu's face
That God and He are One.

XXXIII.

John iii. 16. GOD so LOVED the world that He GAVE His only begotten Son.

Ephesians v. 25. CHRIST also LOVED the church, and GAVE HIMSELF for it.

1 THE Father, full of love unknown,
Gave to the world His only Son;
Full of the same mysterious love,
The Son forsook His throne above,
And show'd His willingness to save,
When for the church Himself He gave.

2 Whom the Paternal Grace bestow'd,
He gave Himself both Man and God,
Assumed our flesh, and stoop'd to die,
That all might own the Lord most high,
And praise the Giver and the Given,
The only God come down from heaven.

3 God over all we bless Thy name,
Thy glorious majesty proclaim,
Jehovah God in Jesus see,
Whose sacred blood distain'd the tree,
That every ransom'd soul may find
Thy death the life of all mankind.

XXXIV.

Ephesians iv. 32. Forgiving one another, even as GOD for CHRIST'S SAKE hath FORGIVEN you.

Colossians iii. 13. Forgiving one another, even as CHRIST FORGAVE you.

1 WHO can forgive but God alone,
The one great God of earth and heaven?
And for the sake of Christ His Son
He hath indeed their sins forgiven,
Who have by faith His Son confess'd
God over all for ever bless'd.

2 Equal to the Most High He lives,
The same authority exerts,
Who sin in His own right forgives,
And sprinkles all His people's hearts,
And numbers with the saints above
The objects of His bleeding love.

3 Jesus, on me Thy mercy show,
That I Thy Godhead may proclaim:
Power to forgive Thou hadst below;
And now as yesterday the same,
Thou canst a guilty soul release,
And save, and bid me go in peace.

4 Wherefore in me reveal the grace
Which present sure salvation brings;
So shall I with Thy people praise
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
The pardoning God, the' almighty Son
Return'd to Thine eternal throne.

XXXV.

John vi. 38. I came down from heaven, NOT to do MY OWN WILL, but the WILL of HIM that SENT ME.

Matthew viii. 2. There came a leper and worshipped Him, saying, LORD, if THOU WILT, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus said, I WILL, be thou clean.

1 NOT His own will, as man, to do,
From heaven the world's Redeemer came:
But as the' eternal God and true,
His and His Father's is the same:
The Son we as His Sire adore,
The glorious co-eternal Son;
In will, in nature, and in power,
The Sender and the Sent are One.

2 Lord over all, I at Thy feet
Expect Thy sovereign will to know:
The word of pardoning grace repeat,
And touch, and make me white as snow:
I cannot doubt Thy power to heal;
Bid all my filthiness depart,
Speak the almighty word I WILL,
And purify this leprous heart.

XXXVI.

Acts xiv. 29, 30. And now, LORD, grant that signs and wonders may be done by the NAME OF THY HOLY CHILD JESUS.

1 THE mighty deeds in Jesus' name
By His eternal Father done,
Jesus Himself perform'd the same,
By power immediately His own;
And all His works are done by Him
In unity with God supreme.

2 The virtue to His servants given
From Him its only Fountain flow'd:
They by the power of Christ in heaven
On earth stupendous wonders show'd,

But told who wrought the miracles,
"Jesus, the Christ, thy body heals."*

3 Jesus, the mightier works of grace
Which still we do in Thy great name,
For these we render Thee the praise,
Their heavenly Author's power proclaim,
And cry to each recover'd soul,
"'Tis Christ Himself that makes thee whole."

XXXVII.

Matthew xx. 23. To SIT on My right-hand and on My left, IS NOT MINE TO GIVE, but (*it shall be given*) to them for whom it is prepared of MY FATHER.

1 THE kingdom is not Thine to give
Except to saints by grace prepared,
Who all Thy Father's words receive,
Who Thee and Him alike regard,
Thy passion to the end endure,
And make the prize through sufferings sure.

2 Who strive resisting unto blood,
To Thee by Thy great Father given,
On them is by Thyself bestow'd
The purest happiness of heaven,
The bliss supreme, the full reward,
The joy of their triumphant Lord.

3 Thrones I appoint to you My friends,
Your purchased crowns to you I give,
In ecstasies that never end
Partakers of My glory live;

* Acts ix. 34.

Who on My cross rejoiced to die,
Your seats are ready in the sky.

4 The sharers of My victory,
Made perfect, and through sufferings meet,
Myself will grant to sit with Me:
Come up at My right-hand to sit;
Your warfare 's past, your work is done:
Come up to My eternal throne.

XXXVIII.

1 *Corinthians* viii. 6. To US there is but ONE GOD, THE FATHER.

John xx. 28. MY LORD, and MY GOD.

1 ONE God to us, there is but One:
The Father comprehends the Son,
Alike eternally adored;
And Jesus is our God and Lord:
One God the Father well we name
The nature, which in Christ the same,
The same we in the Spirit see,
One glorious God in persons three.

2 One Lord in Jesus we admire,
But not exclusive of His Sire:
One God we in the Father own,
But not exclusive of His Son:
That Spirit, our almighty Lord,
We worship as the glorious third;
Yet not three Lords or Gods confess,
But One in Three for ever bless.

XXXIX.

Matthew xxiii. 9. Call no man your father upon earth, for ONE is YOUR FATHER which is in heaven.

1 OUR heavenly Father is but One
With that paternity
In which the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost agree:
Each person of the Triune God,
May His own creature claim,
For each impress'd the earthy clod
With His own awful name.

2 Father, and Son, and Spirit join'd
In the creating plan,
Each is the Maker of mankind,
And doth His work sustain:
The Spirit breathed His life into
Our animated clay,
And He begets our souls anew,
And seals us to that day.

3 Our common Head in Christ we see,
Our heavenly *Adam* praise,
The Father of eternity
And all the faithful race:
His promise to the conqueror is,
Who the good fight hath won,
"His God, I will be always his,
And he shall be My son."

4 Children of God who Christ receive,
Our privilege we know,
The Resurrection's children live,
The Saviour's seed below:

"I am the Resurrection, I
The Life eternal am!"
And never shall His children die
Who trust in Jesus' name.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
We equal homage pay,
And each in whom we wholly trust
Implicitly obey:
Ourselves entirely we resign
To the great Three in One,
And worship properly Divine
Perform to God alone.

XL.

Matthew xxiii. 10. Neither be ye called masters, for ONE is YOUR MASTER, even CHRIST (*John* iii. 13) which is in heaven.

1 OUR heavenly Master is but One,
And Jesus is His name:
But Jesus the eternal Son
Is with His Sire the same:
The Spirit's glorious plenitude
Resides in Christ adored:
Each person doth the three include,
And each we call our Lord.

2 Taught by our Father in the skies,
Taught by our Saviour there,
Taught by the Holy Ghost, and wise
We to salvation are:
Our God is One in persons three,
Our Teacher is but One,
Who calls us up with joy to see
Jehovah on His throne.

XLI.

John xiv. 28. MY FATHER is GREATER than I.

1 THE Father greater than the Son
Made flesh for us, we gladly own;
But less than God as man,
As touching His Divinity,
Equal to the Most High is He
Whom heaven cannot contain.

2 Whose spirits bow to Jesus' name,
Nor less nor greater, but the same
In dignity and power
Jehovah manifest we praise,
And shall in everlasting lays
With all His saints adore!

XLII.

1 *Corinthians* xi. 3. The HEAD of Christ is GOD.

1 THE Partner of our flesh and blood,
As man, inferior is to God:
The lower part of Christ, the heel,
Was bruised, and did our sorrows feel;
But though He would His life resign,
His part superior is Divine,
And doth, beyond the reach of pain,
God over all for ever reign.

2 Great Fountain-head of Deity,
Father of Christ, we worship Thee,
Thy sovereign majesty maintain
As greater than the Son of man;

Yet Thee, O Christ, of God the Son,
In essence, substance, nature One,
Thy Father's equal we proclaim
With God eternally the same.

XLIII.

Mark xiii. 32. But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels which are in heaven, neither THE SON, but THE FATHER.

1 A CHILD on us bestow'd,
Not all at once He knew,
But the supreme, omniscient God,
As man, in wisdom grew:
As man, He knew not when
Himself the Judge should come,
And summon all the sons of men
To meet their instant doom.

2 Yet we, with *Peter*, own
The Saviour's sovereign right,
Thou all things know'st, O God alone
In wisdom infinite:
And when to me Thou art
Discover'd from above,
I too shall answer from my heart
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

XLIV.

John i. 18. No man hath SEEN GOD at any time.

Ibid. xiv. 8, 9. Philip saith unto Him, Lord SHOW US THE FATHER—Hast Thou not known ME, Philip? He that hath seen ME hath seen THE FATHER.

1 HE that hath seen the' Incarnate Son,
All which of Christ was visible,
Hath seen the Father too, and known
(What flesh and blood could not reveal)

Jehovah is in Jesus' name,
With God substantially the same.

2 He hath beheld the person join'd
To God invisible, supreme,
He doth the Father's nature find
The plenitude Divine in Him,
Who hath to all His followers shown
"I and My Father are but One."

3 Jesus, Thou Son of the Most High,
To me, even me vouchsafe the grace
To see by faith's internal eye,
Jehovah shining in Thy face:
Explain the mystery to my heart,
And bid me then in peace depart.

4 So when Thou dost with clouds appear
In all Thy dazzling majesty,
These eyes of flesh shall see Thee here,
Without a veil the Godhead see,
My forehead shall Thy name receive,
And glorious I for ever live.

XLV.

1 *Corinthians* xv. 27. But when He saith all things are put under Him, it is manifest that HE IS EXCEPTED which did put all things under Him. And when all things shall be SUBDUED UNTO HIM.

Philippians iii. 20, 21. We look for THE SAVIOUR the Lord JESUS CHRIST—who is ABLE even to SUBDUE ALL THINGS TO HIMSELF.

1 ALL things unto Christ, as man,
By Another are subdued;
But we steadfastly maintain
He that Other is, as God:

He can, as Jehovah's Son,
All things to Himself subdue:
Jesus sitting on His throne
Makes our universe anew.

2 Jesus, Son of the Most High,
Power omnipotent is Thine;
Lord of all in earth and sky,
Vindicate Thy right Divine;
Conquer this rebellious heart:
Then I know, in love renew'd,
Thou, my present Saviour, art
The One, true, eternal God.

XLVI.

Jude 4. Denying OUR ONLY MASTER [*Gr.*] and LORD JESUS CHRIST.

1 JESUS hath bought us with His blood,
And He that bought us is the Lord,
The Governor supreme, the God
Jehovah by His works adored,
The only Governor supreme,
The only God we praise in Him.

2 His true Divinity, denied
By an ungrateful world, we own,
Who feel the blood Divine applied,
And saved by grace through faith alone,
Shall soon behold His open face,
And our eternal Saviour praise.

XLVII.

Jude 24, 25. Unto HIM that is able to PRESENT you faultless before the PRESENCE of HIS GLORY—to the ONLY WISE GOD our SAVIOUR.

Ephesians v. 27. That HE might PRESENT it to HIMSELF a glorious church.

1 THE only wise almighty God
Is able by His grace
Us to present, in love renew'd
Before His glorious face:
And He whose promises are sure,
Returning for His bride,
Will to Himself present us pure,
And wholly sanctified.

2 Jesus, who bought us with His blood,
Who makes us pure in heart,
The only wise, almighty God,
Our Saviour we assert:
The glorious presence is His own;
And when the sight is given,
Beholding Jesus on His throne,
We reach our highest heaven.

XLVIII.

Ephesians iii. 2, 3. The dispensation of the grace of GOD, which is given me to you-ward: how that BY REVELATION HE made known to me the mystery.

Galatians i. 12. I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but BY THE REVELATION of JESUS CHRIST.

1 GOD made known the mystery,
The gospel of His grace,
Call'd the messenger to see
His God in Jesus' face:

God by revelation gave
The power to preach a dying God,
Ministerial power to save
Believers in His blood.

2 "I received it not of man,
Of man I was not taught;
Jesus did Himself explain
The grace for sinners bought;
Christ did to my heart reveal
The welcome news of sin forgiven,
News of joy unspeakable,
And peace 'twixt earth and heaven."

3 Every chosen instrument
Ordain'd by the Most High,
Every minister is sent
Of Christ to testify:
Lo, we preach His name abroad;
Know all the truth in us reveal'd,
Sinners by the blood of God
Receive your pardon seal'd.

XLIX.

1 *Kings* viii. 39. THOU, even THOU ONLY, KNOWEST the HEARTS of all the children of men.

Revelation ii. 23. All the churches shall know that I AM HE which searcheth the reins and HEARTS.

1 THOU, even Thou alone,
O God by nature One,
Infinite in wisdom art,
Jesus to Thy Father join'd
Searcher of the reins and heart,
Know'st the hearts of all mankind.

2 By this Thy churches know
Their God reveal'd below,
Sure that Thou, O Christ, art He,
God supreme in glorious grace;
Fulness of the Deity
Thee Thy saints for ever praise.

L.

2 *Peter* i. 4. Exceeding great and precious promises, that by these you might be PARTAKERS of the DIVINE NATURE.

Hebrews iii. 14. We are made PARTAKERS of CHRIST, if we hold fast, &c.

1 ALL who partake of Christ, partake
The nature properly Divine
Of Him, who humbled for our sake,
Us with Himself vouchsafed to join;
And in His single person show'd
The substance both of man and God.

2 The precious promises in Him
Are all contain'd and verified;
And fashion'd like the God supreme,
Whoe'er in Christ by faith abide,
The' essential holiness they share,
The image of the heavenly bear.

3 Jesus the Lord, Thy nature pure
To us, as capable, impart,
And thus our hallow'd hearts assure
That Thou the true Jehovah art,
And wilt through death our Leader be,
Our God through all eternity.

LI.

Isaiah xlv. 23. I have sworn by MYSELF—that unto Me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.

1 JEHOVAH by Himself hath sworn,
(Jehovah in the' eternal Son,)
All flesh shall to their God return,
And stand arraign'd at Jesus' throne:
When the descending Judge they see,
Before My dread tribunal bow'd,
All shall at last acknowledge Me,
And every tongue confess to God.

2 He could not by a greater swear;
For Jesus is the Lord most high:
And we who trust His oath, prepare
To meet our Saviour in the sky:
We then around His throne shall sing,
Improvers of the' angelic strains,
Jesus the saints' triumphant King
The' almighty God for ever reigns!

LII.

Ephesians iv. 8. When HE ascended up on high HE led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.

Psalm lxviii. 17, 18. The chariots of GOD are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the LORD is among them—THOU hast ascended on high, THOU hast led captivity captive.

1 JESUS, Jehovah, God,
Thou art gone up on high,
Amidst the' angelic multitude
Thy chariots through the sky:

In majesty supreme,
Absolute God confess'd,
Captive Thyself hast taken them
Who all mankind oppress'd.

2 Thou hast in triumph led
Our enemies and Thine,
And more than conqueror display'd
The' omnipotence Divine :
We see them all before
Thy bleeding cross subdued,
And prostrate at Thy feet adore
The One eternal God.

LIII.

Hebrews ix. 20. This is the blood of the TESTAMENT which GOD hath enjoined you.

Ibid. v. 16. Where a TESTAMENT is, there must also of necessity be the DEATH of the TESTATOR.

1 GOD did the testament enjoin,
Which God confirm'd with His own blood :
The Man who did His life resign
Was proper, true, eternal God,
God indivisible, and One,
Jehovah's Fellow, and His Son.

2 The nature, both of God and Man
In Jesus' single person meet,
Never to be disjoin'd again ;
So strict the union and complete,
That what of One is said, is true,
If spoken of the Other too.

LIV.

Revelation v. 9. THOU wast slain, and hast redeemed us to GOD by THY BLOOD.

1 VERY man, and very God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood:
Two distinguish'd natures we
In Thy single person see,
God and man in Thee alone
Mix inseparably One.

2 How could God for sinners die?
How could man the pardon buy?
When Thy human nature bled,
Then the blood Divine was shed,
Blood of Him who was in Thee
God from all eternity.

3 Thou its infinite desert
Didst to Thy own death impart,
Didst impart to Thy own blood
All its prevalence with God:
Such a Saviour us became,
Such we worship in the Lamb!

LV.

Zechariah xii. 4. In that day, saith THE LORD (ver. 10), they shall look on ME whom they have PIERCED.

John xix. 37. They shall look on HIM whom they have PIERCED.

1 IN that day, Jehovah saith,
Sinners shall look on Me,
Me behold with eyes of faith
Transfix'd on *Calvary;*

Jews who nail'd Me to the wood,
Who pierced My feet, and hands, and side,
Literally shall see their God,
Jehovah crucified !

2 Guilty, guilty we confess
Their most atrocious deed,
We by our own wickedness
Have caused our God to bleed :
Who Jehovah's Fellow was,
The Man with God for ever One,
We have fasten'd to the cross
The Father's only Son.

3 But Thou hast fulfill'd Thy word,
We see Thy body torn,
Look on our expiring Lord,
And fall and deeply mourn,
Hear Thine interceding cries,
(Father, My murderers forgive !)
Quicken'd by the sound we rise,
And by Thy death we live.

4 Yet we still indulge our tears
O'er our Redeemer slain,
Where that slaughter'd Lamb appears
We must through life remain,
Pierced with sacred sympathy
Our sorrows mingling with Thy blood,
Till the Lord from heaven we see,
And all fly up to God.

LVI.

Philippians i. 10. That ye may be sincere, and without offence, till the DAY of CHRIST.

2 *Peter* iii. 12. Looking for and hasting to the coming of the DAY of GOD.

1 THE day of Christ, the day of God
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity:
Who did for us His life resign,
There is no other God but One,
For all the plenitude Divine
Resides in the Incarnate Son.

2 Spotless, sincere, without offence
O may we to His day remain,
Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain:
Lord, we believe the promise sure:
The purchased Comforter impart,
Apply Thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure in life and heart.

3 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none the Godhead shall deny,
Thy sovereign majesty blaspheme,
Or count Thee less than the Most High;
When all who Thee their God believe,
Who here Thy last appearing love,
Shall Thy consummate joy receive,
And see Thy glorious face above.

LVII.

Isaiah xl. 10. Behold the LORD GOD will COME—HIS REWARD IS WITH HIM.

Revelation xxii. 12. Behold I COME quickly, and MY REWARD IS WITH ME.

1 Lo the great God will come from high,
And with Him bring His own reward,
Jesus declares Jehovah nigh,
The sovereign God, the' almighty Lord!
Lo, from above I quickly come,
And bring My own reward with Me,
And seal the universal doom,
Which stands to all eternity.

2 True Witness of Thy swift return,
Thy faithful record we receive,
And long on angels' wings upborne
To meet, and see Thy face, and live:
Come quickly, Lord, our hearts reply,
According to Thy word descend
Jehovah glorious from the sky,
And bring the joy that ne'er shall end.

The Divinity of the Holy Ghost.

LVIII.

John iii. 6. That which is BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

1 *John* v. 4. That which is BORN of GOD. [*Gr.*]

1 THE self-same act of grace Divine
  Which in our second birth we prove,
Great God, is an effect of Thine,
  And of Thy Spirit from above:
His constituted witnesses
  To whom He makes the mystery known,
One nature we in Both confess:
  God and the Spirit are but One.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, Thou God most high,
  Thou everlasting Spirit come,
Our faithful hearts to certify,
  And consecrate Thine earthly home:
When Thou hast seal'd Thy bless'd abode,
  Jehovah's mansion we shall be,
A temple of the Triune God;
  For all the Godhead is in Thee.

LIX.

Acts xiii. 2. The HOLY GHOST said, Separate ME Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I HAVE CALLED them.

Hebrews v. 4. No man taketh this honour to himself, but he that is CALLED of GOD.

1 CALL'D by the Holy Ghost alone
The labourers are call'd by God,
One with the Father and the Son
The Spirit hath their grace bestow'd,
Their ministerial honour given,
And sent the messengers of heaven.

2 None but the' almighty Spirit can
Set His own officers apart,
His chosen instruments ordain,
And sinners by their word convert,
While taught of Him they testify,
That Spirit is the Lord most high.

LX.

Matthew ix. 38. PRAY ye therefore the LORD OF THE HARVEST that HE will SEND FORTH labourers into His harvest.

Acts xiii. 4. So they being SENT FORTH BY THE HOLY GHOST.

1 HOLY GHOST, regard our prayers,
Third of the glorious three,
Send forth faithful labourers
To gather souls for Thee:
Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
The harvest is entirely Thine,
Thine the preachers of the word,
The messengers Divine.

2 Move their hearts, and more stir up
Salvation to proclaim,

Bold on every mountain-top
To shout in Jesus' name,
Tidings of great joy to tell,
Of peace obtain'd, and sin forgiven ;
Then, Thy word of grace to seal,
O God, come down from heaven.

LXI.

Luke ii. 16. It was revealed unto him BY THE HOLY GHOST, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

Ibid., ver. 28. And he BLESSED GOD, and said, LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to THY WORD.

1 HOLY GHOST, apply Thy word
And promise to my heart,
Tell me I shall see the Lord,
Before I hence depart :
When my faith the Christ hath seen,
Creator of that inward eye,
Thee I shall acknowledge then,
The Lord and God most high.

2 Spirit of faith, reveal in me
The sure approaching grace,
Then I shall the Deity
Of my Inspirer praise,
Bless my God for ever bless'd,
Glory in salvation given,
Late obtain the promised rest,
And go in peace to heaven.

LXII.

John xiv. 17. He (the SPIRIT of truth) dwelleth with you, and shall be IN YOU.

1 *Corinthians* xiv. 25. GOD is IN YOU of a truth.

1 THE Holy Ghost in part we know,
For *with* us He resides,
Our whole of good to Him we owe
Whom by His grace He guides:
He doth our virtuous thoughts inspire,
The evil He averts,
And every seed of good desire
He planted in our hearts.

2 He whom the world cannot receive,
But fight against His power,
Will come, we steadfastly believe,
In His appointed hour:
He now the future grace reveals,
Bespeaks His mean abode;
And *in* us when the Spirit dwells.
We all are fill'd with God.

LXIII.

John xiv. 20. At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and you in Me, and I in you.

1 WHENE'ER our day of Pentecost
Is fully come, we surely know
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Our God, is manifest below:
The Son doth in the Father dwell,
The Father in His Son imparts
His Spirit of joy unspeakable,
And lives for ever in our hearts.

2 Our hearts are then convinced indeed
That Christ is with the Father One;

The Spirit that doth from Both proceed,
Attests the co-eternal Son;
The Spirit of truth and holiness
Asserts His own Divinity:
And then the orthodox confess
One glorious God in persons three.

LXIV.

2 *Timothy* iii. 16. All scripture is given by INSPIRATION of GOD.

2 *Peter* i. 21. Holy men of God spake as they were MOVED BY the HOLY GHOST.

1 SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst Thine ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts Thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire,
Our God from all eternity,
World without end, we worship Thee.

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is still by inspiration given,
Thou only dost Thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come then, Divine Interpreter,
The scriptures to our hearts apply,
And taught by Thee we God revere,
Him in three persons magnify,
In each the Triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

LXV.

John vi. 45. It is written in the prophets, and they shall be all TAUGHT OF GOD.

1 *Corinthians* ii. 13. Not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the HOLY GHOST TEACHETH.

1 FULFILL'D in us we daily own
The ancient gospel prophecy,
Taught by the Holy Ghost alone,
We all are taught by God most high;
'Tis He instructs us through His grace,
Whate'er the instruments employ'd,
God only claims His people's praise:
Our Teacher is indwelling God.

2 Come Holy Ghost, Thyself reveal,
Spirit of grace and wisdom come,
Thy own Divine instructions seal,
And make our hearts Thy constant home:
When Thou art in Thy saints below,
We serve Thee as the church above,
And all things have, and all things know,
Divinely taught our God to love.

LXVI.

Acts v. 3. Why hath Satan filled thine heart to LIE to the HOLY GHOST?

Ibid. 4. Thou hast not LIED unto men, but unto GOD.

1 WHO to the Holy Spirit lied,
He lied to God, and not to men;
To God that doth in saints reside,
Not in proud infidels profane,
Who His Divinity blaspheme,
And lie against their God supreme.

2 But we have by His unction known
The truth which only God reveals:
There is no other God but One,
Who in us by His Spirit dwells,

And teaches all His witnesses
One God in persons three to praise.

LXVII.

1 *John* v. 24. And hereby we know that HE abideth in us, by THE SPIRIT which He hath given us.

1 GOD, who did the Spirit bestow
That in our hearts resides,
God supreme, hereby we know,
Himself in us abides:
God eternally adored
His Spirit in us is the most high,
Glorious, universal Lord,
That fills both earth and sky.

2 Who the Holy Ghost receive,
The' indwelling Comforter,
We His Deity believe,
And we alone declare:
When He speaks the promise seal'd
In saints His permanent abode,
With Jehovah's Spirit fill'd,
We all are fill'd with God.

LXVIII.

1 *Corinthians* iii. 16. The TEMPLE of GOD is holy, which temple are YE.

1 *Corinthians* vi. 19. Know ye not that YOUR BODIES are the TEMPLE of the HOLY GHOST?

1 WHEN the Spirit Thou bestow'st,
Our indwelling Comforter,
Temples of the Holy Ghost,
We, O God, Thy temples are:

Full of confidence Divine
Feels our heart its heavenly Guest:
Thou art come into Thy shrine:
Here, O God, for ever rest.

2 By His residence below
In this weak corporeal frame,
Thee we with Thy Spirit know
Co-essentially the same:
With Thy Son and Spirit one,
Father, bid Thy temples rise,
Shine, when time its course hath run,
Blaze eternal in the skies.

LXIX.

Matthew iv. 1. Then was Jesus LED up BY THE SPIRIT to be TEMPTED.

Luke xi. 2, 4. OUR FATHER which art in heaven—LEAD us not into TEMPTATION.

1 WHO into temptation led
God's well-beloved Son,
Born to bruise the serpent's head
And tread the tempter down?
Who of final victory
Did the occasion sure afford?
Third of the mysterious three,
That Spirit was the Lord.

2 Born again, and led by Him,
We are the sons of God,
Own His Deity supreme,
And publish Him abroad,

One with God the Son adore,
One with God the Father praise,
Glorious theme, when time is o'er,
Of everlasting lays.

LXX.

2 *Corinthians* i. 3. Blessed be GOD, even the GOD of all COMFORT.

1 GOD of all consolation,
The Holy Ghost Thou art,
Thy secret inspiration
Hath told it to my heart:
The blessing I inherit,
Through Jesus' prayer bestow'd,
The Comforter, the Spirit,
The true eternal God.

2 With God the Son and Saviour,
With God the Father one,
The tokens of His favour
Thou mak'st to sinners known,
An antepast of heaven
Thou dost in me reveal,
Attest my sins forgiven,
And my salvation seal.

3 The' indubitable Witness
Of Thy own Deity,
Thou giv'st my soul its fitness
Thy glorious face to see:
Thy comforts, gifts, and graces
My largest thoughts transcend,
And challenge all my praises,
When faith in sight shall end.

LXXI.

1 *Corinthians* ii. 11. What man knoweth the things of a man, save the SPIRIT of a man which is IN HIM? EVEN SO the things of GOD knoweth none but the SPIRIT OF GOD.

1 THE things and purposes of man
Are seen and understood by none;
None, none without him can explain
His secret thoughts and mind unknown:
The spirit which in the man doth dwell,
Which is the man, alone can tell.

2 The things invisible, Divine,
Search'd out by none but God can be:
Too short or man's or angel's line
To sound the depths of Deity:
The Spirit which in our God doth dwell,
Which is our God, alone can tell.

3 None of a different nature can
A far superior nature know:
Incomprehensible to man
Is God, unless Himself He show,
Unless His heavenly Spirit impart
His light to man's infernal heart.

4 Thou co-essential Spirit, shine,
The things of God in us reveal:
The things of God are only Thine,
Jehovah indivisible,
God with the Father and the Son,
In perfect Unity, come down.

5 Save us for Thy own nature's sake,
And teach by Thy anointing grace,
Possession of Thy creature take,
We then the mind of Christ possess,

We have the true Divinity,
The whole of God reveal'd in Thee.

LXXII.

1 *Corinthians* ii. 11. The THINGS OF GOD knoweth no man. *Ibid.* 14. But the natural man receiveth not the THINGS OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

1 'TWIXT God and His own Spirit we
No difference in the scriptures see,
In personality alone
Distinct, in mind and nature one:
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Adored by His celestial host,
As taught by His unerring word,
We worship, One almighty Lord.

2 But God the Spirit's things are known
By reason's feeble light to none,
Though foolish man would comprehend
What must his nature's powers transcend;
Till God an understanding give,
He cannot savingly believe
His God, or spiritually see
The three in One, and One in three.

LXXIII.

Deuteronomy vi. 16, and *Matthew* iv. 7. Thou shalt not TEMPT the LORD thy GOD.

Acts v. 9. How is it that ye have agreed to TEMPT the SPIRIT of the LORD?

1 THOU shalt not tempt the Lord thy God:
The Lord thy God that Spirit is,
Who hath on man His grace bestow'd;
Whose tender mercies never cease;

But still He doth with sinners stay,
Though grieved and tempted every day.

2 Transgressors of His righteous law
By sin offend His glorious eyes:
By sin we urge Him to withdraw,
And force His lingering wrath to rise,
Till from His face He vows to' expel,
And leave us to our choice in hell.

3 Yet spare us, O Thou God supreme,
Before we fill our measure up,
Thy true Divinity blaspheme,
And quench with Thee our latest hope:
Thy Godhead on the rebels prove,
And conquer us at last by love.

4 Thy living law of love reveal,
And write it in our inward parts,
Thou God of love unsearchable,
Set up Thy kingdom in our hearts,
Thy kingdom in our hearts maintain,
And we shall never sin again.

LXXIV.

Genesis vi. 3. The LORD said, MY SPIRIT shall not always strive with man.

1 JEHOVAH'S Spirit of purest love
Waited in *Noah's* days,
And long the God of patience strove
With that rebellious race:
The same almighty Spirit strives,
And help to us imparts,
Sufficient to reform our lives,
And change our sinful hearts.

2 But if, disdaining to receive,
His proffer'd aid we slight,
His goodness obstinately grieve,
And do our God despite;
His patience will not always last
To those that brave His power:
And when our gracious day is past,
He strives with us no more.

3 But let us to our God return
Most pitiful, most high,
For mercy at His footstool mourn,
For farther respite cry:
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
And strive again with me,
Nor cast a wretched soul away
That has rejected Thee.

4 Though late, I yield me to Thy will,
With free, entire consent;
Thy pleasure, Lord, in me fulfil
A pardon'd penitent:
So shall I publish Thee abroad
Jehovah from above,
The only, true, eternal God
Of everlasting love.

LXXV.

Luke xi. 20. If I with the FINGER of GOD cast out devils.
Matthew xii. 28. If I cast out devils by the SPIRIT of GOD.

THE Finger of our God most high,
The' immediate power, the Spirit, expell'd,
And forced the trembling fiends to fly,
And all the hosts of darkness quell'd,

The Spirit's act, His people we
The act of God Himself confess,
And One eternal Deity
In Three co-equal persons bless.

LXXVI.

Ezekiel viii. 1, 3. The hand of the LORD GOD fell there upon me—And HE put forth the form of an hand, and took me by a lock of mine head, and the SPIRIT lifted me up.

1 JEHOVAH, God and Lord
Of all in earth and sky,
Arrests the servant of His word,
And lifts him up on high:
The Spirit lifts him up:
The Lord of Hosts is He,
Sole Object of our faith and hope,
God from eternity.

2 He is our God alone,
All others we disclaim,
One with the Father and the Son,
Essentially the same:
He His whole church shall raise
To glorious joys above,
And bless us in that heavenly place,
And crown us with His love.

LXXVII.

Acts iv. 24, 25. LORD, Thou art GOD which hast made heaven and earth—WHO by the mouth of Thy servant DAVID—hast said, &c.

Acts i. 16. This scripture must have needs been fulfilled which the HOLY GHOST by the mouth of DAVID spake.

1 THE Lord who did by *David* speak,
Our sovereign Lord we own,
Refuge in Him alone we seek,
We trust in Him alone:
The heavens and earth, and sea, He made,
And all which they contain,
And doth by His continual aid
His universe sustain.

2 Inspirer of the sacred Book,
His own authentic word,
The Holy Ghost by *David* spoke
Our sovereign God and Lord:
His true Divinity express'd,
His majesty and power,
By all the saints of God confess'd,
We worship evermore.

LXXVIII.

Luke i. 68–70. The LORD GOD of Israel—spake by the mouth of His holy prophets since the world began.

Acts xxviii. 25. Well SPAKE the HOLY GHOST by Esaias the prophet, &c.

1 ISRAEL'S Lord and God supreme
Spake by His messengers,
Moved to testify of Him
The old enraptured seers:
Prophets, since the world began,
The Holy Ghost inspired to tell
His Divinity to man,
And all His mind reveal.

2 Well the Holy Ghost, the Lord,
Did by *Esaias* say,
Israel would reject His word,
His counsel disobey:
All alike reject Him now,
Who *Israel's* God the Spirit deny,
Will not to Jehovah bow,
Or own Him the Most High.

LXXIX.

Psalm cxxxix. 7. Whither shall I go from THY SPIRIT? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, THOU art there, &c.

1 WHITHER shall a creature run?
From Jehovah's Spirit fly?
How Jehovah's presence shun,
Screen'd from His all-seeing eye?
Holy Ghost, before Thy face,
Where shall I myself conceal?
Thou art God in every place,
God incomprehensible.

2 If to heaven I take my flight,
With beatitude unknown,
Filling all the realms of light,
There Thou sittest on Thy throne!
If to hell I could retire,
Gloomy pit of endless pains,
There is the consuming fire,
There almighty Vengeance reigns.

3 If the morning's wings I gain,
Fly to earth's remotest bound,
Could I hid from Thee remain,
In a world of waters drown'd?

Leaving lands and seas behind,
Could I the Omniscient leave?
There Thy quicker hand would find,
There arrest Thy fugitive.

4 Cover'd by the darkest shade,
Should I hope to lurk unknown,
By a sudden light bewray'd,
By an uncreated sun,
Naked at the noon of night
Should I not to Thee appear,
Forced to' acknowledge in Thy sight
God is light, and God is here!

LXXX.

Luke i. 32. He shall be called the SON of the HIGHEST. Verse 35. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the HIGHEST shall overshadow thee, THEREFORE also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of GOD.

1 WHY is He call'd, that Man adored,
The Son of the Most High?
The Holy Ghost, the' almighty Lord
Descended from the sky:
The Holy Ghost our God supreme
We hence are bold to own,
For Christ, as Man begot by Him,
Is God's eternal Son.

2 Come, Thou eternal Spirit of God,
God over all confess'd,
Diffuse Thy heavenly love abroad
In a poor sinner's breast:

Then shall I constantly maintain
That Thou the Highest art,
When Jesus is conceived again
In my believing heart.

LXXXI.

Isaiah vi. 5. Mine eyes have seen the LORD of HOSTS——Also I heard the voice of the LORD saying, Go and tell this people, &c.

Acts xxviii. 26, 27. Well SPAKE THE HOLY GHOST by Esaias the prophet, saying, Go unto this, &c.

1 WHAT by the Lord of Hosts was said,
Was by the Holy Ghost declared:
In majesty supreme array'd
The true Jehovah we regard,
And absolute Divinity
Ascribe, eternal Spirit, to Thee.

2 We that amidst a people dwell
Of harden'd hearts, and lips unclean,
Who see, and hear, yet will not feel,
Or know that blasphemy is sin,
But still Thy Deity deny,
And speak against the Lord most high.

3 Their eyes against the light they close,
Their ears they stop against the word,
Their own felicity oppose,
Opposing Thee, the' almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost came down from heaven
To certify their sins forgiven.

4 The Spirit of a healthful mind
Freely they might in Thee receive,
The cure of all their evils find;
But will not own their God and live,

Till in their sins they die unheal'd,
And find their sure damnation seal'd.

LXXXII.

Matthew xix. 17. There is none GOOD but ONE, that is, GOD.

1 FOR One all-perfect God we plead,
One only God is good indeed;
Good with a goodness of His own,
There is, there can be only One,
The God who built both earth and sky,
The Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high.

2 But we Thy mind have understood
Declaring that "Thy Spirit is good:"*
The sovereign Lord of Hosts is He,
Father, in unity with Thee,
In unity with Christ Thy Son,
The Holy Ghost is God alone.

3 Good incommunicated, pure,
Which must eternally endure,
Essential, absolute, Divine,
Spirit of holiness, is Thine:
Goodness itself, we know, Thou art,
Reveal'd with Jesus to our heart.

LXXXIII.

Matthew iii. 16. The Spirit OF God.

1 THE spirit of man is man indeed,
The Spirit of God is truly God:
No other than Himself we need
Who hath on man Himself bestow'd,
To us the Holy Ghost imparts,
And thus resides in all our hearts.

* Psalm cxliii. 10: *Thy Spirit is good.* [Heb. *Goodness.*]

2 Who have with faith Divine believed,
In every age, and every place,
Have, like the saints of old, received
God in the Spirit of His grace,
And surely felt, and fully known,
God and His Spirit for ever One.

LXXXIV.

Judges xv. 14. The Spirit OF the LORD [Jehovah, *Heb.*] CAME mightily upon him.

Ibid. xvi. 20. The LORD [Jehovah] DEPARTED from him.

1 THE Spirit of Jehovah came,
And brought the mighty man his might:
But when consenting to his shame,
He did to the good Spirit despite,
Jehovah did from him depart,
And left a weak divided heart.

2 Spirit of God, Jehovah come,
And rest with all Thy power on me,
Enter and keep Thy constant home,
Spirit of love and purity,
So shall I worthily adore,
And force Thee to depart no more.

LXXXV.

Hebrews ii. 4. GOD also bearing them witness with—gifts of the Holy Ghost according to His OWN will.

1 IF subject to Another's will
The Spirit we confess,
The everlasting Spirit still
Nor greater is, nor less;

Who from the Son and Father came,
He is on us bestow'd,
Another person, yet the same
Supreme almighty God.

2 Father and Son for ever join
On sinners to confer
Blessings miraculous Divine,
With God the Comforter:
The Holy Ghost distributes still,
And showers His blessings down,
According to Jehovah's will,
According to His own.

LXXXVI.

Romans viii. 26. The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us.

HELPER of our infirmity,
The Spirit vouchsafes for us to plead:
One person in the glorious Three
Doth with Another intercede:
The Spirit is sent, pour'd out, and given
Both by the Father and the Son,
And God come down from God in heaven
Prepares, and lifts us to His throne.

The *Plurality* and *Trinity* of *Persons*.

LXXXVII.

Genesis i. 26. And GOD said, Let US make man in OUR image, after OUR likeness.

1 HAIL, Father, Son, and Spirit, great
Before the birth of time,
Enthroned in everlasting state
JEHOVAH ELOHIM!
A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in persons three,
And Three in nature One.

2 From Thee our being we receive
The creatures of Thy grace,
And raised out of the earth we live
To sing our Maker's praise:
Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan,
And all the glorious persons join'd
To form Thy favourite, man.

3 Again Thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruin'd work restore,
Establish'd in our first estate
To forfeit it no more:

And when we rise in love renew'd,
Our souls resemble Thee,
An image of the Triune God
To all eternity.

LXXXVIII.

Genesis iii. 22. And the LORD GOD said, Behold the man is become like ONE OF US.

1 Lo, like one of Us the man
Is daringly become,
To himself with effort vain
Doth Deity assume,
Claims a knowledge of his own,
And boldly with his Maker vies:
Is Jehovah wise alone?
The *creature* too is wise.

2 Absolute, as one he were
Of the mysterious three,
Fallen man aspires to share
Our independency:
Now he good and evil knows,
As all by right Divine were his,
All unto himself he owes,
His own sufficient bliss.

LXXXIX.

Genesis xi. 6, 7. And the LORD said, Let Us go down, and there confound their language.

1 LET *Us*, saith the Lord, descend,
Let *Us* their designs confound,
Bring them to a shameful end,
Cast their castles to the ground;

Rebels, who the Three in One
Dare with learned pride deny,
By a *Babel* of their own
Confident to reach the sky.

2 Be it so, Thou glorious God,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Able to abase the proud
Come with all Thy majesty:
Men who *Arian* blasphemies
Dare the *scripture-doctrine* name,
Let their dire delusion cease,
Sink to hell from whence it came.

XC.

Isaiah vi. 8. I heard the voice of the LORD saying, Whom shall I send, and who shall go for Us?

WHO Jehovah's mind hath known?
Who His counsellor can be?
God requires advice of none,
One inexplicable Three,
He Himself His council makes,
All the glorious persons join,
Each the Deity partakes,
Each is properly Divine.

XCI.

Genesis xx. 13. And it came to pass, when GOD caused me to wander from my father's house. [*Heb.* God *they* caused me to wander.]

1 GOD, the' eternal persons three
They caused him to rove:
They have now excited me
To seek the land above:

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My God through life's tempestuous wave,
Guide me to that heavenly coast,
And there for ever save.

XCII.

Genesis xxxv. 6. There GOD appeared unto him. [*Heb.* God *they* appeared, or *were* revealed to him.]

1 GOD *were* manifested there,
There reveal'd to man They *were!*
Jacob saw the mystic Three,
One eternal Deity.

2 We by faith behold Him too,
Whom the seers and patriarchs knew,
Hail Jehovah on His throne,
One in Three, and Three in One.

3 Thee we sing, almighty Lord,
By the church on earth adored,
Worshipp'd by the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4 Glorious, Triune God of love,
Show us all, Thy face above,
Then we shall our voices raise,
Triumph in Thine endless praise.

XCIII.

Deuteronomy iv. 7. What nation is there so great, that hath God so *nigh* unto them? [*Heb.* God who *are* so nigh.

1 WHAT nation is so high
As we that Christ hath known,
And in Jehovah glorify
The' eternal Three in One?

Lord of the heavenly powers
We see Him always here:
Who have so great a God as ours,
A God that *are* so near!

2 Our souls the Father keeps,
And will not quit His hold;
And *Israel's* Shepherd never sleeps,
But watches o'er His fold;
Till time and nature ends,
With us the Spirit abides,
And the whole Trinity attends,
Our everlasting *Guides*.

XCIV.

Psalm lviii. 12. Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth. [*Heb.* a God who *are judging* in the earth.]

1 THERE is a God we truly call
Three persons equally Divine,
Who in the earth *are* judging all,
Who *doth* to each his doom assign,
Vengeance to those that slight His grace,
Reward to those that seek His face.

2 The Father sits and judges right,
The Judge of all is Christ His Son,
The Spirit of resistless might
Casts earthly powers and kingdoms down,
When as a judging Spirit He comes,
And breathes, and Antichrist consumes.

XCV.

2 *Samuel* vii. 23. Even like Israel, whom God *went* to redeem. [*Heb.* God *they* went.]

1 God *they* went, the persons Three,
His *Israel* to redeem;
Still the glorious Trinity
In majesty supreme,
Listening to our plaintive groan,
Afflicted with our misery,
Comes to make His wonders known,
And set His people free.

2 God hath *Israel* visited;
His Son the Father gave;
Jesus came, and freely shed
His blood our souls to save:
Comes the Spirit into our hearts,
Our guilty burden to remove,
Peace the Comforter imparts
And liberty and love.

XCVI.

Malachi i. 6. If I be a MASTER, [*Heb.* MASTERS] where is My fear?

Our Lord the Father is, the Son
Our Lord, our Lord the Spirit we bless,
Equal in majesty, and One
Great God in persons three confess:
Each self-existing person lives
The fear of every faithful soul,
And the same praise from all receives,
Long as eternal ages roll.

XCVII.

Ecclesiastes xii. 1. Remember thy CREATOR [*Heb.* CREATORS] in the days of thy youth.

1 REMEMBER thy Creators, God
In persons three confess'd,
Who raised thee up a breathing clod,
And with His name impress'd:
The persons three in council join'd
To make His earth-born son:
And, stamp'd with His immortal mind,
He claims thee for His own.

2 He challenges thy youthful days
Who did thy being give:
Created for His only praise,
For Him rejoice to live;
Transcript of holiness Divine,
The Triune God proclaim,
And spirit, and soul, and flesh resign
To glorify His name.

XCVIII.

Proverbs ix. 10. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the HOLY ONES is understanding.

1 THE wisdom own'd by all Thy sons,
To me, O God, impart,
The knowledge of the Holy Ones,
The understanding heart:
Thy name, O holy Father, tell
To one who would believe,
To me Thy holy Son reveal,
Thy holy Spirit give.

2 'Tis life, eternal life to know
The heavenly persons mine;
Father, and Son, and Spirit, bestow
That precious faith Divine:
A Trinity in Unity
My soul shall then adore,
And love, and praise, and worship Thee
Jehovah evermore.

XCIX.

Daniel iv. 26. And whereas THEY commanded to leave the stump of the tree, roots, &c.

1 "LEAVE the stump and roots behind"
A heavenly Watcher cried!
But by *their* command we find
The number multiplied:
One pronounces the decree;
A Watcher, and an Holy One,
Watchers, Holy Ones is He,
Who His strange work hath done.

2 God from hence, the God supreme
We One and Many know:
Every act that flows from Him
Doth from Three persons flow:
Spoke by three is every word:
And prostrate at Thy throne of grace,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Triune God we praise.

C.

Daniel v. 18. The most high GOD gave to Nebuchadnezzar a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour.

Verse 20. And THEY took his glory from him.

1 HIS kingdom was the gift of God,
His glory the Most High bestow'd;
And the proud monarch to rebuke,
They, *They* from him the glory took,
The three inexplicably One
Concurr'd to cast him from his throne.

2 Our God, whom One in Three we praise,
Can still the arrogant abase,
Can vindicate His truth denied
By all the towering sons of pride,
And bring them down with beasts to dwell,
Or level with the fiends of hell.

CI.

Psalm xxxiii. 6. By the WORD of the LORD were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath [*Heb.* SPIRIT] of His mouth.

1 JEHOVAH the almighty Lord,
Father of Jesus Christ, and ours,
The heavens created by His *Word*,
And by His *Breath* the heavenly powers:
And that essential Spirit Divine
Whom Jesus breathes into His own,
Doth in the new creation join
With God and His eternal Son.

2 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be equal adoration given,
Maker of the celestial host,
Maker of the new earth and heaven!

Joint-Authors of our glorious bliss
We soon shall sing the Three in One,
And God beholding as He is
For ever shout around His throne.

CII.

Isaiah xlviii. 16. And now the LORD GOD, and His SPIRIT hath sent ME.

1 JEHOVAH is but One
Eternal God and true;
The Father sent the Son,
His Spirit sent Him too,
The everlasting Spirit fill'd,
And Jesus our salvation seal'd.

2 Senders and Sent we praise,
With equal thanks approve
The' economy of grace,
The Triune God of love,
And humbly prostrated before
The One thrice holy God, adore!

CIII.

Isaiah xxxiv. 16. Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read—for MY mouth it hath commanded, and HIS SPIRIT it hath gathered them.

READ all and understand
The' essential Three in One,
My mouth hath utter'd the command,
His Spirit it hath done,
Hath gather'd by His call
The vultures to their prey,
To execute My wrath on all
In that vindictive day.

CIV.

Numbers vi. 24, &c.

The LORD bless thee and keep thee :
The LORD make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee :
The LORD lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

1 JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And Thy own work defend,
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end :
Preserve the creatures of Thy love,
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above
To sing Thy goodness there.

2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of Thy face,
And all Thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace :
Shine forth with all the Deity
Which dwells in Thee alone,
And lift us up Thy face to see
On Thine eternal throne.

3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show,
With bliss ineffable Divine
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow ;
Sure earnest of the happiness
Which human thought transcends,
Be Thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

4 Thy blessing, grace, and peace we claim,
Great God in persons three,
The incommunicable name
Ascribing now to Thee:
We soon shall join that harping host,
And sing, Thy saints among,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The new, eternal song.

CV.

Matthew xxviii. 19. Baptizing them in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST.

1 BAPTIZED into one only name,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One nature we in three proclaim,
One God for our salvation trust:
One God eternally abides,
One undivided Trinity,
And the whole Deity resides
In each of the mysterious three.

2 Each person properly Divine,
Co-equal in majestic power,
With all His heavenly host we join
The great Jehovah to adore:
And worshipping the Triune God
In confidence of humble love,
We soon shall reach His bright abode,
And see His open face above.

CVI.

2 *Thessalonians* iii. 5. The LORD direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patience of CHRIST.

COME Holy Ghost, Thou Lord most high,
The veil of unbelief remove,
And in us Abba Father cry,
And lead our hearts into His love;
Our hearts into His patience lead
Whose blood hath wash'd our sins away,
And perfected like Christ our Head,
Seal and preserve us to that day.

CVII.

2 *Corinthians* xiii. 14. The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD, and the communion of the HOLY GHOST be with you all.

1 THE grace of Jesus Christ our Lord
Through all eternity adored,
The Father's love to us be given,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,
His endless benefits impart,
And dwell in every faithful heart.

2 Bless'd be the sacred Three in One!
We make Jehovah's glory known,
Their equal majesty confess;
No person greater is, or less,
None after Other, or before,
But the same God for evermore.

CVIII.

1 *John* v. 7. There are THREE that bear record in heaven, the FATHER, the WORD, and the HOLY GHOST: and these THREE are ONE.

1 THE heavenly three their record bear,
The Father, Word, and Holy Ghost,
Each doth to us of Christ declare,
That, Lord of the celestial host,
He came by water and by blood,
The very and eternal God.

2 The Father owns Him from the skies,
"This is My well-beloved Son!"
Still of Himself He testifies,
The faithful Witness on His throne,
Jehovah's attributes and names
Jesus, the Lord Almighty claims.

3 The Spirit testifies of Him,
And gives us faithfully to call
Jesus, the Lord and God supreme,
Whose streaming blood hath ransom'd all:
That blood the Spirit of Christ applies,
That blood of God who never dies.

4 The Father, Son, and Spirit agree
To make the truth of Godhead known:
The heavenly Witnesses are three,
In will and testimony One;
One God in nature and in power
World without end His saints adore.

CIX.

Isaiah vi. 3. One cried unto another, and said, HOLY, HOLY, HOLY IS the LORD OF HOSTS.—See also *Revelation* iv. 8.

1 HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know,
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy church below!
One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim:
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious name.

2 Thee, holy Father, we confess,
Thee, holy Son, adore,
Thee, Spirit of true holiness,
We worship evermore:
Thine incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive,
Which angel-choirs and saints in light
And saints embodied give.

3 Three persons equally Divine
We magnify and love:
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing Thy praise above:
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One adored
In co-eternal Three.

The Trinity in Unity.

CX.

Psalm xxxiii. 6. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the Spirit of His mouth.

Isaiah xliv. 28. I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth abroad the heavens ALONE, that spreadeth forth the earth BY MYSELF.

1 THE Lord, and the eternal Word
We our Creator see,
The Spirit of His mouth concurr'd
And gave the worlds to be:
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
God in three persons One,
Created that celestial host,
And made our earth alone.

2 "I by Myself the heavens expand,
And spread the earth abroad!"
All things sprang forth at the command
Of One almighty God:
That One almighty God, Thou art
The glorious Trinity;
Make known the secret to my heart,
Reveal Thy love in me.

CXI.

Deuteronomy vi. 4. The Lord our God is ONE JEHOVAH.

Psalm lxxxiii. 18. Thou whose name ALONE is JEHOVAH art the most high over all the earth.

Jeremiah xxiii. 6. This is the name whereby He shall be called, JEHOVAH our righteousness.

Ezekiel viii. 1, 3. The Lord JEHOVAH took me, the SPIRIT lifted me up, &c.

1 THE Lord our God is only One,
One is Jehovah the most high:
Jehovah is His name alone,
Who made and fills both earth and sky:
Jehovah is the Saviour's name;
Jehovah is the Spirit's too:
And Three essentially the same
Is the eternal God and true.

2 The name peculiarly Divine
Which doth His nature best express,
To the three persons we assign,
And each substantial God confess:
Rivals of His celestial host
We triumph here like those above,
And Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The One supreme Jehovah love.

CXII.

Romans x. 12. The same LORD over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.

Luke ii. 11. A Saviour which is Christ the LORD.

Romans xi. 34. Who hath known the mind of the LORD?

Isaiah xl. 13. Who hath directed the SPIRIT of the Lord?

THE Trinity in Unity
Is by the church adored,
Which each of the mysterious three
Acknowledges for Lord;
We all the Lord our Father bless,
The Lord our Saviour own,
The Lord the Spirit we confess,
For ever Three in One.

CXIII.

Matthew xv. 31. The multitude glorified the God of Israel.

Luke i. 16, 17. The children of Israel shall be turned to the Lord THEIR GOD: and he shall go before HIM.

2 *Samuel* xxiii. 2, 3. The SPIRIT of the Lord spake by me —the GOD of Israel said.

1 ISRAEL the Father calls His son,
And Jesus is the Lord their God,
The Spirit claims them for His own,
On whom His prophets He bestow'd,
The Spirit who by *David* spoke
The word He never will revoke.

2 Each person of the mystic three
The God of *Israel* we adore,
As was, and is, and still shall be,
When time and nature are no more:
The Triune God we then shall praise
In glorious, everlasting lays.

CXIV.

Romans vii. 25. I myself serve the LAW of GOD.

Galatians vi. 2. Fulfil the LAW of CHRIST.

Romans viii. 2. The LAW of the Spirit of life.

James iv. 12. There is ONE LAWGIVER who is able to save and to destroy.

1 WE the Father's law receive,
The law of Christ fulfil,
Keep the Spirit's law, and live
According to His will;
Live to make the mystery known,
And testify, from sin set free,
God our Lawgiver is one,
But one in persons three.

2 Shall we then with sin comply,
Against our God rebel,
His authority defy
Who can destroy in hell?
He that doth to sin give way,
The glorious Trinity offends,
Treasures up against that day
The wrath which never ends.

CXV.

Deuteronomy vi. 16. Thou shalt not TEMPT the LORD thy God.

1 *Corinthians* x. 9. Neither let us TEMPT CHRIST.

Acts v. 9. How is it that ye have agreed together to TEMPT the SPIRIT of the Lord?

THEY tempt the Lord most high,
Whoe'er transgress His word;
The Father and the Son they try,
And Spirit of the Lord;

They 'gainst the One in Three
Rebellious arms employ,
Provoke their God to jealousy,
And tempt Him to destroy.

CXVI.

1 *Corinthians* ii. 16. Who hath known the MIND of the LORD?

Ibid. We have the MIND of CHRIST.

Romans viii. 27. He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the MIND of the SPIRIT.

WHO know the thing by God design'd
To us the mind of Christ is known,
To us is known the Spirit's mind
One with the Father and the Son,
The counsel of the Trinity
Infallibly reveal'd we have,
And witness that the heavenly three
Are ready all mankind to save.

CXVII.

1 *Thessalonians* iv. 3. This is the WILL of GOD.

Acts xxii. 14. The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldst know HIS WILL.

2 *Peter* i. 21. Prophecy came not in old time by the WILL of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the HOLY GHOST.

1 THE will of God is Jesus' will
Electing *Paul*, his Lord to see,
To know His counsel, and fulfil
A glorious, gospel ministry:

The will of God the Spirit's is,
Who moved the holy men of old,
By them proclaim'd approaching peace,
And all good things in Christ foretold.

2 Father, and Son, and Spirit join
To make the joyful secret known,
The love unsearchable, Divine,
Of One in Three, and Three in One:
This is the counsel of His grace,
That Him we here by faith should see,
Should see above His glorious face,
And gaze to all eternity.

CXVIII.

Ephesians iii. 7. The grace of GOD given unto me by the effectual working of HIS POWER.

2 *Corinthians* xii. 9. That the POWER of CHRIST may rest upon me.

Romans xv. 19. Signs and wonders by the POWER of the SPIRIT of God.

1 GOD whom we in Christ adore,
Wonders wrought by Jesus' name;
By His own effectual power
Christ Himself perform'd the same:
The same miracles of grace
By the Holy Ghost were done;
Teaching us our God to praise,
One in Three and Three in One.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
One almighty God most high,
One in persons three adored,
Thee we laud and magnify;

Still the Triune God we praise,
Till around Thy throne we meet,
Heighten the seraphic lays,
Make the harmony complete.

CXIX.

Romans xvi. 25, 26. The mystery—made manifest according to the commandment of the EVERLASTING GOD.

Revelation xxii. 13. I am the FIRST and the LAST.

Hebrews ix. 14. —who through the ETERNAL SPIRIT.

1 THE everlasting Father bless,
The everlasting God commend,
The everlasting Spirit confess,
Who neither can begin nor end,
Equal in power and majesty
One God reveal'd in persons three.

2 Not three eternals we adore,
But One eternal God most high,
Him whom the angels fall before,
And Holy, holy, holy cry,
Him who to man His name imparts,
And lives in all believing hearts.

CXX.

John vii. 28. He that sent Me is TRUE.

Revelation iii. 7. These things saith He that is TRUE, He that hath the key of David.

1 *John* v. 6. The Spirit is TRUTH.

WHO sent the Son is true;
True is the Son that came;
True is the Spirit too,
Conferr'd in Jesus' name:

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Essential truth we own,
And prostrate with His heavenly host
Adore the Three in One.

CXXI.

Revelation xv. 4. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord? for THOU ONLY art HOLY.

Acts iii. 14. Ye denied THE HOLY ONE.

1 *John* ii. 20. Ye have an unction from THE HOLY ONE.

1 HOLY is our God alone,
God the Father and the Son,
Holy we the Spirit esteem
God omnipotent, supreme,
Manifest in persons three,
God through all eternity.

2 In each person we revere
God's authentic character;
Praise in each the Holy One
Bright on His eternal throne,
The great God we glorify,
Bless the name of the Most High.

3 God by nature we confess
Pure essential holiness:
God inhabiting the heart
All our holiness Thou art,
Thou art here to sinners given,
All our holiness in heaven.

CXXII.

Jeremiah xxiii. 24. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the LORD.

Ephesians i. 22. The fulness of HIM that filleth all in all.

Psalm cxxxix. 7, 8. Whither shall I go then from Thy SPIRIT? If I go up into heaven, THOU art there; if I go down into hell, THOU art there also.

1 FATHER, Thy glory we confess,
Accept the sacrifice of praise
By all Thy people given;
Thy presence to our faith appears,
Thy beatific presence cheers,
And fills both earth and heaven.

2 Supreme in majesty and power
Thee, Jesus, Thee Thy saints adore,
Jehovah's Fellow call,
Thy heavenly Person we esteem
The glorious plenitude of Him
That filleth all in all.

3 Spirit of uncreated Light,
How shall we 'scape Thy piercing sight,
Or whither shall we go?
The God of vengeance or of love,
Thy presence fills the realms above,
And the abyss below.

4 Great omnipresent One in Three,
Absorb'd in Thine immensity
Thy worshippers receive,
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Contemplating Thy blissful face
Eternally to live.

CXXIII.

Deuteronomy xxx. 20. Love the LORD thy GOD, for HE is thy LIFE.
Colossians iii. 4. When CHRIST who is OUR LIFE shall appear.
Romans viii. 10. The SPIRIT is LIFE.

1 HE is our Life, the Lord our God:
Our Father's love we find,
Who being graciously bestow'd
On us, and all mankind:
Jesus our Life alike we own,
Our Life eternal here
Conceal'd, and by the world unknown;
But He shall soon appear.

2 The Spirit is Life, we know and feel
Who life to us imparts;
And God doth in three persons dwell
For ever in our hearts:
Our Life is One: a Trinity
In Unity we love,
And gladly die from earth, to see
His face unveil'd above.

CXXIV.

Psalm c. 3. The LORD He is GOD, it is HE that hath MADE US.
John i. 3. By HIM were ALL THINGS MADE.
Job xxxiii. 4. The SPIRIT of GOD hath MADE me.

BY the Father, and the Son,
And blessed Spirit made,
God in persons three we own,
And hang upon His aid:
Reason asks, How can it be?
But who by simple faith embrace,
We shall know the mystery,
And see Him face to face.

CXXV.

John v. 21. The Father RAISETH up the dead, and QUICKENETH them.

Ibid. Even so the SON QUICKENETH whom He will.

Ibid. vi. 63. It is the SPIRIT that QUICKENETH.

1 FOUNTAIN of life Divine
The Three in One we know,
The Father, Son, and Spirit join
To quicken all below;
Each person of the three
The breath of lives inspires;
And then we rise our God to see,
And do what He requires.

2 Spiritual life to' impart
The Father's power we feel;
The Son doth the same power exert
And quickens whom He will:
The quickening Spirit stirs
Infusing His own grace;
And the whole Trinity concurs,
Me from the dead to raise.

CXXVI.

John vi. 45. They shall all be TAUGHT of GOD.

Galatians i. 12. Neither was I TAUGHT it but by the revelation of JESUS CHRIST.

John xiv. 26. The Comforter the Holy SPIRIT will TEACH you all things.

1 GOD our Teacher we embrace;
He His will to man reveals:
Every lesson of His grace
Father, Son, and Spirit seals:

Truth the God of truth imparts;
Our Instructer from above
Writes His law upon our hearts,
Law of liberty and love.

2 He makes known the mystery,
Gives us simply to believe
Three are One, and One is Three,
Whom our faithful hearts receive;
There He sheds His love abroad;
Then beyond conception bless'd,
Image of the Triune God,
We like Him for ever rest.

CXXVII.

1 *John* i. 3. Truly our FELLOWSHIP is with the FATHER.

Ibid. And with His Son JESUS CHRIST.

2 *Corinthians* xiii. 14. The FELLOWSHIP of the HOLY GHOST be with you all.

1 OUR fellowship, who Christ profess,
Is with the Father and the Son,
And Spirit of true holiness;
In person three, in nature one,
One undivided God we know,
And walk, and talk with God below.

2 Who intimate communion feel
With God our Guide and Bosom-Friend,
He doth to us the secret tell
Which reason could not comprehend,
And three unutterably one
He dwells in all His saints alone.

CXXVIII.

1 *Corinthians* xiv. 25. GOD is IN YOU of a truth.
2 *Corinthians* xiii. 5. CHRIST is IN YOU.
John xiv. 17. The SPIRIT dwelleth with you, and shall be IN YOU.

GOD of a truth in us resides,
Christ is in us both felt and known,
In us the Holy Ghost abides:
Not three indwelling Gods, but one,
One true essential Deity
For ever one in persons three.

CXXIX.

2 *Corinthians* vi. 16. GOD hath said, I will DWELL in them.
Ephesians iii. 17. That CHRIST may DWELL in your hearts.
Romans viii. 11. His SPIRIT that DWELLETH in you.

THE Father, Son, and Spirit dwell
By faith in all His saints below,
And then in love unspeakable
The glorious Trinity we know
Created after God to shine,
Fill'd with the plenitude Divine.

CXXX.

Philippians iii. 15. GOD shall REVEAL even this unto you.
Galatians i. 12. Neither was I taught it, but by the REVELATION of JESUS CHRIST.
Luke ii. 26. It was REVEALED unto him by the HOLY GHOST.

1 GOD the Father His whole will
Doth to sinful man reveal,
God the co-eternal Son
Makes His heavenly counsel known,
All the mysteries of grace
God the Holy Ghost displays.

2 One revealing Deity
We confess in persons three,
Guide of His enlighten'd sons,
Teacher of the simple ones:
Lord, to Thee our souls we bow—
Speak, Thy servants hearken now!

CXXXI.

Hebrews i. 1. GOD who SPAKE unto the fathers by the prophets.

2 *Corinthians* xiii. 3. Ye seek a proof of CHRIST SPEAKING in me.

Mark xiii. 11. It is not ye that SPEAK, but the HOLY GHOST.

IF of the truth a proof ye seek
(The truth ye never can explain),
Hear Father, Son, and Spirit speak
One God oracular in man;
Thus saith the Lord, thus saith the Son,
Thus saith the Spirit to all that hear,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Ye saints, eternally revere.

CXXXII.

1 *Corinthians* vi. 14. GOD hath both RAISED UP the Lord, and will also raise us up by His OWN POWER.

John ii. 19. Destroy this temple, and in three days I WILL RAISE IT UP.

1 *Peter* iii. 18. Christ—being put to death in the flesh, but QUICKENED by the SPIRIT.

1 THE breathless body of our Lord
Which once for sinners bled,
The blessed Trinity concurr'd
To raise it from the dead:

The Father did His Son restore
Uplifting from the grave,
And by His own effectual power
Life to Himself He gave.

2 The Spirit quickening Him, again
His soul and body join'd;
And lo, in that immortal Man
The Triune God we find:
Each of the three is God alone,
The One almighty Lord,
One from eternity, and One
World without end adored.

CXXXIII.

Isaiah xlviii. 17. I am the LORD thy GOD, which LEADETH thee by the way that thou shouldst go.

John x. 3. He calleth his own sheep by name, and LEADETH them out.

Romans viii. 14. As many as are LED by the SPIRIT of GOD, they are the sons of God.

1 O FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Conductor of the blood-bought host,
The faithful *Israelites* indeed,
Us, if aright Thy name we know,
Lead by the way that we should go,
In all the paths of justice lead.

2 Stay with us, Lord, our Guide unseen;
Shepherd of souls, in pastures green
Bring forth Thy flock, and feed, and guard;
Spirit of love, the chosen race
Prepare with all Thy hallowing grace,
And lead us to a full reward.

CXXXIV.

2 *Corinthians* iii. 5, 6. Our sufficiency is of GOD, who hath MADE us able MINISTERS.

1 *Timothy* i. 12. JESUS CHRIST—counted me faithful, PUTTING me into the MINISTRY.

Acts v. 28. Take heed therefore to all the flock, over which the HOLY GHOST hath MADE you OVERSEERS.

1 THE Father and the Son
And Spirit are but one,
Essence one in persons three,
God appoints His servants here,
Gives us our sufficiency,
Makes the able minister.

2 The Father we proclaim,
Sent forth in Jesus' name;
Us our heavenly Father sent;
Christ our dispensation gave,
Furnish'd every instrument
Dear immortal souls to save.

3 The Spirit His love imparts,
And consecrates our hearts,
Makes us overlook the sheep;
Sure He will our toil repay,
Kept by Him His church we keep,
Watch and teach them night and day.

4 We teach the mystery
Of God both one and three:
God Himself both three and one
Our Divine commission seals,
Comes in attestation down,
In His church for ever dwells.

CXXXV.

Jude 1. To them that are SANCTIFIED by GOD the FATHER.

Hebrews ii. 11. HE that SANCTIFIETH and they who are sanctified are all of one.

Romans xv. 16. Being SANCTIFIED by the HOLY GHOST.

1 THE Father and Son And Spirit we praise,
Three persons in one, The God of all grace,
Whose joint operation The children and heirs
By present salvation For glory prepares.

2 By God sanctified Our Father we love;
And Jesus His bride Delights to approve;
With blood to besprinkle Believers in Him,
From every wrinkle His church to redeem.

3 To sanctify those By mercy foreknown,
The Comforter flows From Father and Son:
Renew'd by the Spirit, In holiness pure,
The joy we inherit, And make the prize sure.

4 The merciful God, The hallowing three
Himself hath bestow'd On sinners like me:
Our full Sanctifier He perfects in one,
And raises us higher, And seats on His throne.

CXXXVI.

1 *Corinthians* xii. 16. It is the same GOD which WORKETH ALL IN ALL.

Colossians iii. 11. CHRIST is ALL, and IN ALL.

1 *Corinthians* xii. 11. But ALL these WORKETH that one and the selfsame SPIRIT.

1 FULNESS of energy Divine
In Father, Son, and Spirit confess!
Three persons in Jehovah join
To save, and sanctify, and bless:

Power appertains to God alone,
The sovereign, absolute I AM:
And God who worketh all is One,
In three eternally the same.

2 All things in all the Father doth;
Jesus is all, and all He fills;
The Spirit is the same with Both,
And His own acting power reveals;
The Father's works are by the Son
Perform'd, and by the Spirit of grace:
That One in Three, and Three in One,
His people may for ever praise.

HYMNS and PRAYERS

TO THE

TRINITY.

I.

To the tune of—"*Father, our hearts we lift.*"*

1 We lift our hearts to Thee,
Jehovah on Thy throne,
Co-equal, co-eternal three,
In will and nature one:
With all the sons of grace
We in Thy worship join,
Plurality of persons praise,
And Unity Divine.

2 The Father made of none
We bow our souls before,
And Christ His uncreated Son
With equal zeal adore:
Transcending human thought
Jehovah's self is He,
Incomprehensibly begot
From all eternity.

* Compare Vol. III., p. 356, and IV., p. 207.

3 God, very God indeed
The Holy Ghost, we know,
From Son and Father did proceed,
And life on man bestow:
With Son and Father Him
Alike we glorify,
Jehovah, the true God, supreme
O'er all in earth and sky.

4 This glorious Trinity
We worship evermore:
None less, or greater of the three,
None after or afore:
The persons three are one;
And who by faith embrace,
We soon on His triumphant throne
Shall see Him face to face.

II.

To—"*Angels speak, let men give ear.*"

1 LORD of Hosts, we bow before Thee
God made known Three in One,
One in Three adore Thee:
Far above our comprehending,
God of grace, Take the praise
Never, never ending.

2 Thee the bright harmonious choir
Three and One On Thy throne
Joyfully admire;
With triumphant acclamation
Night and day Thee we pay
Threefold adoration.

3 Glorious God, like them we bless Thee,
God most high Magnify,
Lord of all confess Thee;
Till we mount through Jesus' merit,
There to gaze, There to praise
Father, Son, and Spirit.

III.

To—"*Away with our fears!*"

1 While the army above
Overwhelm'd by His love
The Trinity sings,
With their faces enwrapp'd in their shadowing wings;
Holy Father, we cry,
Holy Son we reply!
Holy Spirit of grace!
And extol the Three-One in a rapture of praise!

2 Many Gods we disclaim,
For the three are the same,
In a *manner* unknown
Three persons Divine inexpressibly one;
Who all homage demands
From the work of His hands,
Re-created to know,
And resemble his God manifested below.

3 Their omnipotent Lord
By angels adored
When their being began,
And in *Eden* extoll'd by the primitive man;

As it was, and as now
To the Triad we bow,
Men and angels shall fall,
And eternally praise the Creator of all.

IV.

To—"*All ye that pass by.*"

1 THREE persons there are
Their record who bear,
And Jehovah in heavenly places declare:
But in Father, and Son,
And Spirit made known,
The Witnesses three are essentially one.

2 Full credence we give,
And exult to believe [ceive:
What our reason in vain would aspire to con-
Not *against*, but *above*
Our reason we prove
Three persons reveal'd in the essence of Love.

3 The Father alone
Very God will we own,
Very God will we worship the Spirit and Son:
Each person is He,
Whom believing we see,
And Jehovah adore in the wonderful three.

4 No distinction we find
Of will or of mind
In the Maker, Inspirer, and Friend of mankind;
But one God we proclaim
In nature and name
Indivisibly one, and for ever the same.

V.

To—"*Lamb of God, whose bleeding love.*"

1 God distinct in persons three,
In various offices,
Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee
We faithfully confess:
Father, God, Jehovah, Lord
We call by names to each applied,
As by saints on earth adored,
By angels magnified.

2 Lord of Hosts, upon Thy throne,
Thy face the prophet view'd,
Praised a Trinity in One
Sublime, almighty God:
Still from every saint of Thine
Accept the adoration given,
Glorious majesty Divine,
Who fillest earth and heaven.

VI.

To—"*Hearts of stone, relent, relent!*"

1 Father, Son, and Spirit, hear
Thy apostate creature's groan,
Languishing to find Thee near,
Worshipping a God unknown,
Light till in Thy light I see,
Know eternal life in Thee.

2 Creeds and books can nothing do,
Unaccompanied by grace;
Grace must form my soul anew,
Give me to discern Thy face,
Bring my faithful heart the power
God in persons three to' adore.

3 But Thou draw'st me after Thee,
  But Thou dost my heart incline,
Helping its infirmity
  Now to ask the grace Divine:
Now this unbelief remove,
Tell me now that Thou art love.

4 Father, manifest Thy Son,
  Son, to me the Father show,
Holy Comforter, make known
  The deep things of God below,
Sovereign, Triune God, impart
All Thy fulness to my heart.

VII.

To—"*With pity, Lord, a sinner see.*"

1 All hail, mysterious Trinity!
  Every person of the three
    In my salvation meets:
The Father draws me to the Son,
Accepts for Jesus' sake alone,
  And all my sins forgets.

2 The Son His cleansing blood applies,
  Breaks my heart, and bids me rise
    A penitent forgiven:
The Holy Ghost His witness bears,
Numbers me with the royal heirs,
  And gives a taste of heaven.

3 The Father multiplies my peace,
  Jesus doth my faith increase,
    And teaches me to pray;

The Spirit purifies my heart,
And makes me, Saviour, as Thou art,
And seals me to Thy day.

4 Thus, only thus I surely know
God was manifest below
The God of pardoning grace,
Whom saints in persons three admire,
Whom I with all that heavenly choir
World without end shall praise.

VIII.

To—"*Rejoice, the Lord is King.*"

1 WORSHIP and praise belong
To God the Lord most high:
Who taught us the new song
His name we magnify,
The Trinity in One we bless,
The Unity in Three confess.

2 Not from our creeds alone
The doctrine we receive:
Jehovah three in one,
He gives us to believe,
The God of truth Himself imparts,
And writes His name upon our hearts.

3 His Son on us bestow'd
The Father hath reveal'd:
The Son His Father show'd
From mortal eye conceal'd;
The' indwelling Comforter attests
That One is Three, in faithful breasts.

4 Thrice holy God, in whom
We live, and move, and are,
To do Thy will we come,
Thy glory to declare,
By all our converse here to show
That God is manifest below.

5 Baptized into Thy name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim
A sacrifice to Thee:
We only live our faith to prove
The faith which works by humble love.

6 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character Divine,
The real holiness!
Then, then receive us up to' adore
The Triune God for evermore.

IX.

To—"*Jesus, show us Thy salvation.*"

1 FOUNTAIN of Divine compassion,
Father of the ransom'd race,
Christ, our Saviour and salvation,
Spirit of consecrating grace;
See us prostrated before Thee;
Co-essential Three in One,
Glorious God, our souls adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne.

2 While we in Thy name assemble,
Overshadow'd from above,
Let us at Thy presence tremble,
Holy, Triune God of love:

Father, Son, and Spirit, bless us,
Who the true Jehovah art:
Plenitude of God in Jesus,
Enter every contrite heart.

3 Challenge now Thine humble dwelling,
O Thou high and lofty One,
Thy own Deity revealing,
God in persons three come down:
Thou, the Witnesses in heaven,
Dost on earth Thy record bear:
Show us here our sins forgiven,
Show us all Thy glory there.

X.

To—"*Happy Magdalene, to whom.*"

1 Triumph, happy soul, to whom
God the heavenly secret tells,
Father, Son, and Spirit come,
One in Three Himself reveals!
What from man thou couldst not know,
Thou art truly taught of God,
When He doth the faith bestow,
Wash thee in thy Saviour's blood.

2 Fully certified thou art
By that sacred blood applied,
He who dwells within thy heart,
God, the great Jehovah died:
Now, and not till now thou know'st
(Mystery learnt by faith alone)
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
God in persons three is one.

3 God in persons three, appear
God to every troubled breast,
Show Thyself the Comforter,
Be the weary sinner's rest :
Stranger to Thy people's peace,
Burden'd with our sins we groan ;
Come, that all our griefs may cease,
Take possession of Thy own.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Heal Thy creature's misery ;
Thee, the pearl which *Adam* lost,
Give us to recover Thee,
Give us in pure love renew'd
Higher by our fall to rise,
Image of the Triune God,
House of One who fills the skies.

XI.

To—"*Hail the day that sees Him rise.*"

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessing more than earth can give !
Mix'd with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing Thine eternal praise.

2 One inexplicably three,
Three in simplest Unity,
God, incline Thy gracious ear,
Us Thy lisping creatures hear :

Thee while dust and ashes sings,
Angels shrink within their wings,
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they, who never rest,
With Thy heavenly presence bless'd!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity:
Fain with them our souls would vie,
Sink as low, and mount as high,
Fall o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar,
Shout, or silently adore.

XII.

To—"*Hail, Jesus, hail, our great High-Priest.*"

1 PRAISE to the glorious Cause of all
(Whom one in persons three we call)
Be by His every creature given!
Worship Divine to Him be paid,
Whose hands the whole creation made,
The Triune God of earth and heaven.

2 Each person, absolutely Lord,
Exists, by heaven and earth adored,
The God of *Israel's* faithful line;
Each person doth the essence claim,
The incommunicable name,
And all the attributes Divine.

3 Jehovah, ere the world begun,
In God the Father and the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost was found;
One self-existent Deity,
He reigns, when time no more shall be,
With everlasting glory crown'd.

XIII.

To—"*Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made.*"

1 PRAISE to the glorious Three in One,
As was before the world begun,
As is by minds angelic paid,
By every saint His grace has made,
And shall eternally be given
By all in earth and all in heaven.

2 Shout to the great Jehovah's praise
Ye sons of glory and of grace,
One God in persons three adore,
The same in majesty and power,
His suffering and triumphant host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

XIV.

To—"*Jesus, we hang upon the word.*"

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom One all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of Thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known,
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.

2 Jehovah in three persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal
Poor guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal,
The knowledge of Thyself bestow,
And all Thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe
That Thou art pure essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the Three Witnesses above,

Compare Vol. III., p. 354.

Sure, as the saints around Thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit are One.
4 O that we now in love renew'd
Might blameless in Thy sight appear,
Wake up in Thy similitude,
Stamp'd with the Triune character,
Flesh, spirit, soul to Thee resign,
And live and die entirely Thine!

XV.

To—"*Jesus, dear departed Lord.*"

1 GOD unsearchable, unknown,
Persons three, but essence one,
Thee I gladly would receive,
Would Thine oracles believe:
Searching them by night and day,
Here I for instruction stay,
Still I read and reason right,
Still require a clearer light.

2 Reason can no farther go,
Forced its own defect to show:
God incomprehensible
Only can Himself reveal:
Triune majesty Divine,
Thou into my darkness shine,
Now unfold the mystery,
Let there now be faith in me.

XVI.

To—"*Spirit of truth, descend.*"

1 A REAL Unity
Which heart can ne'er conceive
In the celestial three
His children all believe:

In essence, not in figure, one
The persons we adore,
Of God the Father, Spirit, Son,
And praise Him evermore.

2 Call'd by a common name
The sacred three we praise,
In will and power the same,
In majesty and grace;
Jehovah whom His hosts surround,
An ever warbling choir,
The God supreme in each is found,
The Deity entire.

3 Thrice holy God, admit
Poor worms of earth to join,
And at Thy mercy-seat
Extol the grace Divine,
The wisdom in a mystery
Of love unsearchable,
Till Thou receive us up to see
Thy face without a veil.

XVII.

To—"*Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord.*"

1 A THOUSAND oracles Divine
Their common beams unite,*
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright;
To praise a Trinity adored
By all His host above,
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

* Compare Advertisement to these Hymns, line 29.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky;
Whose glory to this earth extends,
While God Himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

3 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on His shining seat,
Our Maker, God, and King:
But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks a nobler strain,
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.*

4 Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor, ransom'd worms look down,
For heaven's superior praise:†
The King whose glorious face ye see,
For us His crown resign'd;
That Fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

XVIII.

To—"*Sinners, obey the gospel-word.*"

1 THE Witnesses in heaven adored,
The Father, Holy Ghost, and Word,
One God with all His church we own,
In persons three for ever one.

* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night iv., line 603.
† Compare *Ibid.*, line 440.

2 But till our souls are born again,
We to the truth assent in vain,
By notions right ourselves deceive,
And only fancy we believe.

3 The Triune God we cannot know,
Unless He doth the faith bestow,
Faith which removes our mountain-load,
And brings us to a pardoning God :

4 Sure evidence of things unseen,
Which swallows up the gulf between,
The Light of Life Divine imparts,
And forms Jehovah in our hearts.

5 O that we all might thus believe,
The truth in humble love receive,
Author of faith our Saviour find
In God the Father of mankind ;

6 In both the Holy Spirit know,
(Who doth where'er He listeth blow,)
And the whole Trinity receive
For ever in our hearts to live !

XIX.

To—"*O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!*"

1 THEE, great tremendous Deity,
Whom Three in One, and One in Three
I to the world proclaim,
Inspire with purity and peace,
And add me to Thy witnesses
By telling me Thy name.

2 Fix'd on the *Athanasian* mound,
I still require a firmer ground
My sinking faith to bear:
I want to feel my soul renew'd
In the similitude of God,
Jehovah's character.

3 My notions true are notions vain;
By them I cannot grace obtain,
Or saved from sin arise:
Knowledge acquired by books or creeds
My learn'd self-righteous pride it feeds;
'Tis love that edifies.

4 The truth I seemingly possess,
But hold it in unrighteousness
Without experience sure:
Whoe'er the holy God contains,
He must be purged from all his stains,
A vessel clean and pure.

5 Furnish'd with intellectual light,
In vain I speak of Thee aright,
While unreveal'd Thou art:
That only can suffice for me,
The whole mysterious Trinity
Inhabiting my heart.

6 Come then, Thou Triune God unknown,
Take full possession of Thine own,
And keep me ever Thine,
An heir of bliss, for glory seal'd,
A temple of the Lord, and fill'd
With all the life Divine.

XX.

To—"*Head of Thy church triumphant.*"

1 To God the great Jehovah
We render thanks and blessing,
His Unity
In persons three
With all His church confessing:
Three holy ones we worship
With endless adoration
Under the same
Mysterious name,
And sovereign appellation.

2 The same Divine perfection
Authority and merit
Counsel and mind
And power we find
In Father, Son, and Spirit;
To all the three ascribing
The same eternal essence,
Wisdom and grace,
And holiness,
And truth and omnipresence.

3 The undivided Godhead,
The Trinity united,
The Three in One
Doth all alone,
With His own work delighted:
The glorious Triune Author
Of every operation
With life supplies,
And sanctifies,
And leads us to salvation.

XXI.

To—"*Ye servants of God.*"

1 Omnipotent God, Eternal I am,
We publish abroad Thy wonderful name,
We worship before Thee Who reignest alone,
And prostrate adore Thee, Three persons in one.

2 Jehovah entire In each we confess,
And gladly admire Thy mystical grace,
The persons agreeing To make and renew,
To give us our being, And ransom us too.

3 Begotten again, And born from above,
We join in the plan Of infinite love;
Son, Father, and Spirit Our Saviour we see,
And glory inherit Through faith in the three.

4 To Thee on the throne We lift up our voice,
In Father and Son, And Spirit rejoice,
With anticipation Of purest delight,
And all our salvation Enjoy in Thy sight.

XXII.

To—"*Ah, lovely appearance of death!*"

1 O Father of mercies, attend,
And suffer a wretch to complain;
O Jesus, a sinner befriend,
Oppress'd with the weight of my chain;
O pitiful Spirit of Love!
The God whom I fain would adore,
Appear, and my burden remove,
Thy favour and image restore.

2 Thou hear'st the unspeakable groan
Which heaves in a sorrowful heart,
Till Thou, whom I never have known,
The blissful assurance impart,
The light of Thy countenance show,
With heavenly evidence shine,
And bid me in liberty go,
In peace, and affiance Divine.

3 Come then to Thy creature, and tell
The secret I cannot explore,
Thy riches of mercy reveal,
Thy love's inexhaustible store;
Three mystical persons in one,
The truth of Thy Godhead attest,
Jehovah, the Father, and Son,
And Spirit, abide in my breast.

4 While yet I am calling, appear
The end of my trouble and pain:
Assured of a Trinity here,
I rise from my ruins again;
I know my Redeemer, who gives
A sinner His glory to see,
And all the Divinity lives
Eternally present in me.

XXIII.

To—"'*T is finish'd, 't is done.*"

1 The Deity Trine One Being we name,
Three persons Divine For ever the same,
One absolute nature In all we maintain,
One gracious Creator Of angels and men.

2 Jehovah is He Substantially love,
The mystical three Who witness above;
Who there His pure essence Displays and conceals;
Whose life-giving presence The universe fills.

3 Thrice Holy and High, Thy goodness and power
Like those in the sky We fain would adore:
Thy boundless compassion Each moment we prove,
And all our salvation Ascribe to Thy love.

4 O what shall we do To praise Thee aright?
To make us anew, Appear in our sight,
Discover Thy glory, Thy goodness proclaim,
And prostrate before Thee We worship Thy name.

5 Thy gifts are bestow'd On all the lost kind:
A merciful God In Thee when we find,
Most freely forgiving, Abundant in grace;
The living, the living We publish Thy praise.

6 Command us to rise Of pardon possess'd,
With love's paradise Unspeakably bless'd;
Thy forfeited favour Thine image restore,
And bid us for ever Rejoice, and adore.

XXIV.

To—"*Thanks be to God alone.*"

1 HAIL, co-essential Three
In mystic Unity!
Father, Son, and Spirit, hail,
God by heaven and earth adored,
God incomprehensible,
One supreme, almighty Lord.

2 Thou sittest on the throne
Plurality in one:
Saints behold Thine open face,
Bright, insufferably bright;
Angels tremble as they gaze,
Sink into a sea of light!

3 Ah, when shall we increase
Their heavenly ecstasies!
Chant, like them, the Lord most high,
Fall like them who dare not move,
Holy, holy, holy cry,
Breathe the praise of silent love!

4 Come, Father, in the Son,
And in the Spirit down,
Glorious, Triune majesty,
God through endless ages bless'd,
Make us meet Thy face to see,
Then receive us to Thy breast.

XXV.

1 The great God ever-bless'd
In the Father confess'd
Is confess'd in the Spirit and Son:
His worshippers true,
We attribute His due
To three persons essentially one.

2 The philosopher vain
May adore a mere man;
Or invent a subordinate God:
Jehovah supreme
We acknowledge in Him
Who hath purchased our souls with His blood.

3 The most Holy and High
We alike glorify
And adore in the Spirit of love;
Who His Godhead reveals,
When our spirit He seals,
And prepares for a kingdom above.

4 Neither greater nor less
In the three we confess;
First, Second, and Third are the same:
All the persons we find
Everlastingly join'd
In the common, ineffable Name.

5 On Jehovah in all
We faithfully call,
And the Triad in Unity love;
He inspires us to vie
With our friends in the sky,
And heighten the triumph above.

6 We give glory to God
Who the grace has bestow'd
To confess, and to praise Him aright;
Singing on till we see
The one Essence in three,
And are lost in the rapturous sight.

XXVI.

1 Thou unsearchable Three,
Whom I languish to see,
Attend to my suppliant groan:
Thou know'st my sad case,
With my lips I confess,
But adore a Jehovah unknown.

2 For redemption I call,
Immersed in my fall,
Overwhelm'd with a mountain of night:
Still unanswer'd I pray
For a pitiful ray
From the true inaccessible Light.

3 O Father, on me
(While I feel after Thee)
Let the light of Thy countenance shine
In Immanuel's face,
In the Spirit of grace,
In the fulness of mercy Divine.

4 Thou alone didst inspire
This impatient desire
Of a knowledge I cannot attain,
Till Thyself Thou reveal,
And I joyfully feel
I am born in Thy image again.

5 Nothing here can relieve
Till Thyself I retrieve
By a mystical birth from above:
Come Father, and Son,
With the Comforter down
In the likeness of heavenly love.

6 To enlighten and cheer
A lost sinner, appear,
Holy Triad, in glory arise,
In the person of Him
Who died to redeem,
And ensure me a place in the skies.

XXVII.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Mysterious One in Three,
Must I perish unrestored,
Through ignorance of Thee?
Still a dying sinner spare,
Till Thou from all my sins release:
Triune God, regard my prayer,
And bid me die in peace.

2 In a dreary vale of woe
I long have lived in pain,
Follow'd on the Lord to know,
But follow'd on in vain:
Still, alas, I know not where
To find Thee whom my lips confess:
Triune God, regard my prayer,
And bid me die in peace.

3 Thou in mortal flesh reveal'd
Didst hear the beggar's cry,
Speak the felon's pardon seal'd
When at the point to die:
Thou didst on Thy body bear
The weight of my unrighteousness:
Triune God, regard my prayer,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Poor and blind, condemn'd and lost,
Thy ransom'd creature own;
Father, send the Holy Ghost,
And send in Him Thy Son,

By the' indwelling Comforter
Renew me in Thy holiness;
Triune God, regard my prayer,
And bid me die in peace.

5 Father, Son, and Spirit, descend
Into my panting heart,
All my sins and griefs to end,
Come tell me who Thou art;
Stamp me with Thy character
An heir of everlasting bliss;
Triune God, regard my prayer,
And bid me die in peace.

6 Give me to believe aright,
And then from earth remove,
Swallow up my faith in sight
My hope in heavenly love;
Thou who didst my place prepare,
Prepare my soul Thyself to see;
Triune God, regard my prayer,
And take me up to Thee.

XXVIII.

1 RIGHT notions have their slender use,
But cannot a sound faith produce,
Or vital piety,
They cannot make the Godhead known,
Or manifest Jehovah one
In co-eternal three.

2 That virtue doth from Christ proceed,
That power which animates the dead
The Spirit of life exerts;

The Father His own Son reveals,
The Triune God His image seals
With pardon on our hearts.

3 A fond imagination vain,
A shadow floating in the brain
Which we for faith misdeem,
The mere result of nature's powers,
'Tis not a work of God, but ours,
'Tis all a waking dream.

4 The orthodox renown'd in fight,
Fierce champions for opinions right,
May reason's strength display:
Their *Arian* and *Socinian* foes,
And heresy's whole household knows
The truth as much as they.

5 The Truth that makes us free indeed,
We cannot learn it from our creed,
The Truth that sanctifies,
To bring us faith returns from heaven,
And Father, Son, and Spirit given
Conducts us to the skies.

6 Jesus the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Thou in me with Thy Father stay,
Thou with Thy Spirit descend,
I then shall know Thee as Thou art,
The God who never will depart,
My soul's eternal Friend.

XXIX.

1 The Father freely justifies,
The Son His pardoning power asserts,
The Holy Ghost that blood applies
Which purifies believing hearts;

Yet God who sin forgives alone
In persons three is only one.

2 Thou Triune God of pardoning love,
On me Thy kind compassion show,
By faith begotten from above,
And call'd assuredly to know
The blessings by three persons given,
The peace of God, the pledge of heaven.

3 Jehovah come! Thyself reveal,
To save a soul so dearly bought,
The peace and joy unspeakable,
The love surpassing human thought;
Thrice holy God, to me impart,
With all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

XXX.

1 Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Restorer of Thine image lost,
The flaming sword remove;
Teach me Thine image to regain,
And to my docile heart explain
The mystery of love.

2 I now perceive Thy love's design;
Thou didst again in council join,
Thy name to re-impress,
Anew Thy creature to create,
And raise me to my first estate
In perfect righteousness.

3 To execute Thy kind intent,
Jehovah from Jehovah sent
Left His eternal throne,
A Man of griefs, He stain'd the tree,
Saviour of all, He laid for me
The precious ransom down.

4 The Spirit purchased with His blood,
By Father and by Son bestow'd
Doth now in man reside;
For us He strongly intercedes,
Us into all Thy counsel leads
Our sure indwelling Guide.

5 Pardon He on our conscience seals,
Thy good and welcome will reveals
To save a world by grace:
He marks us for salvation's heirs,
And moulds and fashions, and prepares
To see Thine open face.

6 He sanctifies, without respect
Of high or low, His own elect,
Regenerate from above,
Into Thy glorious form converts,
And stamps Thine image on our hearts
In purity and love.

7 O wouldst Thou stamp it now on mine
The name and character Divine,
The holy One in Three!
Come, Father, Son, and Spirit, give
Thy love,—Thyself: and lo! I live
Imparadised in Thee.

XXXI.

1 Mysterious God in persons three,
Stir up Thy judging power,
'Gainst formal crowds who bow the knee,
And only seem to' adore;
Who Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Presume for theirs to claim,
Their zeal and orthodoxy boast,
Yet never knew Thy name.

2 Full of themselves, with learned pride
Their talents they display,
And Thy true worshippers deride
That walk in Christ the Way,
That live by faith, the gift of God,
Confess Thee as Thou art,
And daily feel the sprinkled blood
Which purifies our heart.

3 Concerning this we now agree,
Petitioners for them;
Who neither know themselves, nor Thee,
The infidels condemn:
Convince them that their faith is vain,
A feeble, broken reed,
As standing in the words of men,
The letters of a creed.

4 Themselves they call the church of God,
And heretics despise:
But more contemptuously explode
The wisdom of the wise;

The heartfelt faith that works by love
They count a madman's dream,
And all Thy kingdom from above
With blindfold rage blaspheme.

5 Ah, Lord, in them the work begin,
Their confidence abase,
Drag out to light the hidden sin
Which poisons all our race:
Thy righteous wrath from heaven be shown,
And fill their souls with grief,
And make the unbelievers groan
To feel their unbelief.

6 Now their foundation false o'erturn
With every show of good,
And all the superstructure burn,
The stubble, hay, and wood:
Let them with just abhorrence cast
Their virtuous rags away,
And humbled to the dust at last
For pardoning mercy pray.

7 When stripp'd of all but sin they grieve
Their desperate state to see,
Spiritual understanding give,
And real faith in Thee:
Shut up in unbelief release,
Reveal their sin forgiven,
And bid them go in perfect peace,
Thy confessors to heaven.

XXXII.

1 Jesus, Thy precious passion
For us obtain'd the grace,
Which brings assured salvation
To all our ransom'd race:
Again on rebels smiling,
And to Himself we see
The Father reconciling
A sinful world in Thee.

2 The testifying Spirit
Thy Deity asserts,
Imputes Thy righteous merit,
And plants it in our hearts;
He takes of Thine, and shows us
The pure atoning blood;
And then the stream o'erflows us,
And bears our souls to God.

3 By faith Divine perceiving
The hidden mystery,
With strong affection cleaving
To God in persons three,
One undivided nature
We now in three attest,
And in our New-Creator
His happy children rest.

4 Infallibly assured
The heavenly three are one,
We taste the bliss procured
By Thy expiring groan:

We soon o'er death victorious
Shall all Thy joy receive,
And in our bodies glorious
Thy life eternal live.

XXXIII.

1 How empty our external boast,
Who the true God adore
In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Nor know His gracious power:
Strangers to vital piety,
If sunk in sin we lie,
The truth which hath not made us free,
Our careless lives deny.

2 Our faith is but a shadow vain,
Unless it works by love,
And saved from sin, and born again
We seek the things above:
Unless we have the sacred Trine
Into our hearts received,
And I can call each person mine,
I have not yet believed.

3 God inaccessible, unknown,
If through Thy precious grace
Convinced of unbelief I groan
To see Thy smiling face:
The veil of unbelief remove,
The sins I now confess,
And give my new-born soul to prove
The power of godliness.

4 Thee that I may my Father know,
A grain of faith impart,
The Spirit of Thy Son bestow
To witness in my heart;
That Thou in Christ art reconciled,
My conscience certify,
And then Thy dear adopted child,
I Abba Father cry.

5 Son of the living God, appear,
And tell me Thou art He,
Jehovah manifested here
In frail humanity:
Author of faith, Thou only know'st
The Father to reveal;
And breathed by Thee, the Holy Ghost
Doth in Thy people dwell.

6 Thou Lamb of God, who bear'st away
The universal sin,
Thy sin-forgiving power display,
And touch a leper clean:
The gracious mystery make known,
Apply the' atoning blood,
And vanquish'd by Thy cross, I own
Thou art my Lord, my God.

7 Spirit of faith, my soul convince
Of Jesu's righteousness,
Which hides, and swallows up my sins,
And bids my sorrows cease:
The God supreme, in heaven adored,
Who did my sorrows bear,
Enable me to call Him Lord,
And all His power declare.

8 What though the sinners' chief I am,
If Thou pronounce me free,
I stand absolved in Jesus' name,
And justified by Thee:
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
If Thou my Portion art,
I find, and every moment feel
The Triad in my heart.

XXXIV.

1 Faith, though rational, is founded
Not on man, but God alone,
On the great Jehovah grounded,
Persons three in essence one:
Who aright his Lord confesses,
Unremovable he stands,
Fix'd on an eternal basis,
'Stablish'd with almighty hands.

2 Not on vain imaginations
Do we, Lord, for proof depend;
Not on fancied inspirations,
When Thou dost Thy Spirit send:
Unenlighten'd reason leaves us
Nought to build our faith upon:
Evidence Thy Spirit gives us
Brighter than the mid-day sun.

3 Slighting nature's every feeling,
We on grace alone rely:
God in us His Son revealing
Makes us Abba Father cry:

When we find the hidden treasure,
Christ discover'd from above,
Then our souls perceive the pleasure,
Impulse sweet of Jesus' love.

4 O that all our blind gainsayers
Might the loving impulse feel!
Triune God, regard our prayers,
Thou in them Thyself reveal,
By the Spirit's demonstration
Teach their hearts the mystery,
Show to each the great salvation,
Tell him—I have pardon'd thee!

XXXV.

1 Bowels of Divine compassion,
Love reveal'd in persons three,
God of grace and consolation,
Manifest Thyself to me:
Conscious of my blood-bought pardon,
Let me in Thine image rise:
Make my soul a water'd garden,
Give me back my paradise.

2 Make Thy goodness pass before me,
Glorious God Thyself proclaim,
To my first estate restore me,
Re-impress'd with Thy new name,
In the likeness of my Maker
Re-begotten from above,
Of Thy holiness partaker,
Fill'd with all the life of love.

XXXVI.

1 Father, to Thy protection
From fiends and men I fly,
And rest in Thy affection,
When passion's storm runs high,
Beneath my soul, defended
From all invading harms,
Thy mercy hath extended
Its everlasting arms.

2 Jesus, Jehovah's Power,
Thy promised help I claim,
And run into the tower
Of Thine almighty name:
Impregnable the City
Which hides my life above;
My refuge is Thy pity,
My safety is Thy love.

3 Spirit of consolation
And all-sufficient grace,
In every strong temptation
Thou shalt a standard raise
Against my foe infernal,
And show me on the tree
The dying God eternal
Whose blood hath ransom'd me.

4 By faith I now inherit
Both strength and righteousness,
In Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom I confess:

Whate'er I ask, desiring,
I have; I surely have
The Three in One conspiring
This dear-bought soul to save.

XXXVII.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Saved by Thee, Happy we
Shall Thy throne inherit:
Here our heavenly banquet tasting,
In Thy love Joys we prove
Ever, ever lasting.

2 Rapturous anticipation!
Who believe We receive
Sensible salvation;
Silent bliss and full of glory,
In Thine eye While we lie
Prostrated before Thee.

3 Manna spiritual and hidden,
Perfect peace We possess,
Our recover'd *Eden:*
Till we find the fulness given
In that sight, Mercy's height,
Love's sublimest heaven!

XXXVIII.

1 IN majesty one, In glory the same
The Father and Son And Spirit we name;
One nature and essence In three we assert,
Whose personal presence Is fix'd in our heart.

2 The Trinity we Alone can attest,
Who carry the three And one in our breast;

Who seal'd by His Spirit And wash'd with His blood,
In Jesus inherit The fulness of God.

XXXIX.

1 WISDOM, and praise, and glory be
To God alone in persons three,
Who to His church the truth imparts,
And seals it on our happy hearts.

2 The Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high,
The Triune God we magnify,
With all His prostrate hosts adore,
And love, and praise Him evermore.

XL.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One stupendous God in three,
Make us meet Thy joy to' inherit,
Thee without a veil to see,
Wise to fathom
All the depths of Deity.

2 Father, kindly draw, and give us
To Thy consubstantial Son;
Son of God, with smiles receive us,
Shine, and make Thy nature known;
Glorious Spirit,
Be our heaven on earth begun.

3 Thou to Thine apostate creature
Only canst Thyself reveal;
Stronger than our heart and greater,
Triune God, the secret tell:
Come, Jehovah,
God in man for ever dwell.

XLI.

1 We God the Father praise,
  We God the Son adore,
 The Spirit of holiness
  In majesty and power
 Equal to both we magnify,
 And Holy, holy, holy cry!

2 He hath to us made known
  The awful mystery,
 The Trinity in one,
  And Unity in three,
 And taught the ransom'd sons of men
 What angels never could explain.

3 Beyond our utmost thought,
  And reason's proudest flight,
 We comprehend Him not,
  Nor grasp the Infinite,
 But worship in the mystic three
 One God to all eternity.

XLII.

1 The sacred three conspire
  In love to fallen man,
 To' exalt the creature higher,
  And turn his loss to gain:
 Still in the new creation
  The persons all agree,
 Joint causes of salvation,
  To raise and perfect me.

2 The Father's grace allures me,
  And to my Saviour gives;
 The Saviour's blood assures me,
  That God His child receives:

The Comforter bears witness
That I am truly His,
And brings my soul its fitness
For everlasting bliss.

3 The Father, Son, and Spirit
Himself to me makes known,
And I in Him inherit
One God, for ever One:
Jehovah's purest essence
My raptured spirit seals;
And all His blissful presence
In all His people dwells.

XLIII.

1 THE Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
Restorer of our ruin'd race,
One God eternally adored,
One merciful, almighty Lord!
Hark! He whispers from above;
Tells our hearts, that God is love!

2 The Triune God is found below,
Whom only loving hearts can know,
In every person of the three
Resides the whole Divinity:
God, to me Thy house of clay
Come, and here for ever stay.

XLIV.

1 THEE, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Inexplicably one and three,
As worshipp'd by the heavenly host,
Thy church on earth we worship Thee,

Three unconfounded persons own,
One undivided God proclaim,
In essence, substance, nature one
Through all eternity the same.

2 One person of the Sire we praise,
Another of the Son adore,
Another of the Spirit confess,
Equal in majesty and power:
To each the glory appertains,
The Godhead of the three is one,
And one supreme Jehovah reigns
High on His everlasting throne.

3 The Father, Son, and Spirit of love
One uncreated God we hail,
Not fully known by saints above,
To us incomprehensible:
The Father, Son, and Spirit of grace,
All-wise, almighty, and most high,
One true eternal God we bless,
And spread His fame through earth and sky.

4 The Father is both God and Lord,
Both God and Lord is Christ the Son,
The Holy Ghost, the glorious Third
Both God and Lord His people own;
Both God and Lord, who Him believe,
Each person by Himself we name,
Yet not three Gods or Lords receive,
But one essentially the same.

XLV.

1 FATHER full of soft compassion,
If to all Thy bowels move,
Grant to me the consolation,
Sweet assurance of Thy love,
Shed it in my heart abroad,
Show Thyself a pardoning God.

2 For Thy nature's sake forgive me,
God in Jesus reconciled,
A poor prodigal receive me
As Thine own adopted child,
In Thy mercy's arms embrace,
Kiss the sorrow from my face.

3 Though my sins reach up to heaven,
Higher still Thy mercies rise;
Infinite my sins forgiven:
How shall I Thy goodness prize?
Let me all Thy goodness prove,
Let me infinitely love.

XLVI.

1 THY Divinity's adorer,
Thee that I may truly know,
Jesus, be my soul's restorer,
Bleeding Lamb, appear below,
God expiring on the tree,
Love, be manifest in me.

2 Sharer of Thy dereliction,
Joining in Thy plaintive cry,
Pain'd with Thy extreme affliction
Let my broken heart reply,
O let all within me moan,
Echo back Thy dying groan!

3 Here would I maintain my station,
Never from the cross remove,
Till I in my last temptation
Pay Thee back Thy dearest love,
Faint into Thy arms away,
Die into immortal day.

XLVII.

1 KINDLER of seraphic fire
Glowing in Thy hosts above,
Giver of the pure desire,
Spirit of celestial love,
Heavenly love to us impart,
Comfort every drooping heart.

2 If Thou hast a token given,
If our want of love we feel,
Bless us with that taste of heaven,
Pardon on our conscience seal;
Then with cordial charity,
Gracious God, we cleave to Thee.

3 Then, because Thou first hast loved,
We shall love our God again,
Happy, till from earth removed,
Joy consummate we obtain,
Dazzled with the glorious sight,
Lost in an abyss of light.

XLVIII.

1 TRIUNE God, the New-Creator
Of our fallen souls appear,
O communicate Thy nature,
Raise us to Thy image here,

In true holiness renew'd,
Spotless portraitures of God.

2 By a bless'd anticipation
Of Thy perfect righteousness,
Qualify us for salvation
Vessels of celestial grace,
Meet by love and purity
God without a veil to see.

3 Then cut short our days of mourning,
Then our ready souls receive,
Call us up with songs returning
In Thy blissful sight to live,
Live, and praise Thee on the throne,
God in three for ever one.

XLIX.

1 WHO God in Christ discover
By His own Spirit's power,
And love our heavenly Lover,
And One in Three adore,
The secret hid from ages,
Having our Saviour's mind,
We in the sacred pages
And we alone can find.

2 Assenting to the letter
A sinner nothing gains:
It cannot free the debtor,
Or break the prisoner's chains;
The truest, soundest notion
Can never guilt remove,
Or give that heart-devotion
Which flows from humble love.

3 Thou God who sin forgivest,
To Thee if sinners turn,
And in Thine arms receivest
When after Thee we mourn;
Thy gospel's controversy
Against the men maintain
Who spurn Thy pardoning mercy,
And bear Thy name in vain.

4 The world of misbelievers
Thou only canst convince,
Orthodox self-deceivers
Shut up in all their sins:
Darkness for light mistaking
And light for darkness, they
O'erlook the one thing lacking,
Or scornfully gainsay.

5 Our faith, imagination,
Our hope they count a lie,
The present, sure salvation,
The heartfelt love deny;
The witness of that Spirit,
The antepast, and seal,
And His imputed merit
Who saves us all from hell.

6 Their shadowy faith embracing,
A creature of their own,
Thee with their sins confessing
They bow to three in one;
Assured they only know Thee,
With sin they will not part,
Or render that they owe Thee,
An undivided heart.

7 Stir up Thy saving power,
Mysterious One in Three,
Nor let the pit devour
The souls redeem'd by Thee:
Convince of their delusion
The enemies of grace,
And clothe them with confusion,
That they may seek Thy face.

8 Beneath their burden groaning
When after Thee they cry,
Their unbelief bemoaning
As at the point to die,
From guilt and condemnation
Thy penitents to clear,
The God of their salvation,
The Triune God appear.

L.

1 TRIUNE God of pardoning love,
Thy Divine economy
All our thankful hearts approve,
Thee adore in persons three;
Each our cancell'd sin reveals,
Each confirms the babes forgiven,
Each the heirs of glory seals,
Each conducts our souls to heaven.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Favour'd with a taste of grace,
Us Thou hast in part restored;
Us Thy mercy's arms embrace:

Never wilt Thou let us go,
Till the length and breadth we prove,
Till the height and depth we know,
All the depth of humble love.

3 Love our real holiness,
Love our spotless character,
Love is liberty and peace,
Pardon, and perfection here:
Less than this cannot suffice;
Love be Thou our all in all;
Then we in Thine image rise,
Then we into nothing fall.

LI.

1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Our thanks and hearts we give:
We now are found who once were lost,
And dead, again we live.

2 We live to praise and magnify
The glorious Three and One,
In songs of joyful love to vie
With angels round His throne.

3 More highly favour'd we than those
Who never sinn'd or fell:
The Triune God hath saved His foes,
And pluck'd us out of hell:

4 We grow in grace, abound in hope,
His prodigals forgiven;
And when our faith is quite fill'd up,
He takes us all to heaven.

LII.

1 GREAT Triune God, whose ruling power
Must prevalent o'er all appear,
Hasten the destined day and hour
Establishing Thy kingdom here:
Sublime on Thy millennial throne,
Thee all Thy saints expect to see,
While every tongue, like ours, shall own
Jehovah one in persons three.

2 Stretch out Thine arm, almighty King,
Thine own omnipotence assume,
The first and last dominion bring,
To reign before Thine ancients come:
O might *we* at the time foretold
See all things to Thyself subdued,
And every prostrate soul behold
Adorers of the Triune God.

3 In answer to the chosen race,
Who ceaseless for Thy coming cry,
Shorten the last vindictive days,
And let the trump proclaim Thee nigh:
Return, Thou once a Man of woe,
Distinguish'd by the crimson sign,
And in Thy dazzling person show
The glorious plenitude Divine.

4 That wandering star who blazed and fell,
And poison'd many a crystal stream,
That bitter first-born child of hell
No more permit him to blaspheme:

Root out Thine *Unitarian* foe,
Nor longer let his place be found,
The crescent by the cross o'erthrow,
And loose the world in darkness bound.

It must be so : the day is near,
The far-spent night will quickly end,
And every eye discern Thee here,
And saints perceive their King descend :
When all are put beneath Thy feet,
And death the latest foe is slain,
Then I shall mount Thy azure seat,
Then I shall in Thy presence reign !

FINIS.

PREPARATION

FOR

DEATH,

IN SEVERAL

HYMNS.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII.

PREPARATION

FOR

DEATH.

HYMN I.

1 JESUS, to Thee distress'd I cry,
A sinner at the point to die,
Before I yield my breath;
Thy mercy in my heart reveal,
And save a soul Thou lovedst so well
From everlasting death.

2 Thy heartfelt love alone can save
My soul from that infernal grave,
That worm which never dies;
Can ascertain my sins forgiven,
Bless with an antepast of heaven,
And fit me for the skies.

3 What shall I say Thy love to gain?
Remind Thee of the mortal pain
Which bought the grace for me?
Thy pain Thou never canst forget,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
Thy prayer on *Calvary*.

4 Why wast Thou there of God forsook,
Why didst Thou to Thy Father look,
And gasp for help in vain?
Why did Thy blood so kindly flow,
But that I might the blessing know
Of loving Thee again?

5 By all Thou didst on earth endure,
To make our peace and pardon sure,
My instant suit allow,
The grace for which alone I pray;
Streaming afresh Thy wounds display,
And grant the blessing now.

6 Behold me with Thy closing eye,
Revive by Thy expiring cry,
And let me hence depart,
Exclaiming with my latest breath,
Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord, in death,
I give Thee all my heart!

HYMN II.

1 SAVIOUR, lavish of Thy blood,
My poor stony heart to win,
Must I faint beneath the load
Of this base, ungrateful sin?
Thou who didst my burdens bear,
All my burdens to remove,
Wilt Thou leave me in despair,
Let me die without Thy love?

2 No: Thy passion answers no:
Since Thou couldst expire for me,
I shall Thy salvation know,
Thy indulgent goodness see;
Apprehended of my Lord,
I my Lord shall apprehend:
True and gracious is the word,
Hope and love are in my end.

3 On Thy bleeding passion stay'd,
On Thy faithful mercy cast,
By my sin so long delay'd,
Thee I shall receive at last;
In my loving heart receive,
Which Thou didst so dearly buy;
Here a happy moment live,
Sure of life eternal die.

4 Grant me this, I ask no more:
Then the balmy grace exert,
Then bestow the loving power,
When my soul and body part;
In the bond of perfectness
Knit my loving soul to Thee,
Then indulged to die in peace,
God I shall for ever see.

HYMN III.

1 How foolish was my hope and vain,
That age would conquer sin,
My nature's enmity restrain,
And end the war within;

Would tame my passion's wild excess,
The slighted world o'erthrow,
The fiend's malicious rage repress,
And weary out the foe!

2 Because his time to tempt and try
Is short, he tempts the more,
And hunts me on the wing to fly
Beyond his baleful power;
His utmost rage and strength exerts,
Before I 'scape away,
And strives by all his hellish arts
My parting soul to slay.

3 My heart he turns to earthly things,
From which I soon shall go,
And closer to the world it clings,
And seeks its rest below:
By base mistrust impell'd to spare,
I cloak the sordid vice,
And, in the garb of prudent care,
Applaud my avarice.

4 My stiff-neck'd stubbornness of will
By time is not subdued,
My carnal mind is carnal still,
And enmity to God:
With years infirmities increase,
While strength and patience fails,
And countless ills my spirit oppress,
And peevish flesh prevails.

5 The sin which long beset my soul,
Would re-usurp the sway,
Reason's enfeebled powers control,
And force me still to' obey:

With shame indignantly I groan,
With lifted heart and eyes,
I smite my aged breast, and own
That anger never dies.

6 What must a dying sinner do,
From sin to be set free?
Merciful God, and strong, and true,
I gasp for help to Thee:
O let my utter helplessness
Thy kind compassion move!
I cannot, Lord, from sinning cease,
Till I begin to love.

7 O might Thy love on me bestow'd
The love of sin expel,
O'ercome the world, cast down their god,
With all the powers of hell!
The works of Satan to destroy,
Jesus, in me appear;
In peace, and righteousness, and joy,
Restore Thy kingdom here.

8 Peace, righteousness, and joy Divine,
Thou dost with love impart,
That Thou art love, that Thou art mine,
Assure my happy heart:
Then am I meet for my reward,
Renew'd in holiness,
And live the image of my Lord,
And die to see Thy face.

HYMN IV.

1 WARN'D of my dissolution,
Unfit to die or live,
With horror and confusion
The summons I receive.
I want the preparation
Before I hence depart,
The knowledge of salvation,
The purity of heart.

2 O that the blood which cleanses
From all iniquity,
To blot out my offences,
Were sprinkled now on me!
What but that blood's applying
Can purge this inbred stain,
Can save a sinner dying,
And make me love again?

3 With cries and tears unceasing
I ask Thee to bestow
On me the long-sought blessing,
And let my spirit go.
Thy love to me discover
While on the brink I stand,
And waft in safety over
To that celestial land.

4 'Tis all my soul's desire,
'Tis all my business here,
That precious love to' acquire,
And then to disappear,
With those in heavenly places
The Saviour to commend,
And hymn in endless praises
My soul's eternal Friend.

HYMN V.

1 Saviour, all my wretchedness
In Thy bosom I confess,
Let it Thy compassion move,
O relieve my want of love.

2 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoan,
Burden'd with a heart of stone;
Sinking underneath the load,
Dying ignorant of God.

3 Oft I have implored Thy aid,
Long for Thy salvation stay'd;
Still unheard, unsaved, I cry,
Give me love, or else I die.

4 Can I seek the grace in vain,
Ask, and not my suit obtain,
Knock, but never enter in,
Die in *deprecated* sin?

5 Answer now my mournful prayer,
Thou who didst my sorrows bear,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood,
Die for my ingratitude.

6 My ingratitude to heal,
Pardon on my conscience seal;
Now Thy sovereign right assert,
Take my dearly-purchased heart.

7 There inscribe Thy favourite name,
Kindle there the heavenly flame,
Spring of bliss ineffable,
There with all Thy sweetness dwell.

8 Then my ready soul receive,
Happy in Thy sight to live;
Fervent as the spirits above,
All desire, and praise, and love.

HYMN VI.

"*Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear, even I will carry and will deliver you.*"—Isaiah xlvi. 4.

1 JESU, Thou hast to hoary hairs
My manners and my burdens borne,
Carried me through ten thousand snares,
And, when I would to sin return,
With a high hand and outstretch'd arm,
Redeem'd me from the mortal harm.

2 O let me still the promise plead,
Thy kind continued aid engage!
Thy aid I every moment need,
In childhood, youth, and trembling age;
A sinner I, on mercy cast,
By mercy saved from first to last.

3 Still, O Thou patient God of love,
My soul's infirmity sustain,
Bear me on eagles' wings above
The world of ill, the vale of pain;
The flesh that weighs my spirit down,
The fiend who strives to take my crown.

4 While, hanging on Thy faithful word,
My utter helplessness I feel,
Carry me in Thy bosom, Lord,
Beyond the reach of earth and hell,
Till on the margin of the grave,
I prove Thine utmost power to save.

5 Thou know'st the trials yet behind,
The strength of sin, the tempter's power:
Support my feebleness of mind
In every dark unguarded hour
Thy servant mightily defend,
And love and save me to the end.

6 Walk with me through the lions' den,
Walk with me through the floods and fires,
In form of God distinctly seen;
And O! to crown my last desires,
In death my Guide and Saviour be,
My God through all eternity!

HYMN VII.

1 THE will of my Creator
I would with joy obey,
And pay the debt of nature
Which all are born to pay.
The graves are ready for me:
But ere I disappear,
O God! in Christ restore me
To Thy own image here.

2 The' experience of salvation
I languish to receive,
And, free from pride and passion,
The life of faith to live,

In holiness unspotted,
To' attain my heart's desire,
Fulfil the work allotted,
And one with Christ expire.

3 Come then, my present Saviour,
Thy precious self reveal,
And, happy in Thy favour,
The heir of glory seal.
Enrich'd with heavenly graces,
Till I from earth remove,
Dissolved in Thy embraces,
For ever lost in love.

HYMN VIII.

1 I COME, at Jesus' call I come,
Submissive to the general doom,
The way of all the earth I go,
And only wait my Guide to know ;
Happy, if Thou my steps attend,
And bless me with a peaceful end.

2 While struggling in the toils of death,
Convulsed, I gasp my latest breath,
O that my soul, reclined on Thee,
Serene in mortal agony,
Might all the tyrant's darts defy,
And show the world how Christians die !

3 O could I then behold my God
Array'd in garments dipp'd in blood !
As when Thou didst the wine-press tread,
And meekly bow Thy dying head,

That I my spirit may resign,
Like Thee, into the hands Divine.

4 The grace Thou didst for me procure,
Let it my final peace ensure;
Implant Thine image in my heart,
And then, made ready to depart,
I gladly to the sentence bow;
I die to see my Saviour now.

HYMN IX.

1 JESUS, the just, the good,
Remember *Calvary*,
And claim the purchase of Thy blood,
Expended all for me:
My Saviour hitherto,
A little longer save;
The pardon'd penitent renew,
And hide me in the grave.

2 Not my own faithfulness,
But Thine I humbly plead,
Who will not quench a spark of grace,
Nor break a bruised reed:
Thy work, with life begun,
In this weak soul complete,
And let me groan my latest groan
For mercy, at Thy feet.

3 I ask not ecstasies;
But with a loving heart,
In steadfast hope and humble peace
Permit me to depart:

Suffice, that here I know
My sins through grace forgiven,
And calmly bless'd, with safety go
To endless joys in heaven.

HYMN X.

1 By justice doom'd to die,
I feel the time is nigh,
Wanting strength, increasing care,
Sickly life's redoubled load,
All cry out, For death prepare,
O prepare to meet thy God!

2 With thankfulness and fear
Thy warning voice I hear:
Let me then my life's remains
To unfeign'd repentance give,
'Midst infirmities and pains,
Meek, and daily dying, live.

3 Giver of godly woe,
On me the grace bestow;
Stony into fleshly turn
By Thy last expiring cry;
Bid me look on Thee and mourn,
Mourn, and with my Saviour die.

4 Thy bleeding love declare,
Too strong for life to bear;
Let it purge, and break my heart,
Then my heart's desire I prove,
Bowing on Thy cross depart,
Pay Thee back Thy bleeding love.

HYMN XI.

1 Giver, Lord, of life and death,
Disposer of Thine own,
Ready to resign my breath,
Thou hear'st a sinner groan;
For this only thing I pray,
Indulged as with a last reprieve,
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.

2 Pass'd on all the sinful kind,
I own Thy sentence just,
Earth to earth again consign'd,
And dust be mix'd with dust.
Nature's debt content I pay;
But, O! before the flesh I leave,
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.

3 Father of compassions, show
Thy mercy to my heart,
That, when Thee in Christ I know,
I may in peace depart:
Nothing here can court my stay,
If Thou the prodigal forgive;
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.

4 If my threatening sins were gone,
How freely, Lord, would I
Lay the mortal body down,
As privileged to die;

God of love, no more delay
The grace, for which alone I grieve ;
Take the sting of death away,
And now my soul receive.

HYMN XII.

1 Thee, Saviour, I confess
Omnipotent in grace :
True I account Thee, Lord,
And faithful to Thy word;
Freely Thou wilt confer
Whate'er we ask in prayer,
And readier art to give
Than sinners to receive.

2 Ere with my lips I pray,
Thou know'st what I would say :
Might I be found of Thee
In peace and purity,
And then my spirit give
With my dear Lord to live :
Safe on that happy shore,
I could desire no more.

HYMN XIII.

1 Thrice happy estate of the dead,
Who die on *Immanuel's* breast !
From trouble and misery freed,
From pain they eternally rest ;

Pursued by their labours of love,
By mercy assign'd their reward,
They mount to the mansions above,
And heaven enjoy in their Lord.

2 O how shall a sinner like me
That blissful enjoyment obtain?
To Jesus's bowels I flee,
Oppress'd with affliction and pain.
My burden of guilt I confess,
Just ready from earth to depart:
O Saviour, in pity release,
And pardon inscribe on my heart.

3 That rest from oppression bestow,
That faith in a crucified God,
And, freely forgiven, I know
The mercy procured by Thy blood;
Thy easy command I receive,
Affix'd to the infamous tree,
And daily expiring I live,
I suffer and triumph with Thee.

4 Then lowly I enter the rest
For lowly believers design'd,
The people in Jesus possess'd
Of pardon and purity join'd:
Then, faithful and just to Thy word,
Permit me in peace to remove,
Dissolved by a sight of my Lord,
And bless'd with a heaven of love.

HYMN XIV.

1 World of vanity, farewell!
Thee without regret I leave;
While, redeem'd from death and hell,
Mercy doth my soul forgive,
Lends me wings from earth to fly,
Tells me I shall never die.

2 Though the worms this flesh devour,
Clothed with immortality,
Ransom'd from corruption's power,
God I in this flesh shall see,
See my dear Redeemer's face,
See, and catch the glorious blaze.

3 Son of the Most High, appear,
Now my evils to remove;
Stamp me with Thy character,
God of holiness and love:
In Thine own similitude
Speak my sinless soul renew'd.

4 Loving Thee with all my heart,
Ready for the righteous crown,
Meet to see Thee as Thou art,
Glad I lay my body down;
Partner of Thy nature rise,
Reign eternal in the skies.

HYMN XV.

1 The way of all the earth I go
To my celestial place,
And only wait in Christ to know
The God of pardoning grace:

2 To find the heart by Jesus bought,
The heart-transforming love,
And feel the peace-surpassing thought,
The pledge of joys above.

3 That heavenly kingdom, Lord, within
My new-born soul restore,
And cancel and extirpate sin
By love's almighty power:

4 The grace affectionate infuse;
And when of love possess'd,
From chains of flesh my spirit loose,
And take me to Thy breast.

HYMN XVI.

1 Love Divine, for whom I languish,
Bring relief To my grief,
To my spirit's anguish.

2 Ease of every heart-oppression,
O come in, End my sin,
Finish my transgression.

3 Witness, seal of sin forgiven,
When Thou art In my heart,
Thou art instant heaven.

4 Ready made for my translation,
Then I prove; God is love,
Jesus is salvation.

5 Then, partaker of Thy nature,
I fulfil All the will
Of my New-Creator.

6 Into nothing sink before Thee,
Sink and rise, Grasp the prize,
See my Lord in glory.

HYMN XVII.

1 A SINNER ready to expire,
Afraid to drop the sinful clay,
With vehemence of intense desire,
For peace and purity I pray.

2 Unless Thou wash my life from sin,
Saviour, I have no part in Thee,
Unless Thou make my nature clean,
The holy God I cannot see.

3 Obedient saints, and they alone,
Into the sacred city press,
And, conquering all, partake Thy throne,
And, pure in heart, behold Thy face.

4 The meetness for that rapturous sight,
Is all I can on earth request;
The righteous robe, the linen white,
To' adorn me for that heavenly feast.

5 The law-fulfilling power of love,
Lover of souls, to me impart;
And then Thy easy yoke I prove,
Thy lowly, meek, obedient heart:

6 Then, then I feel redemption nigh,
Listening I catch the welcome word,
"Go, get thee up the mount, and die,
And live triumphant with thy Lord."

HYMN XVIII.

1 A TRANSGRESSOR from the womb,
Sinking now into my tomb;
O forbid it, Lord, that I,
Born in sin, in sin should die.

2 Whom Thyself hast died to save,
Snatch from the infernal grave;
Me to save, Thy love impart,
Pour the bliss into my heart.

3 Essence of eternal love,
Joy of all Thy hosts above,
Joy of all Thy saints below,
Only Thee I sigh to know.

4 Banish'd now out of Thy sight,
Bound in chains of penal night,
Painfully my want I feel;
Absent love is present hell.

5 Kindler of seraphic fires,
Fill my soul with pure desires;
All my guilty gloom to chase,
Jesus, show Thy heavenly face.

6 Pain before Thy presence flies,
Grief no longer weeps or sighs:
Sin and unbelief remove,
God in Thee I see and love.

HYMN XIX.

1 AWAY with my fears!
The Redeemer appears
Offer'd up in my stead,
And for every offender inclining His head;

He answer'd for me,
When He bled on the tree,
And my punishment took,
By His Father aggrieved, by His Father forsook.

2 'Tis finish'd He cries;
Our Deliverer dies,
The atonement is made,
The ransom laid down, and the penalty paid.
The all-conquering tomb
Is by Jesus o'ercome,
The terrible king
Is disarm'd of his dart, and despoil'd of his sting.

3 Triumphant I am
Through the death of the Lamb,
And redeem'd by His blood,
I have nothing to fear from a pacified God.
The favour Divine,
The image is mine,
When His Son I receive,
And united to Him I eternally live.

HYMN XX.

1 In anxious agony of doubt,
Who shall the dying sinner save?
Afraid my sin will find me out,
And sink my soul beneath the grave,
To whom can I for refuge run,
Undone, eternally undone?

2 My only Hope, in sad despair,
Expiring hangs on yonder tree!
His speaking blood's effectual prayer
Is heard all-prevalent for me:

His blood resounding through the skies,
Mercy, unbounded mercy, cries!

3 His blood has bought the general peace,
His blood has purged my guilty stain,
Has sign'd my guilty soul's release,
And brought me back to God again,
Who makes in Christ His goodness known,
And gives me to His dying Son.

4 This, only this, I stay to know,
And feel it in my sprinkled heart,
I then with calm affiance go
To see Thee, Saviour, as Thou art,
Thy shining scars, Thy face to see,
Whose death is life, is heaven to me.

HYMN XXI.

1 By the Redeemer certified,
That here I have not long to live,
I wait to feel His blood applied,
Who doth for His own sake forgive.

2 His favour seal'd in perfect peace,
Is joy unspeakable to' obtain,
His image of true holiness,
That meetness with Himself to reign.

3 The Son of God reveal'd in me,
He only can my soul prepare,
Fill'd with His immortality,
To meet and grasp Him in the air.

4 O might I now with Jesus find
The everlasting life brought in,
And know the Saviour of mankind,
My Saviour from all fear and sin!

5 O might I after God wake up,
And do His will like those above,
And taste in Christ, my glorious Hope,
The' anticipated heaven of love,

6 Of love, of God in Christ possess'd;
And wing'd with infinite desire,
I then should enter into rest,
And face to face my Lord admire.

HYMN XXII.

1 O IMMACULATE Lamb!
Thy disciple I am,
And in following Thee Thy assistance I claim:
Thy assistance is nigh;
And on this I rely,
And obediently come with my Saviour to die.

2 Though of dying afraid,
Through the horrible shade,
In view of Thy cross I may walk undismay'd:
To banish my fear,
My despondence to cheer,
In Thy crimson apparel, O Jesus! appear.

3 Thou hast pacified God;
And the mountainous load
Of my guilt is removed by Thy *all-cleansing* blood:
Only show on the tree
Thy passion for me,
And an end of my sin and my sorrow I see.

4 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done!
By Messias alone,
The wine-press is trod, and the victory won:

I have nothing to dread,
Since my Surety has bled,
And Jehovah Himself has expired in my stead.

5 The salvation is sure,
Which He died to procure
For whoever believe to the end and endure:
I in Jesus confide,
And can all things abide,
With a God of omnipotent love on my side.

6 Departing in Thee,
Thee, Lord, may I see
Walking on in the shadowy valley with me:
Then all evil is o'er,
And I suffer no more,
With my Saviour arrived at the heavenly shore.

HYMN XXIII.

1 Thou hast restrain'd my soul from sin,
And still, O Lord, restrain,
Till, born of God, and pure within,
I cannot sin again:
I cannot Thy good Spirit grieve,
Or take the tempter's part,
Or basely to the creature cleave,
When Thou hast all my heart.

2 O that it might this moment be,
O that I now could prove
The bless'd impossibility
Of trampling on Thy love!*

* Compare Wesley's Works, vol. x., p. 392; vol. xi., p. 422.

Instant for this Thou hear'st me pray
With groans unspeakable,
O take the carnal mind away,
And empty me of hell.

3 Thy nature's purity reveal,
And plant Thy heaven in me;
And now my gasping spirit fill
With love's immensity:
The love which casts out fear and sin,
Which Thou, my Jesus, art,
Bring with Thy Father's fulness in,
And take up all my heart.

4 Then shall I never more offend
My Saviour's glorious eyes,
But walk with my indwelling Friend,
Unspotted, to the skies;
Obtain the' inheritance prepared
For all the sons of grace,
And find my full immense reward
In my Redeemer's face.

HYMN XXIV.

1 WARN'D of my dissolution near,
As on the margin of the grave,
Jesus, with humble faith and fear,
I now bespeak Thy power to save:
Thou who hast tasted death for me,
Indulge me in my fond request,
And let a worm prescribe to Thee
The manner of my final rest.

2 My feeble heart's extreme desire,
If now Thine eye with pity sees,
Whene'er Thou dost my soul require,
O let me then be found in peace;
In active faith, and humble prayer,
Resign'd, yet longing to depart,
To rise, redeem'd from earthly care,
And see Thee, Saviour, as Thou art.

3 Suffice that more than threescore years
I have Thine indignation borne;
Glad may I quit the vale of tears,
And, pardon'd, to Thine arms return!
The tokens of Thy pardoning love,
The comforts sweet through life suspend;
But, while I from the flesh remove,
Let hope and peace be in my end.

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that Thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into Thine hands resign:
No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My Light, my Life, my God, is come,
And glory in His face appears!

HYMN XXV.

1 Still let me in Thy Spirit pray,
Still my infirmity confess:
Take this tormenting fear away,
Nor leave me in my last distress;

While grappling with my mortal foe,
O might I find Thy arms beneath,
Assured that I shall never know
The bitter pains of endless death.

2 The pains which soul and body part,
Which only less than hell I dread,
O might Thy pitying love avert,
And gently smooth my dying bed!
My coward flesh the conflict flies,
And shrinks from the last agony:
Remembering Thy own tears and cries,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 When nature's strength, and spirits fail,
And all the' infernal powers combined
My conscience furiously assail,
And Satan brings my sins to mind;
The fierce accusing fiend restrain,
Prevent, or break his final blow,
And, ransom'd through Thy bleeding pain,
I trample on my vanquish'd foe.

4 I sing the new triumphant song,
O death, where is thy boasted sting?
Salvation doth to God belong,
Who doth to me salvation bring!
Thanks be to God through Christ alone,
Who gives the final victory,
Mingles with His my latest groan,
And bids me die His face to see.

HYMN XXVI.

1 JESUS, to whose omniscient mind
Future and past are present now,
See my weak soul on Thee reclined,
Whene'er my dying head I bow:
Even now a sinner's suit admit,
Who humbly my request make known,
And, prostrate at Thy mercy-seat,
For peace, and final pardon groan.

2 Saved from ten thousand deaths and snares,
Wilt Thou not lead me safely home,
Number'd with Thee my hoary hairs
Bring down with triumph to the tomb?
Thou infinite in love and power,
My tempted soul through life stand by,
And when I meet my mortal hour,
My only business be to die.

3 My finish'd work, my conflicts past,
O may I then with joy perceive,
And, more than conqueror at last,
Glory to my Redeemer give!
Dealing Thy grace to all around,
I would my latest breath employ,
Witness of full redemption found,
And ripe for all my Master's joy.

4 A sinner saved! (be then my cry)
Saved by the riches of His grace,
Who would not have one sinner die,
Who died Himself for all our race!

His blood my utmost debt has paid,
  His blood has cleansed me from all sin,
And bought the heaven I see display'd
  To take an heir of glory in.

HYMN XXVII.

1 Drawn by a dying sinner's prayer,
    Come, Saviour, from above,
  And in my parting soul declare
    The majesty of love:

2 Before I render up my breath,
    Thy glorious goodness show,
  And safely through the gates of death
    To endless life I go.

3 I long Thy smiling face to see,
    Who freely dost forgive
  Transgression, sin, iniquity,
    The moment we believe.

4 In me create that seeing eye,
    Which doth the peace impart,
  And now with all Thy wounds pass by,
    And captivate my heart.

5 Soon as Thou dost in me proclaim,
    And make Thy nature known,
  The new unutterable name
    Which perfects us in one;

6 Made capable of heavenly rest,
I shall from earth remove,
To' enjoy the God for ever bless'd,
Whom I entirely love.

HYMN XXVIII.

1 BEFORE my Judge severe,
O how shall I appear!
Stranger to His saving grace,
Guilty and unholy I,
Banish'd from His glorious face,
Must I not for ever die?

2 Answer to God for me
The Man on *Calvary!*
Pleader of my desperate cause,
He hath paid the debt I owe,
Bought my pardon on the cross,
Died Himself to save His foe.

3 His death to Thee I show,
Thou righteous God and true;
In arrest of judgment, plead
Jesus, crush'd beneath my load:
I no other ransom need,
Speaks for me the sprinkled blood!

4 His blood from every sin
Shall make my nature clean:
Faith if in His blood I have,
All my sins *are* wash'd away;
He shall ransom from the grave,
He shall raise me in that day.

5 I then shall lift mine eyes
With rapturous surprise,
Boldly stand before the throne,
In the Judge the Saviour see,
Christ my Intercessor own,
Mine through all eternity!

HYMN XXIX.

1 In mercy infinite,
Who hear'st the sinner's prayer,
A little longer, yet
A little longer spare
Thy work, originally good,
Thy fallen creature—bought with blood.

2 My soul in life detain,
Saviour and Lord of all,
Till, made like Thee again,
Recover'd from my fall,
Thy long-lost favour I retrieve,
And sinless in Thine image live.

3 Thou hast in patient love
Reserved me to this day,
That I the power may prove
Which takes my sins away,
Which bids my soul depart in peace,
In joy, and finish'd holiness.

4 Bid then my new-born soul
After Thy likeness rise,
The faith that makes me whole
That clears and sanctifies,

To a poor ransom'd worm impart,
With all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

HYMN XXX.

1 Long in prayer and supplication
Have I made my fruitless moan,
Waited, Lord, for Thy salvation,
Hunger'd for a good unknown:
Hid from all but the receiver,
Life's imperishable Tree,
Meat Divine that lasts for ever,
God Himself reveal'd in me.

2 Through Thy death and righteous merit
Pardon still I hope to' obtain,
Through Thy pure indwelling Spirit
Perfect holiness to gain:
Partner of Thy sinless nature,
All Thy spotless mind to show,
Fashion'd after my Creator,
God as I am known to know.

3 Whence the earnest expectation,
Struggling now within my breast?
Pants my soul with boundless passion
After its eternal rest.
O that now the grace were given,
Taste of immortality!
Ere I can ascend to heaven,
Heaven must descend to me.

4 If Thou hast in mercy caught me,
Thee that I may apprehend,
If to this Thyself hast wrought me,
That I may to heaven ascend,
Draw me now into my Centre;
Into Thy ambitious shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit enter,
Seal my soul for ever Thine!

HYMN XXXI.

1 I COME, but tremble to draw near,
Before the righteous God to' appear,
The God of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquity:
Or smile upon a wretch like me,
Who unconverted dies.

2 I want the faith my God to please,
The true essential holiness,
The kingdom from above,
The rest for Christ-like souls design'd,
The humble, meek, and heavenly mind,
The fear-excluding love.

3 I want Thy laws engraved within,
Thy chaste antipathy to sin,
Thy love of purity:
Unless I here Thy nature share,
I know, my soul can never bear
A holy God to see.

4 How shall I, Lord, the meetness gain?
Thy only blood from every stain
Can make my nature pure:
And shed for all the sinful race,
It bought the pardon and the grace
That makes salvation sure.

5 Thee let Thy bleeding love compel
Its saving virtue to reveal
In this poor heart of mine:
A glad partaker of my hope,
I then shall after God wake up
To righteousness Divine.

6 To my primeval state restored,
Found in the image of my Lord,
The perfect character,
I then, with Thee in spirit one,
Boldly approach the' eternal throne,
And in Thy sight appear!

HYMN XXXII.

1 JESUS, come! (the mortal sentence
I receive) Come and give
Faith, and true repentance.

2 All my hope and consolation
Is in Thee; Visit me
With Thy full salvation.

3 Show Thyself the Lord of glory,
Lamb of God, Bathed in blood,
Crucified before me!

4 By the dreadful exhibition
Make me groan, Melt the stone
Into deep contrition.

5 Now apply the blood that cleanses
Every stain, Once again
Blot out my offences.

6 Bleeding love—I long to feel it!
Let the smart Break my heart,
Break my heart, and heal it.

7 Let the sense of sin forgiven
Make my soul Throughly whole,
Be my taste of heaven.

8 Then the earnest I inherit;
To its rest, In Thy breast,
Then receive my spirit.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 I KNOW and feel it cannot be
That I the holy God should see,
Or stand before His sight,
Unless I after Him awake,
His nature here on earth partake,
And in His love delight.

2 But He my flesh and blood assumed,
That I, to death eternal doom'd,
His Spirit might retrieve,
The favour of my Lord regain,
Substantial holiness obtain,
And in His image live.

3 Come then, great God, Thyself reveal,
With ecstasies unspeakable
Thy pardoning love impart;
Thy sanctifying blood apply,
To purge my nature's deepest dye,
And purify my heart.

4 My heart, which then to Thee I give,
To earthly things no more shall cleave,
Or seek its rest below,
No more to vile affections yield,
But with the' indwelling Spirit fill'd,
My only Jesus know.

5 Soon as of Thee possess'd I am,
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And with Thy nature bless'd,
Thy lowly, meek, unspotted mind,
Rest to my hallow'd soul I find,
The true eternal rest.

6 Then, then, mature for my reward,
Fit to behold my glorious Lord
With all Thy white-robed choir,
(My faith and holiness fill'd up,)
I reach the sacred mountain's top,
And in Thy sight expire.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 WHO shall that rapturous sight explain,
Which gracious souls departing gain,
The crown of all their grace?
Life cannot bear the bliss Divine:
Then let me, Lord, my soul resign,
To see Thy heavenly face.

2 This earth, I know, is not my home,
Through which a banish'd man I roam,
A weary pilgrim I,
Till, at Thy word, my wanderings cease,
And, mounting from the wilderness,
I to Thy bosom fly.

3 O that I on the wings of love,
The wings of Thy celestial Dove,
Could from the valley soar;
Escape to my Redeemer's breast,
Recover there my endless rest,
And never wander more!

4 Author, and End of my desires,
Whom my imprison'd soul aspires
As I am known to know,
Come, and dissolve this fleshly chain,
And take me to Thine arms again,
And all Thy glory show.

HYMN XXXV.

1 Tell me, affrighted reason, tell
What is that death I soon shall feel?*
"The foul original disgrace
Involving our devoted race,
The sad effect of *Adam's* fall,
The direful curse entail'd on all."

2 His oracles the answer give,
Who wills that all mankind should live,

* Compare Prior, "Solomon," book iii.

Who lived Himself in grief and woe,
On me His blessing to bestow,
To purchase immortality,
Who died for all mankind and me.

3 Saviour and Prince of life and peace,
Thy passion bids my horrors cease:
Through Thy atoning sacrifice,
The light doth out of darkness rise,
And scatters all my guilty gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

4 The death Thou didst for me sustain,
Shall mitigate my mortal pain,
While leaning on Thy bloody cross,
I trust with Thee my desperate cause,
My sufferings to Thy sufferings join,
And mix my parting soul with Thine.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 WEARY of all below,
And drawing toward my end,
My only want I show
To Thee, the sinner's Friend,
Who hast through life my Saviour been;
Open Thy arms to take me in.

2 Yet here my soul detain,
God of almighty love,
Till, join'd to Thee again,
The life of faith I prove,
The utmost power of godliness,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

3 I want a pardon seal'd
In peace and humble joy,
The Deity reveal'd,
My evils to destroy,
The Spirit purchased by Thy blood,
The fulness of indwelling God.

4 Thy absence from my heart
Forbids my soul to' aspire,
And longing to depart,
I check the rash desire,
Bewail my want of purity,
My painful want of love and Thee.

5 O let my mournful cry
Thy kind compassion move,
Nor suffer me to die
A stranger to Thy love:
Thy word the weeping sinner cheers;
O keep not silence at my tears.

6 I wait the quickening word,
Which bids my soul awake,
In holiness restored,
Thy nature to partake;
That life which time and death defies,
That charity which never dies.

7 Then let this body drop
Into its earthen bed;
This flesh shall rest in hope,
While number'd with the dead:
Sweet fellowship with Thee I have,
And share my dear Redeemer's grave.

8 My spirit then set free,
On eagle's wings shall rise,
With eagle's eyes shall see
Its Lord in paradise,
Till Thy eternal Spirit come,
And call my dust out of the tomb.

9 In soul and body bless'd,
My utmost flight I soar,
Enter the heavenly rest,
And face to face adore
The glorious God in persons three,
My God through all eternity!

HYMN XXXVII.

1 To my latest moment crying,
Must I cry for grace in vain,
Jesus, save a sinner dying,
O redeem a wretched man!
Wretched I beyond expression,
Longer if my Lord defer,
Finisher of the transgression,
End of sin in me to' appear.

2 Contrary to Thee by nature,
Shapen in iniquity,
Born Thine enemy and hater,
How shall I Thy kingdom see?
How into Thy presence venture,
Unrenew'd in righteousness?
No unholy thing can enter,
Stand before Thy glorious face.

3 Yet I in my lost condition
May approach the sinner's Friend,
Still presenting my petition,
Saviour, in the cloud descend:
Make Thy goodness pass before me,
God discover'd from above,
To Thine image here restore me,
Change my nature into love.

4 Love excludes the selfish passion,
Love destroys the carnal mind;
Love be here my full salvation,
Love for Thee and all mankind:
Let Thine own compassion move Thee
Thy own nature to impart,
Force me now to cry—I love Thee,
Love Thee, Lord, with all my heart.

5 Thus prepared for my dismission,
Let me for Thy coming stay,
Gliding with a smooth transition
Into everlasting day,
Seal'd by Thy uniting Spirit,
Meet with Thee, O Christ, to live—
Then impute Thy righteous merit,
Then my spotless soul receive.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 Weary of my own complaints,
Still I sigh for purity:
Jesus, come! my spirit faints,
Faints and dies for want of Thee:
Drawn by my expiring groan,
Quickly come, and save Thine own.

2 Alien from the life of God,
Lest the second death I die,
Me polluted in my blood,
Pass compassionately by:
Faith Divine and pardon give,
Bid me in Thy likeness live.

3 Only Thee I gasp to know,
Truth of holiness and love,
Truth of happiness below,
Way to glorious joys above;
Life, eternal life Thou art;
Speak Thyself into my heart.

HYMN XXXIX.

1 So near the haven brought,
Must I be shipwreck'd here?
Saviour, forgive the hasty thought
Of misbelieving fear;
Fear of myself, not Thee,
It is my grief and shame,
It is my own infirmity;
But Thou art still the same.

2 In childhood's giddy hour
Thou hast my Keeper been,
And screen'd my youth from passion's power,
From every pleasing sin:
When by the fiend impell'd,
In slippery paths I ran,
Thy hand invisible withheld,
"And led me up to man."*

* Compare "Spectator," No. 453.

3 Restrain'd by heavenly grace
From what the world pursued,
"Eager ambition's fiery race"*
With unconcern I view'd:
The lust of wealth and fame
Thou only didst suppress,
And gav'st my mounting soul to aim
At nobler happiness.

4 Oft as from Thee I roved,
In quest of my own will,
Thy Spirit tenderly reproved,
And kept me back from ill;
He cross'd my fond desire
Of perishable good,
And pluck'd the brand out of the fire,
And quench'd it in Thy blood.

5 Unnumber'd deaths and snares,
Thy love hath turn'd aside:
And still, O God, to hoary hairs
Thou art my faithful Guide:
Thy miracles of grace
Thou daily dost renew,
Straighten the' inextricable maze,
And bring me strangely through.

6 Why then am I cast down,
With anxious thoughts oppress'd,
With doubts if Thou wilt lead me on
To my eternal rest?
Thy will and power are join'd
The helpless to defend;
And saved so long, I trust to find
Salvation in my end.

* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night iv., line 91.

7 This unbelieving sin
Thou wilt, O Lord, control,
And perfect righteousness bring in
To my expecting soul:
Finish, expel, destroy,
This inbred enemy;
And fill with everlasting joy,
And make me all like Thee.

8 Confiding in Thy word,
I ask the grace unknown,
According to Thy promise, Lord,
Let it in me be done:
My faith's defects supply,
Almighty to forgive,
And then I get me up, and die,
And then for ever live!

HYMN XL.

1 FATHER of all, to Thee I come!
By Thee supported from the womb,
Thy providential charge and care,
I magnify Thy gracious power,
Who dost to life's extremest hour
My every grief and burden bear.

2 Thou never wilt Thine own forsake,
Till pure I give my spirit back
Into those blessed hands of Thine
Thy name ineffable receive,
An image of Thy glory live,
And with Thy light for ever shine.

3 My deathless soul, my mouldering dust,
To God the merciful and just,
Through Christ, I faithfully commend;
Kept by my Advocate above,
Told in a whisper of His love,
That hope and heaven is in my end!

4 This, this is all my heart's desire,
When mercy doth my soul require,
By Jesus found mature in grace,
In full conformity Divine
My spotless spirit to resign,
And see my Saviour face to face.

[*The following Hymns on the same subject were left by the Author in manuscript.*]

HYMN XLI.

1 JUSTLY Thou mightst in helpless age
Thy most unworthy servant leave,
Leave me to faint in life's last stage
And never more my sins forgive,
Leave me to breathe my slighted prayer
And perish in extreme despair.

2 But lo, I from Thy justice, Lord,
To Thy redeeming grace appeal!
Justice awakes its flaming sword
Against the Man Thou lov'st so well:
He paid my ransom with His blood,
And God hath quench'd the wrath of God.

3 Whate'er I have of evil done,
Or said, or thought, on Him was laid:
My trust is in Thy bleeding Son,
My fainting soul on Christ is stay'd:
Father, regard His sacrifice,
And bid me live, for Jesus dies.

4 His death is present now with Thee,
As when, expiring in my place,
He bow'd His head on *Calvary*,
True Witness of the' accomplish'd grace,
The pardon pass'd, the world forgiven,
The way display'd from hell to heaven.

5 With humble faith His death I plead,
And cover'd with the' atoning blood,
Calmly I sink among the dead,
The dead who ever live to God,
Secure in that great day to rise
And share Thy kingdom in the skies.

HYMN XLII.

1 Jesus, my Life in death, appear!
My mortal enemy draws near,
And brandishes his dart:
To Thee my last distress I bring;
Disarm the monster of his sting,
And calm my fluttering heart.

2 Ah, suffer not my faith to fail
While passing through the dreadful vale
This coward flesh I leave;

But show Thyself my heavenly Guide,
With arms of love extended wide
Thy purchase to receive.

3 The death Thou didst for me sustain
O let it soothe my dying pain,
Or into bliss convert;
Then as the Lamb of God resign'd,
Rest to my weary soul I find,
And joyfully depart.

HYMN XLIII.

1 Let me alone this only year,
In honour of Thy Son,
Who doth my Advocate appear
Before Thy gracious throne:
Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me my Saviour prays,
And pleads His death for me.

2 Time to repent Thou dost bestow;
But O the power impart,
And let my eyes with tears o'erflow
And break my stubborn heart!
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
The hindering thing remove;
And, lo, I now begin to pray
And wrestle for Thy love.

3 I now from all my sins would turn
To my atoning God;
And look on Him I pierced, and mourn,
And feel the sprinkled blood:

Would nail my passions to the cross,
Where my Redeemer died;
And all things count but dung and loss,
For Jesus crucified.

4 Giver of penitential pain,
Before Thy cross I lie,
In grief determined to remain,
Till Thou Thy blood apply.
Forgiveness on my conscience seal,
Bestow Thy promised rest;
With purest love Thy servant fill,
And number with the bless'd.

HYMN XLIV.

1 THY call to lay this body down,
And venture on a world unknown,
Resign'd I would attend,
With humble thankfulness embrace
My Saviour's kindly warning grace,
And meekly meet my end.

2 I feel the fatal moment nigh,
And tremble at the point to die
A sinner unforgiven,
Without that Witness of Thy grace,
Without that real holiness
Which qualifies for heaven.

3 Oft have I for Thy Spirit pray'd,
Ten thousand times invoked His aid,
And found His presence near,

But still unsaved and unrenew'd,
I want the sanctifying God,
The' indwelling Comforter.

4 That Spirit purchased by Thy death,
Jesus, on me vouchsafe to breathe
Before I hence depart:
Now let Him testify of Thee,
And take, and show Thy blood to me,
And fill my sprinkled heart.

5 With all my heart I then shall love
My Friend and Harbinger above
Who here unveils His face,
Who waits to catch my parting sigh,
Who bids me get me up and die,
And live in His embrace.

HYMN XLV.

1 O DEATH, this is thy dreaded sting,
This is thy victory, O grave!
Grace doth not yet forgiveness bring,
Or Christ exert His power to save.

2 Horror of horrors! must I die
With all my sins upon my soul?
Wilt Thou not first Thy blood apply,
And speak my wounded spirit whole?

3 O for Thy truth and mercy sake
Remove the' insufferable load,
Cast all my sins behind Thy back,
And show Thyself a pardoning God.

4 What profit is there in my death,
What glory to the grace Divine,
If sad I gasp my latest breath,
And hopeless die—without a sign?

5 Will it not all Thy children shame,
And harden more the heathen's heart,
If left at my last hour I am
In dread and darkness to depart?

6 Before his strong arrest I feel
Close-grappling with my mortal foe,
Eternal Life, Thyself reveal,
And break his last tremendous blow.

7 Thy hoary, helpless servant hear,
Who trembles at Thy threatening word,
Asunder sawn by harrowing fear,
The terrors of an angry Lord.

8 Hast Thou not many a soul relieved
Who all their days in bondage pass'd,
The prisoners in Thine arms received,
And scarcely saved, yet saved at last?

9 That saving power extend to me,
Avenger of Thy people's wrong,
And set the lawful captive free,
And teach my heart the gospel-song.

10 Open my mouth, almighty Love,
In death to testify Thy grace,
And while my quivering lips can move
My quivering lips shall speak Thy praise;

11 Shall tell the drooping sons of men
To every soul Thy bowels sound;
None ever ask'd Thy grace in vain,
Or seeking died before he found.

12 Thus will I, Lord, my seal set to :
In publishing the sinner's Friend
So good to save, so strong, so true,
My last triumphant moments spend.

13 Till entering Thy celestial joy,
I join the' acclaiming host above,
And all eternity employ
In praise of all-redeeming love.

HYMN XLVI.

1 I KNOW it, Lord : with humble fear
Thy Spirit's warning voice I hear :
My time is past, my race is run,
I soon must lay this body down.

2 My flesh again to dust shall turn,
My soul on wings of angels borne,
If wash'd in Jesu's blood, shall fly,
And find its Father in the sky.

3 Yet teach me still by special grace
To count aright my few sad days,
By surest presage to perceive
When I the weeping vale shall leave ;

4 What day I shall from earth remove,
Tell me Thyself in peace and love,
Tell me in purity and power,
And, lucid to my latest hour,

5 Light in Thy light O may I see,
The brightness of eternity,
The rising Sun of righteousness,
The glory beaming from Thy face.

6 Indulged with this, I ask no more,
But the great God in Christ adore,
Thy image by reflection shine,
And die into the arms Divine.

HYMN XLVII.

1 THE night of death will quickly come;
I now perceive it nigh,
And hasten to my heavenly home,
But am not fit to die.

2 Jesus, Thy blessed self impart,
For till I Thee receive,
And love my Lord with all my heart,
I am not fit to live.

3 My only want, desire, and hope
To feel Thy hallowing blood,
After Thy likeness to wake up,
And then return to God:

4 Partaker of Thy purity
I gladly would remove
The Lover of my soul to see,
To see the God I love.

5 For this I in Thy Spirit cry
According to Thy will,
The grace bring in, the blood apply,
The perfect love reveal:

6 The meaning of Thy Spirit's prayer
To Thee, O God, is known:
My gasping, dying soul prepare,
And take me to Thy throne.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 My last, my most momentous days,
More precious as in number less,
O how shall I improve?
Thou God who mad'st my heart's desire,
Answer the prayer by heavenly fire
And bless me with Thy love.

2 Dearer than life, Thy love bestow,
And after Thee I gladly go
Thy counsels to fulfil,
To suffer what my Lord ordains,
To serve Thee with my life's remains
And prove Thine utmost will.

3 Though age benumbs my active powers,
Still may I pass my added hours
In inward acts of grace,
Of vigorous faith and cheerful hope,
In blissful views from *Pisgah's* top,
In fervent prayer and praise:

4 And when I sink among the dead,
Saviour, Thy arms of mercy spread
Thy servant to receive,
From earth unpainfully removed,
In the full sight of my Beloved
The life of heaven to live.

HYMN XLIX.

1 On the margin of the grave,
Father, I Thy grace implore,
Pardon and persist to save,
God of love and praise and power,
Till my spirit I resign
Pure into the hands Divine.

2 All the ill which I have done
If Thy grace in Christ exceeds,
If He did for me atone,
If for me His death He pleads,
Now Thy Son in me reveal,
Pardon on my conscience seal.

3 When I feel His blood applied,
When my sins are all removed,
Me a little longer hide
In the wounds of my Beloved,
Hide till every storm is past,
Then receive my soul at last.

4 Passing through the dreary vale,
With sufficient strength supply,
When my flesh and spirit fail
Hear my last expiring cry;
Dying more than death I dread,
Make in death my softest bed.

5 Stand omnipotently near,
When my soul and body part,
Chasing every doubt and fear,
Comforting my steadfast heart,
Reaching out the dear-bought prize,
Joy and bliss that never dies.

6 Let the sense of joys above
Quite o'erpower my sense of pain,
Let unutterable love
Loose me from my body's chain,
Sweetly set the prisoner free,
Swallow up my soul in Thee.

HYMN L.

1 WARN'D from the body to depart,
What shall I of my God desire?
Pardon and grace to keep my heart
Till Thou my ready soul require.

2 All that is past, my God, forgive,
For the short time to come defend,
And strengthening without sin to live
O bless me with a peaceful end.

3 Meet for the fellowship above,
The glories of eternity,
Thy servant, Lord, with ease remove,
And let me fall asleep in Thee.

4 Do Thou, if so Thy love ordain,
Gently the knot of life untie,
And free from sin, and free from pain,
In mercy's arms I sweetly die.

HYMN LI.

1 LEFT from my birth to Thee my God,
Through life the object of Thy care,
Forsaking now this mean abode,
I ask in agony of prayer,

Peace when this feeble body dies,
And a smooth passage to the skies.

2 O re-assure my sprinkled heart
Thou dost abundantly forgive,
That meet, and joyful to depart,
My friends I in Thy hands may leave,
While all my cancell'd sin I see
Nail'd with Thy body to the tree.

3 Open my mouth to speak Thy praise,
Thy faithful love which never ends,
To minister Thy balmy grace,
To cheer my sad surviving friends,
And leave a blessing large behind,
Fruit of my prayers for all mankind.

4 But chiefly let my dying cries
Avail for those I call'd my own,
Endear'd by nature's softest ties,
After the flesh no longer known,
To them, dear Lord, Thy love impart,
And write Thy name on every heart.

5 On them, on me the prayer be seal'd
In peace and purity and power,
That conscious of the grace reveal'd,
I may at death's triumphant hour
Declare the glorious earnest given,
And leave them following me to heaven.

HYMN LII.

1 WHO giv'st me yet a longer space,
A moment's merciful reprieve,
Saviour, vouchsafe the softening grace,
The pure Divine affection give,

And then my grateful soul remove
To grasp in Thee the God I love.

2 Now let Thy dying love constrain
My heart to make the kind return,
To love my loving Lord again,
The Comforter of all that mourn;
The weary burden'd sinner's rest,
Prepare and take me to Thy breast.

3 United with Thy sacrifice,
Memorial sweet before the throne,
O might this faithful prayer arise,
And bring the great salvation down,
The peace which human thought transcends,
The mystic joy which never ends.

4 Soon as the antepast I feel,
Thy love's ineffable delight,
Saviour, Thy majesty reveal,
That soul-beatifying sight,
That sight to raptured seraphs given,
That sight which makes a heaven of heaven!

HYMN LIII.

1 God of all grace and patience, hear
My supplicating cry,
And show me Thy salvation near
While at the point to die.

2 Before my soul and body part,
The carnal enmity,
The plague expel out of my heart,
And part my sin and me.

3 Such power belongs to Thee alone,
Who didst for sinners bleed,
And purchase by Thy dying groan
The benefits I need.

4 Thou shedd'st Thy blood that I might find
Redemption in Thy blood,
And separate from sin, be join'd
Eternally to God.

5 Thy own kind purpose to fulfil,
Come, Saviour, from above,
And rooting out the inbred ill,
Fill all my soul with love;

6 Finish the first transgression, Thou
Who hast my sins forgiven,
And lo, my willing head I bow,
And go in peace to heaven!

HYMN LIV.

1 Son of God, to Thee I pray,
Ready to put off my clay,
Make to Thee my last request,
Languishing for endless rest.

2 Might I on my Lord reclined
Hope at my departure find,
Peace that pain and death defies,
Love, and life that never dies.

3 Whisper to my parting soul
By Thy bleeding stripes made whole,
Thou who didst my sins remove,
Hast prepared my place above.

4 Thou hast been the sinner's Friend,
Thou hast loved me to the end,
Purchased by Thy dying groan,
Thou art come to claim Thine own.

5 Kindly then Thine own receive,
With my loving Lord to live,
Kiss my raptured soul away,
Bear me to eternal day.

6 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Take me up Thy face to see;
Then the utmost bliss is given,
Then I reach the highest heaven.

HYMN LV.*

1 FATHER of all, whose bowels move
To every object of Thy love;
In honour of my heavenly Friend,
Indulge me with a peaceful end.

2 Weary of life, with guilt oppress'd,
I want the pledge of endless rest,
I want Thy love to testify,
And then to lay me down and die.

3 The pardon grant for which I pray
Because I nothing have to pay,
Because a ransom'd worm I am,
And ask the grace in Jesu's name.

4 Ten thousand talents, Lord, remit,
Whose mercies are more infinite,
The sins of seventy years forgive,
And then my longing soul receive.

* Inserted in Arminian Magazine, 1781, p. 228, with the title "An Old Man's Prayer."

5 Thou know'st I wait for this alone,
Till Thou shalt manifest Thy Son;
The fulness of the Deity,
In Christ, reveal Thyself to me.

6 Then, O my God and Father, then
When I have Thy salvation seen,
In peace permitted to depart,
I soar, and see Thee as Thou art.

HYMN LVI.

1 From sudden unexpected death,
Jesus, Thy servant save,
Nor let me gasp my latest breath
Unconscious of the grave;

2 Unconscious of the yawning deep
And death eternal nigh;
Ah, do not suffer me to sleep
Till in my sins I die.

3 Warn'd of the sure-approaching day,
I now Thy grace desire,
In mercy take my sins away,
And then my soul require.

4 Thy favour and Thine image, Lord,
O may I first retrieve,
And meet for my immense reward
To Thy great glory live.

5 Wise to foresee my latter end,
With humble, loving fear,
I would continually attend
The welcome messenger,

6 And summon'd to the mountain-top,
Without a lingering sigh
Render my ransom'd spirit up,
And to Thy glory die.

HYMN LVII.*

1 JESUS, my hope of heavenly rest,
Grant a departing soul's request,
If Thy desires in mine I feel
And ask according to Thy will.

2 Ah, make me, ere I hence remove,
Meet to partake Thy joys above,
To triumph with the sons of grace,
And pure in heart to see Thy face.

3 Soon as the mighty change I know
Through life, through death in peace I go:
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Forgive, and finish all my sin.

4 Redeem'd from passion and from pride,
In Thee my blameless spirit hide,
Thyself my glorious earnest be,
My life, and immortality.

5 Thou only canst my soul prepare,
And stamp me with Thy character,
Thy new mysterious name impart,
Thy nature spread throughout my heart.

6 Then I am ready for my Lord,
I wait the kind transporting word,
Thine utmost truth and goodness prove,
And die to see the God I love.

* Inserted in Arminian Magazine, 1780, p. 397, with No. lviii., under the same title as No. lv.

HYMN LVIII.

1 Lo, on the margin of the grave,
Jesus, omnipotent to save,
On Thee for help I call;
Sinking into the dust of death,
O might I find Thy arms beneath,
And on Thy bosom fall.

2 Reject me not, because I fear,
But rather a lost sinner cheer
Who trembles at Thy word:
The power of faith I do not prove,
And by the Spirit of Thy love
I cannot call Thee Lord.

3 Thy favour how shall I obtain,
Thine image and Thy life regain,
In purest love renew'd?
Answer, Thou heavenly Man of woe,
The tokens of Thy passion show,
And wash me in Thy blood.

4 Without that sense of pardoning grace,
Without that real holiness,
O where shall I appear?
They only can contemplate Thee,
And face to face their Saviour see,
Who bear Thy character.

5 Thy blood, which did my pardon buy,
That, only that can sanctify
This poor polluted heart;
Cleansed in Thy blood my soul shall shine,
Adorn'd with righteousness Divine,
And ready to depart.

6 Remembering then Thy mortal pain,
Receive me saved, and born again,
Thy dearly purchased prize;
By faith to full salvation keep,
Till in Thy arms I fall asleep,
And wake in paradise.

HYMN LIX.*

1 TREMENDOUS God, with humble fear
Prostrate before Thy awful throne
The' irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
(Since such the will of the Most High,)
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born only to lament and die.

3 Submissive to Thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when Thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be Love.

4 By whispering love into my heart
Warn me of my approaching end,
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to Thy arms ascend!

HYMN LX.

1 JESUS, Thou know'st my soul desires
Thyself to apprehend,
To Thee its Principle aspires,
To Thee its glorious End;

* Inserted in Arminian Magazine, 1780, p. 679. "It is appointed for men once to die" prefixed.

The secret wishes of my heart
Thou dost this moment see;
This moment, Lord, I would depart,
Could I depart in Thee.

2 My soul an offering to my God
I gladly would restore,
Divested of this mortal clod,
And seen on earth no more;
Far from a life of toils and pains,
I wait for wings to fly;
This only labour yet remains,
To get me up and die.

3 To Thee devoted from the womb,
Thy counsels I fulfil,
And lo, in life and death I come
To serve Thy blessed will;
In life and death to things above
I lift my heart and eyes,
And with an act of contrite love
Conclude my sacrifice.

HYMN LXI.

1 HIDE me by Thy presence, Lord,
From the dire infectious race,
From the men Thou call'st Thy sword,
From the gall of bitterness,
From the strife of tongues conceal,
Tongues inflamed with fire of hell.

2 In Thy tabernacle keep,
Till I bow my weary head,
Close mine eyes in lasting sleep,
Sink among the quiet dead,
Where the world no more molest,
Where the weary are at rest.

3 Weary of contention here,
Saviour, to Thy arms I fly,
Save Thine aged messenger,
Bid me get me up and die,
Die out of a world of strife,
Die into immortal life.

4 Made by pure consummate love
Meet and ready to depart,
Gladly would I now remove,
See Thee, Saviour, as Thou art,
Cherish'd in Thy loving breast,
Lull'd to everlasting rest.

HYMN LXII.

1 AUTHOR of my desires
After the things above,
To Thee my struggling soul aspires,
And languishes for love:
Essence of love Thou art
On dear-bought worms bestow'd,
O could I find Thee in my heart,
And then return to God!

2 The things invisible
Of that new world unknown,
O might that final day reveal
And show Thee on Thy throne!
Thou God of God, and Light
Of Light, I die to see
Thy Father's glorious Image, bright
In all His majesty.

3 Thou hast His house prepared,
Where saints and angels live,
Who their exceeding great reward
In Thee alone receive;
The raptures of the place
Are in Thy presence given,
And I, when gazing on Thy face,
Shall want no other heaven.

HYMN LXIII.

1 SCARCELY I presume to pray,
God omnipotent, in love
Take my bosom-sin away,
Me out of myself remove;
Nothing is too hard for Thee,
Yet I fear it cannot be.

2 Long I every means have tried
To subdue the inbred ill;
Still I am not sanctified,
Rules my ruling passion still;
Neither prayers nor vows restrain,
Tears for ages flow in vain.

3 Is it then, most gracious Lord,
Can it be Thy will, that I
Hanging on Thy faithful word
Unredeem'd should live and die,
Gasp in death my slighted prayer,
Perish in extreme despair?

4 In an agony of doubt,
Father, I Thy will attend,
Till I find Thy counsel out,
Fear and tremble to the end,
Know not what my end shall be,
Leave it to Thy Son and Thee.

HYMN LXIV.

1 MINDFUL of Thy servant, Lord,
When ready to depart,
Peace according to Thy word
Inspire into my heart:
To mine inmost soul apply
The virtue of Thy hallowing blood,
Born a child of wrath, that I
May die a child of God.

2 Saviour, on Thy faithful love
My ransom'd soul I cast,
Humbly confident to prove
Thy promised grace at last:
Better that my latter end
May than my beginning be,
Born in sin, my God and Friend,
I come to die in Thee.

HYMN LXV.

1 Admonish'd of deliverance nigh,
Bred up in grief, and born to die,
A pensive sojourner
The way of all the earth I go,
And freely quit this vale below
Before my God to' appear.

2 My God in Christ the sinners' Friend,
To Him I faithfully commend
This parting soul of mine,
Object of His paternal love,
And mark'd for happiness above
With precious blood Divine.

3 Long in the land my days have been,
And much I have of evil seen,
And sick of seeing more,
Beyond these storms of trouble, I
Expect my eagle-wings to fly
To that eternal shore.

4 Thou hast, O God, in special grace
Fulfill'd the number of my days;
A man of misery
Detain'd beyond the age of man,
Why dost Thou still my soul detain
In banishment from Thee?

5 Thy goodness wills the kind delay,
That, wrestling on in prayer I may
Attain my calling's prize;
May help my friends and brethren too
The prize immortal to pursue,
And labour up the skies.

6 When all have heavenward set their face,
Resolved to run the Christian race,
And never, never rest,
Then, then accomplishing Thy word,
Fill up my faith, almighty Lord,
And take me to Thy breast.

HYMN LXVI.

1 Far from passion, and from pride,
Hide me, by Thy presence hide
From the world's outrageous wrongs,
From the angry strife of tongues,
From the malice of the fiend,
From the woes that never end,
From the memory of ill,
From myself, and all I feel.

2 Poor, unnoticed, and unknown,
Let me dwell with Thee alone,
Dwell in safety and in peace,
Cease from sin, for ever cease:
Or, if grief with life must last,
Let me wail my follies past,
Live my follies to lament,
Die a pardon'd penitent.

3 Dying every mournful day,
Let me at Thy footstool pray,
Drink Thy indignation's cup,
Fill my mournful measure up:

Then Thy servant, Lord, dismiss
With a reconciling kiss,
Binding up my broken heart
Bid me then in peace depart.

HYMN LXVII.

A FATHER'S PRAYER FOR HIS CHILDREN.

1 My God, who from my earliest age
To lingering life's extremest stage
Hast been my sure defence,
Wilt Thou not for my children care,
And safe conduct through every snare
Their heedless innocence?

2 Their souls and bodies I commend
To Thee, whose mercies never end,
Who dost Thy creatures know,
And promisest, whate'er we claim
After Thy will in Jesu's name
Thou freely wilt bestow.

3 Great things I do not, Lord, require,
To feed their covetous desire,
Their sloth, or vanity,
To fill their hearts with proud conceit,
And make the worms themselves forget
Poor pensioners on Thee.

4 Nor poverty nor riches give,
But let them in Thy presence live,
With heavenly wisdom bless'd,
With food and raiment satisfied,
Rejoice in nature's wants supplied,
And give up all the rest.

5 Nature with little is content,
And grace with less when Thou hast sent
The manna from above;
O that of this they humbly may
Receive their portion day by day,
And banquet on Thy love!

6 Thy love which did their souls redeem,
Be here their happiness supreme,
Till, call'd Thy face to see,
They leave this slighted earth behind,
And, lost in endless raptures, find
Their highest heaven in Thee.

HYMN LXVIII.

THE PRAYER OF A DEPARTING MINISTER.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,
Who on Thy servant's side hast stood,
And bless'd my ministry,
Ready my prosper'd course to end,
I to Thy guardian love commend
The flock received from Thee.

2 Beneath Thy wings, their sure defence,
Protected by Omnipotence,
Thy most distinguish'd care,
The lambs and sheep of *England's* fold
Now in the book of life enroll'd
Preserve for ever there.

3 Our church a thousand-fold increase,
With every gospel-blessing bless,
And o'er the earth disperse,

Till every heart Thy kingdom own,
Till Thou art fear'd, confess'd, and known
Throughout the universe.

4 In hope of that most joyful day,
To quit this tenement of clay
Thy summons I receive,
For when I lay my body down
Thy work shall still be carried on,
And God for ever live.

5 The Spirit's residue is Thine:
Fit instruments of Thy design,
Dispensers of Thy grace,
(If some, like salt, their savour lose,)
Thou canst from other stones produce,
And nobler vessels raise.

6 Come then, Thy servant to release,
And suffer'd to depart in peace,
Without a lingering sigh,
In all the confidence of hope
I now ascend the mountain-top,
And get me up and die.

FINIS.

AN

ELEGY

ON THE LATE REVEREND

George Whitefield, M.A.,

Who died SEPTEMBER 30, 1770,

In the 56th Year of his Age.

By *CHARLES WESLEY*, M.A.,
Presbyter of the Church of ENGLAND.

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AN ELEGY.

And is my Whitefield enter'd into rest,
With sudden death, with sudden glory, bless'd?
Left for a few sad moments here behind,
I bear his image on my faithful mind;
To future times the fair example tell
Of one who lived, of one who died, so well;
Pay the last office of fraternal love,
And then embrace my happier friend above.

O Thou who didst, in our degenerate days,
This chosen vessel for Thy glory raise,
My heart with my companion's zeal inspire,
And touch *my* lips with the celestial fire,
That, while Thy servant's labours I record,
Sinners may see, and magnify, his Lord,
Bow to the saving Name, and thankful own
The good on earth perform'd is wrought by God alone.

His sovereign grace vouchsafed a worm to choose,
The vessel fitting for the Master's use;
God from the womb set for Himself apart
A pastor fashion'd after His own heart;

Infused the infant-wish, the warm desire,
To minister like that angelic choir,
And bade his simple soul to heaven aspire.

Awed and delighted with a God unknown,
By glimpses of His face led gently on,
The powerful, sweet attraction he pursued,
And fear'd the crowd, and sigh'd for solitude;
His sins and wants in secret to declare,
Or wait for blessings in the house of prayer,
Devotion by the altar-fire to raise,
And join the first-born church in solemn songs of praise.

But now the Lord, who sends by whom He will,
Ready His own great purpose to fulfil,
Inclined the creature's heart as passive clay,
And pointed out his providential way
To learning's seats, for piety design'd,
For knowledge sound, with pure religion join'd,
Schools of the prophets' sons, and well employ'd,
When training servants for the courts of God.

'Twas there he dared his father's God pursue,
Associating with the derided few,
(Who, newly started in the Christian race,
Were blindly following after righteousness,
Outcasts of men, and fools for Jesu's sake:)
He long'd their glorious scandal to partake,
Courageously took up the shameful cross,
And, suffering all things in the Saviour's cause,
Vow'd to renounce the world, himself deny,
And, following on with them, with them to live and die.

Can I the memorable day forget,
When first we by Divine appointment met?

Where undisturb'd the thoughtful student roves,
In search of truth, through academic groves;
A modest, pensive youth, who mused alone,
Industrious the frequented path to shun,
An *Israelite* without disguise or art,
I saw, I loved, and clasp'd him to my heart,
A stranger as my bosom-friend caress'd,
And unawares received an angel-guest.

Mark'd for an angel of the church below,
Must he not first severe temptation know,
Fly from the flaming mount with guilty awe,
And quake to hear the thunders of the law,
The' accuser's cruel buffetings sustain,
Still of unconquerable sin complain,
With cries, and tears that seem'd to flow in vain?
Long in the fire, long in the desert tried,
He daily languish'd, and he daily died;
Long by the spirit of fear in prison bound,
Groan'd for relief, yet no deliverance found;
Till, quite forsaken both of man and God,
And fainting underneath corruption's load,
His fastings, prayers, and struggles he gave o'er,
Sunk in despair, and gasp'd for help no more.

Then, in the last extreme of hopeless grief,
Jesus *appear'd!* and help'd his unbelief,
Infused the faith which did his sins remove,
Assured his heart of God's forgiving love,
And fill'd with glorious joy, the joy of saints above.

Who but the souls that savingly believe,
The raptures of a faithful soul conceive?

The joy unspeakable, the love unknown,
The peace he felt, is understood by none,
By none but those who know their sins forgiven,
Through God the Holy Ghost come down from heaven.

Born of the Spirit now, divinely led,
He hastes in his dear Saviour's steps to tread,
Eager his faith's sincerity to prove
By all the works of piety and love;
Fruits of repentance first, and legal fear,
They now the genuine marks of grace appear,
Their own superior principle maintain,
And justify his faith to God and man.
While listening to forlorn affliction's cries,
Swift to assist on wings of love he flies,
Help to the sick and needy prisoners gives,
And more than their external wants relieves;
Alarms the souls that sleep secure in sin,
Till urged the one great business they begin,
Instructs them how to' escape the judgment nigh:
"Ye must be born again, or dead for ever die!"

Nor let the scrupulous sons of *Levi* fear
He thus invades the sacred character;
Thus every candidate should first be tried
In doing good, in Jesu's steps abide,
Then exercise aright the deacon's powers,
Son to his church, as WHITEFIELD was to ours.

Moved by the Holy Ghost to minister,
And serve His altar, in the house of prayer,
Though long resolved for God alone to live,
The outward call he trembled to receive,

Shrunk from the awful charge, so well prepared,
The gift by apostolic hands conferr'd,
And cried, with deep, unfeign'd humility,
"Send, Lord, by whom Thou wilt, but send not me."

Yet soon he bows before the will Divine,
Clearly demonstrating its own design;
Call'd by a prelate good, no more delays
To' accept with awe the consecrating grace,
And offers up, through the Redeemer's blood,
His body, spirit, soul, a sacrifice to God.

He now begins, from every weight set free,
To make full trial of his ministry;
Breaks forth on every side, and runs, and flies,
Like kindling flames that from the stubble rise;
Where'er the ministerial Spirit leads,
From house to house the heavenly fire he spreads,
Ranges through all the city-lanes and streets,
And seizes every prodigal he meets.

Who shall the will and work Divine oppose?
His strength with his increasing labour grows:
Workman and work the' Almighty hath prepared,
And, sent of God, the servant must be heard,
Rush through the opening door, on sinners call,
Proclaim the truth, and offer Christ to all.

"Sound an alarm, the gospel-trumpet blow,
Let all their time of visitation know:
'The Saviour comes!' you hear His herald cry;
'Go forth and meet the Friend of sinners nigh!'"
Roused from the sleep of death, a countless crowd
(Whose hearts like trees before the wind are bow'd,

As a thick cloud that darkens all the sky,
As flocking doves that to their windows fly)
Press to the hallow'd courts, with eager strife,
Catch the convincing word, and hear for life.
Parties and sects their endless feuds forget,
And fall and tremble at the preacher's feet;
Prick'd at the heart, with one consent inquire,
"What must we do to' escape the never-dying fire?"

Made apt to teach, he points them out the way,
And willing multitudes the truth obey;
He lets his light on all impartial shine,
And strenuously asserts the birth Divine;
The Spirit freely given to all who claim
That promised Comforter in Jesu's name;
The pardon bought so dear, by grace bestow'd,
Received through faith in the atoning blood.
While yet he speaks, the Lord Himself comes down,
Applies and proves the gracious word His own,
The Holy Ghost to thirsty souls imparts,
And writes forgiveness on the broken hearts.

But, lo! an ampler field appears in view,
And calls His champion forth to conquests new:
Nor toils nor dangers can his zeal repress,
Nor crowds detain him by his own success:
In vain his children tempt him to delay,
With prayers and tears invite his longer stay,
Or ask, as sharers of his weal or woe,
To earth's remotest bounds with him to go:
He leaves them all behind at Jesu's word,
He finds them all again in his beloved Lord.

See, where he flies ! as if by heaven design'd
To' awake and draw our whole apostate kind !
He takes the eagle's with the morning's wings,
To other worlds the great salvation brings,
As sent, with joyful news of sins forgiven,
To every ransom'd soul on this side heaven !

With ready mind the' *Americans* receive
Their angel-friend, and his report believe ;
So soon the servant's heavenly call they find,
So soon they hear the Master's feet behind :
He comes—to wound, and heal ! At His descent
The mountains flow, the rocky hearts are rent ;
Numbers, acknowledging their gracious day,
Turn to the Lord, and cast their sins away,
And faint and sink beneath their guilty load
Into the arms of a forgiving God.
His Son reveal'd they now exult to know,
And after a despised Redeemer go,
In all the works prepared their faith to prove,
In patient hope, and fervency of love.

How bless'd the messenger whom Jesus owns !
How swift with the commission'd word he runs !
The sacred fire shut up within his breast
Breaks out again ; the weary cannot rest,
Cannot consent his feeble flesh to spare,
But rushes on, Jehovah's harbinger :
His one delightful work and steadfast aim
To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame,
To scatter the good seed on every side,
To spread the knowledge of the Crucified,
From a small spark a mighty fire to raise,
And fill the continent with Jesu's praise.

What recompence for all his endless toil?
The Master pays him with a constant smile,
With peace, and power, and comforts from above,
Grace upon grace, and floods of rapturous love.
When often spent and spiritless he lies,
Jesus beholds him with propitious eyes,
And looks him back his strength, and bids arise,
Sends him again to run the lengthen'd race,
Prospers his work, and shines on all his ways.

The man of God, whom God delights to' approve
In his great labours of parental love,
Love of the little ones,—for these he cares,
The lambs, the orphans, in his bosom bears;
Knowing in whom he trusts, provides a place,
And spreads a table in the wilderness;
A father of the fatherless, supplies
Their daily wants—with manna from the skies,
In answer to his prayer so strangely given,
His fervent prayer of faith that opens heaven.

What mighty works the prayer of faith can do!
The good of souls, and Jesus in his view,
He sees the basis sure, which cannot fail,
Laid by the true Divine *Zerubbabel;*
The rising house built up by swift degrees,
The crowning-stone brought forth with shouts he sees:
The Lord hath finish'd what his hands begun,
Ascribe the gracious work to grace alone.

The house is built; and shall not God provide?
Plentiful help pours in on every side

From hearts inclined the hungry lambs to feed,
By Him, who satisfies the poor with bread;
Whose blessing makes the earth her riches yield,
The wilderness become a fruitful field,
Bids golden harvests round His house arise,
And turns a waste into a paradise.

With heart enlarged, with confidence increased,
In all his purposes and labours bless'd,
The steward wise, and faithful to his trust,
Gives God the praise, and sinks into the dust,
And cries, o'erwhelm'd his Master's smile to see,
"O when shall I begin to live for Thee!"

More grace is on the humble man bestow'd,
More work on him that loves to work for God;
By whose supreme decree and kind command
He now returns to bless his native land,
(Nor dreads the threatenings of the wintry deep,
Or all its storms, with Jesus in the ship,)
To see how the beloved disciples fare,
Fruits of his toil, and children of his prayer,
A second gospel-benefit to' impart,
And comfort and confirm the faithful heart.

So the first missioners in Jesu's name
Went forth, the world's Redeemer to proclaim,
The crucified, supreme, eternal God,
The general peace and pardon in His blood;
From clime to clime the restless heralds run,
To make their Saviour through the nations known,
Planted in every place, to serve their Lord,
A living church, and water'd by the word,

While Heaven was pleased their ministry to bless,
And God bestow'd the thousand-fold increase.

But shall my partial, fond presumption dare
A stripling with apostles to compare?
Their powers miraculous he dared not claim,
Though still his gospel and his God the same.
Commission'd by his God, the word of grace
(Where'er the Lord an open door displays)
Freely as he receives he freely gives,
And, daily dying, by the gospel lives;
Renews his strength, renews his prosperous toil
In every corner of our favour'd isle,
And publishes salvation to the poor,
And spreads the joyous news from shore to shore.

For when the rich a proffer'd Christ reject,
And spurn the preacher with his odious sect,
Out of their temples cast, he straight obeys,
Goes forth to all the hedges and highways,
Arrests the most abandon'd slaves of sin,
And forces the poor vagrants to come in,
To share the feast for famish'd souls design'd,
And fill the house enlarged for all the sinful kind.

How beauteous on the mountain-tops appear
The feet of God's auspicious messenger,
Who brings good tidings of a world forgiven,
Who publishes a peace 'twixt earth and heaven,
And cries to *Zion*, "He that purged thy stains,
Thy Saviour-God and King, for ever reigns!"

Soon as he thus lifts up his trumpet-voice,
Attentive thousands tremble, or rejoice:

Who faithfully the welcome truth receive,
Rejoice, and closer to their Saviour cleave:
Poor Christless sinners, wounded by the word,
(Lively and sharper than a two-edged sword,
Spirit and soul almighty to divide,)
Drop, like autumnal leaves, on every side,
Lamenting after Him they crucified!
While God inspires the comfort or the dread,
Wider and wider still the cry is spread,
Till all perceive the influence from above,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, or swallow'd up in love.

What multitudes repent, and then believe,
When God doth utterance to the preacher give!
Whether he speaks the words of sober sense,
Or pours a flood of artless eloquence,
Ransacks the foul apostate creature's breast,
And shows the man half devil and half beast,
Or warmly pleads his dear Redeemer's cause,
Or pity on the poor and needy draws:
"The deist scarce from offering can withhold,
And misers wonder they should part with gold:"
Opposers, struck, the powerful word admire
In speechless awe, the hammer and the fire,
While WHITEFIELD melts the stubborn rocks, or breaks,
In consolation or in thunder speaks.
From strength to strength our young apostle goes,
Pours like a torrent, and the land o'erflows,
Resistless wins his way with rapid zeal,
Turns the world upside down, and shakes the gates of hell!

Such for a length of years his glorious race
He ran, nor e'er look'd back, or slack'd his pace;

Starting afresh, on this alone intent,
And straining up the steep of excellent,
Forgetting still the things already done,
And reaching forth to those not yet begun,
Eager he press'd to his high calling's prize,
By violent faith resolved to scale the skies,
And apprehend his Lord in paradise.

Through his abundant toils, with fix'd amaze
We see revived the work of ancient days;
In his unspotted life with joy we see
The fervours of primeval piety:
A pattern to the flock by Jesus bought,
A living witness of the truths he taught,
Meek, lowly, patient, wise above his years,
Redeem'd from earth, with all their hopes and fears,
Not to the vain desires of men he lived,
Not with delight their high applause received,
But praised the Lord for what His grace had done,
And simply lived to serve His will alone.

The heavenly principle of faith within,
The strong Divine antipathy to sin,
The Spirit's law, the meek engrafted word,
The vital knowledge of an heart-felt Lord,
The nature new, the' incorruptible seed,
Its power throughout his life and actions spread,
And show'd the man regenerate from above,
By fraudless innocence and childlike love.

For friendship form'd by nature and by grace,
(His heart made up of truth and tenderness,)
Stranger to guile, unknowing to deceive,
In anger, malice, or revenge to live,

He lived, himself on others to bestow,
A ministerial spirit while here below,
Beloved by all the lovers of his Lord,
By none but Satan's synagogue abhorr'd.

Nor did their fierce abhorrence always last:
When on the right the gospel net he cast,
The powerful charms of soft persuasion tried,
And show'd them their Redeemer's hands and side,
Love irresistible they could not bear,
Or stand against the torrent of his prayer;
By bleeding love their hatred he o'ercame,
And seized the lawful spoils in Jesu's name.

Betwixt the mountain and the multitude,
His life was spent in prayer and doing good:
To search the sacred leaves his soul's delight,
And pray them o'er and o'er by day and night,
To wrestle on for faith, and faith's increase,
To follow after peace and holiness,
At Jesu's feet to catch the quickening word,
And into nothing sink before his Lord.

Though long by following multitudes admired,
No party for himself he e'er desired;
His one desire to make the Saviour known,
To magnify the name of Christ alone:
If others strove who should the greatest be,
No lover of pre-eminence was he,
Nor envied those his Lord vouchsafed to bless,
But joy'd in theirs as in his own success,
His friends in honour to himself preferr'd,
And least of all in his own eyes appear'd.

When crowds for counsel or relief applied,
No surly rustic he, with cruel pride
To bid the sorrowful intruders wait,
Or send the suppliants weeping from his gate;
But ever listening to the wretch's call,
Courteous, and mild, and pitiful to all.
No prophet smooth to men of high estate,
No servile flatterer of the rich or great,
Their faults he dared with freedom to reprove,
The honest freedom of respectful love,
And sweetly forced their consciences to own
He sought not theirs, but them, for Jesu's sake alone.

To all he render'd what to all he owed,
Whose loyalty from true religion flow'd:
The man of one consistent character,
Who fear'd his God, he *must* his king revere:
Fix'd as a rock, for all assaults prepared,
No sly seducers found him off his guard,
But miss'd their aim to fix the factious brand
On faithful men, the quiet in the land.

Single his eye, transparently sincere
His upright heart did in his words appear;
His cheerful heart did in his visage shine;
A man of true simplicity divine,
Not always as the serpent wise, yet love
Preserved him always harmless as the dove:
Or if into mistake through haste he fell,
He show'd what others labour to conceal;
Convinced, no palliating excuses sought,
But freely own'd his error, or his fault,
Nor fear'd the triumph of ungenerous foes,
Who humbler from his fall, and stronger, rose.

When Satan strove the brethren to divide,
And turn their zeal to—"Who is on my side?"
One moment warm'd with controversial fire,
He felt the spark as suddenly expire,
He felt revived the pure ethereal flame,
The love for all that bow'd to Jesu's name,
Nor ever more would for opinions fight
With men whose life, like his, was in the right.
His soul disdain'd to serve the selfish ends
Of zealots, fierce against his bosom-friends:
(Who urged him with his bosom-friends to part,
Might sooner tear the fibres from his heart:)
He now the wiles of the accuser knew,
And cast him down, and his strongholds o'erthrew,
With each partition-wall by men design'd
To put asunder those whom God had join'd.

How have we heard his generous zeal exclaim,
And load with just reproach the bigot's name!
The men by sameness of opinion tied,
Who their own party love, and none beside;
Or, like the *Romish* sect, infallible,
Secure themselves, and send the rest to hell!
Impartial, as unfeign'd, his love o'erflow'd
To all, but chiefly to the house of God;
To those who thought his sentiments amiss—
O that their hearts were half as right as his,
Within no narrow party-banks confined,
But open, and enlarged to all mankind!

Lover of all mankind, his life he gave,
Christ to exalt, and precious souls to save:

Nor age nor sickness could abate his zeal
To feed the flock, and serve the Master's will.
Though spent with pain, and toils that never ceased,
He labour'd on, nor ask'd to be released;
Though daily waiting for the welcome word,
Longing to be dissolved, and meet his Lord,
Yet still he strangely lived, by means unknown,
In deaths immortal, till his work was done,
And wish'd for Christ his latest breath to spend,
That life and labour might together end.

What after God he asks can God deny?
Ripe for the summons, "Get thee up, and die,"
Mature in grace, and ready to depart,
The Spirit cries, all-powerful in his heart,
"O that to-day might close my ministry!
O that I might to-day my Saviour see!"

He speaks—and dies! transported to resign
His spotless soul into the hands Divine!
He sinks into his loving Lord's embrace,
And sees his dear Redeemer face to face!

O what a God is ours! so true and just
To all that in His faithful mercies trust!
Our kind, omnipotent, eternal Friend,
Who freely loved, and loves us to the end!
He now receives His honour'd servant up,
Nor lets us grieve, as heathen without hope,
Like them who *lose* their friends at death, like them
Who never knew our Lord and God supreme;
With whom the spirits of the righteous rest,
Till all the church are gather'd to His breast.

Even now the cordial hope my sorrow cheers,
And stops the current of these needless tears:

Shall I a momentary loss deplore,
Lamenting after him that weeps no more?
What though, forbid by the *Atlantic* wave,
I cannot share my old companion's grave?
Yet at the trumpet's call my dust shall rise,
With his fly up to Jesus in the skies,
And live with him the life that never dies.

O could I first perform my Master's will,
Faithful in little, and His work fulfil,
Like him I mourn, a steward wise and good,
Pursuing him, as he his Lord pursued!
O had he dropp'd his mantle in his flight!
O might his spirit on all the prophets 'light!
But vain the hope of miracles to come;
There's no *Elisha* in *Elijah's* room.

Yet, lo! the Lord our God for ever lives,
And daily by His word the dead revives;
His Spirit is not restrain'd, but striving still,
And carrying on His work by whom He will.
He wills us in our partner's steps to tread;
And, call'd and quicken'd by the speaking dead,
We trace our shining pattern from afar,
His old associates in the glorious war,
Resolved to use the utmost strength bestow'd,
Like him to spend and to be spent for God,
By holy violence seize the crown so nigh,
Fight the good fight, our threefold foe defy,
And more than conquerors in the harness die.

Jesus, preserve, till Thou our souls receive,
And let us in Thy servant's spirit live!
Thy Spirit breathed into his faithful breast,
Be it in every labourer's life express'd,

In all our works, and words, and tempers seen,
Unbounded charity to God and men,
The meek humility, the fervent zeal,
All-patient hope, and faith invincible,
Faith in its primitive simplicity,
Faith to walk on, till we depart, in Thee.

Through Thee approaching now the gracious throne,
Our instant prayer, an echo of Thine own,
We offer up, with all the faithful race,
For all the foes and strangers to Thy grace,
The fallen church, in whose defence we stand,
To ward Thy judgments from a guilty land,
Till, wrestling on, the praying few prevail,
And life and mercy turn the hovering scale.
O that the prayer of faith might now return!
O that a nation, of Thy Spirit born,
Might rise Thy witnesses in this their day,
And multitudes of priests the truth obey!
The last, alas, in every age to bring
Back to their hearts their long-neglected King!
Yet now let all believe at Thy command,
And spread the gospel faith through every land,
Till every heart and tongue Thy name confess,
And the whole earth's renew'd in righteousness,
O'erflow'd with love, a paradise restored,
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FINIS.

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